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TRANSLATED & EDITED BY

N. HARDY WALLIS

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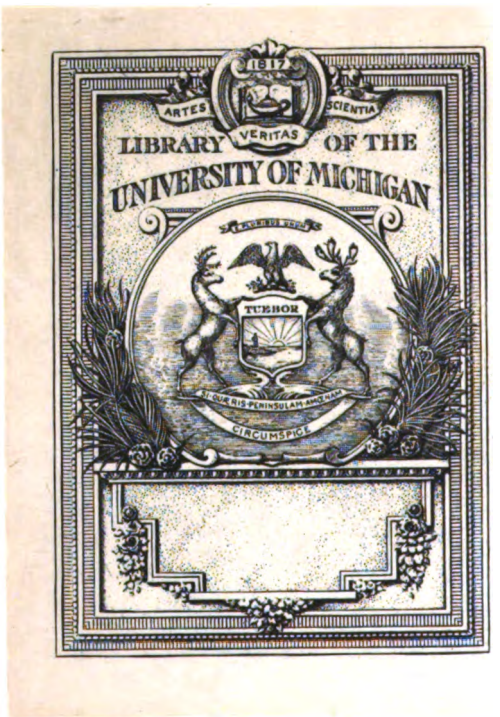

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ANONYMOUS FRENCH VERSE

AN ANTHOLOGY OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY POEMS COLLECTED FROM MANUSCRIPTS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY
HARDY WALLIS, M.A.

LONDON
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON PRESS, LTD.
10 & 11 WARWICK LANE, E.C.4
1929

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TO

F. J. W.

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FOREWORD

IT is now over fifty years since Gaston Paris published his "Chansons du XV^e^ Siècle"—which, founded on a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale (No. 12744), enabled the reader to gain an impression of the anonymous poetry of the fifteenth century. It may therefore be of interest to offer those who are fascinated by this period of French literature, a somewhat analogous anthology, derived for the most part from a British Museum manuscript (Add. 15224). This interesting volume is fully described on a later page (xiii), but as the majority of poems contained in it are short and only number one hundred and ninety-four, the collection has been made up to two hundred and fifty by the inclusion of certain Rondeaux and Ballades from other manuscripts. An effort has been made to print only those poems which have not been previously published, and, as far as can be ascertained, of anonymous authorship. The editor has searched the works of many poets during this period, and of these a bibliography is given below (p. xxiii), but he has been unable to trace any of the verses given in this collection.

Translations of the poems, in which an attempt has been made to reproduce the metrical form of the original, have been added and numbered concurrently with the text.

N. H. W.

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PART I

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE fifteenth and early sixteenth century is not a period of great poetry ; it is a meeting place of old and new literary endeavour. The presentation of life as an allegory, wherein the writer encounters personified virtues and vices who discourse on their importance at great length, is contrasted with the picture of real existence and the reactions of humanity to its environment. The one is a period of Medievalism, the other of Renascence. The poetry of France is no exception. In her writers at this time may be seen the mingling of tradition and freedom. A period when it was necessary for the poet to attach himself to the court of king, princess or noble, and to pay for his existence with flattering verses, could not produce great originality of thought ; and yet, among the many who owed their livelihood to patronage, there was an instinct that poetry was a finer gift than the capacity to fashion a well-turned Rondeau or Ballade ; and could be the sincere expression of truth. A century which included the dreams and conventions of Alain Chartier, also gave rise to the vivid reality of Villon. It was indeed a time of technical skill and intricate verse-writing ; but Nature seldom found voice, and Death was a nearer companion than Hope.

The years from 1400–1550 may be considered as three half-centuries, each dominated by poets of achievement, if not of genius. Typical of the first fifty years of the fifteenth century, stand Chartier and Charles D'Orléans—one secretary to a king, the other of royal blood ; the former patriot, " rhé-

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toriqueur" and ambassador, immersed in contemporary politics: the latter, dilettante in letters, caring little for persons of his time, not even mentioning the Maid to whom his country owed so much, but forming his petty court, and patronising poets whose skill in verse was akin to his own. The inheritors of the "Roman de la Rose" and Chaucerians; Chartier perhaps the greater, as in his prose he realises the sufferings of France; D'Orléans, using his experience of prison as a background for lyrics of chivalrous love but little feeling. Then in the next fifty years dies a real poet of the people—Villon—thief, beggar, outcast, yet lover of Paris and her life, in touch with the lower world of the city, but mingling with tavern songs, ballades of strangely haunting beauty and pathos. Yet he was the contemporary of Auvergne and Coquillart, poets of convention and artifice. The sixteenth century opens with the stirring of Italian influence; Saint-Gelais adapts the Sonnet to French verse, and Scéve hymns a platonic affection. A king who imagines himself a paladin of poets, and is praised as such, has as valets de chambre, a great father and greater son, by name Marot; and a sister who unites the literary licence of the pagan with the earnest support of religious reform. Such are a few of the writers who throng with their many names, but common inspiration, the castles, courts and centres of culture in France.

Attention may be called to the following works:

Champion (Pierre). "Histoire Poétique/du Quinzième Siècle"/2 Tomes/Avec 60 Phototypies hors texte/Paris/1923/(Bibliothèque du XV^e^ Siècle).

Guy (Henry). "Histoire de la Poésie Française/au XVI^e^ Siècle"/ Tome 1/"L'Ecole des Rhétoriqueurs"/1910/Tome II "Clément Marot et son école"/1926/Paris/(Bibliothèque Littéraire/de/La Renaissance).

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THE MANUSCRIPTS

Note.—The Roman numerals in brackets refer to the poems in this collection.

ADDITIONAL 15224

THIS manuscript, of which the whole text is reproduced, consists of a quarto volume, bound in scarlet leather, and written on vellum. It bears on its back cover the title "Poesies Francoises. Mus. Brit. Jure. Empt. 15224. Plut. CLXXXIX. B." Attached to the fly-leaf is a note by the Examiner of the British Museum—"For printed text or notices of this MS. see Bulletin de la Soc. des Anc. Textes Franç. 1882 (pp. 67–72)"; while on a later fly-leaf is inscribed in a modern hand "Purchased at Sotheby's 18 June, 1844 (Bright's Sale, Lot 185)." It is also described in the Museum Catalogue of Additional Manuscripts, as "French Poetry, consisting of Rondeaux, Virilays, Bergeretes and Ballades —on vellum—XVth cent."

The actual manuscript contains 50 folios, and the titles of the poems are given in red, while the initial letters are alternately in this colour and in blue. The opening poem has an elaborated "O" at its beginning (fol. 1, r.); and the first "Balade" (fol. 40, r.) an ornate "C." The script is clear, but the writer has divided words in an arbitrary manner, and does not always distinguish between "n" and "u." The number of the poems is 194, of which 110 are headed "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes"; 43, "Virilay" or "Virilay chantes"; 12 "Bergerete" or "Bergerete chantee"; and 9 are untitled. 20

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" Balades " are grouped together at the end. The question of their metrical form has been considered below.

The reference to the " Bulletin " is interesting, as it gives an article by P. Meyer on this manuscript, in which he puts forward the opinion that it was composed in northern Italy and bears witness to the influence of that country's poetry on the French. He dates it at the end of the XVth century, or at the beginning of the XVIth—and doubts whether the pieces were composed by a French writer. He quotes the first " Rondel " (fol. 1, r) (i), the first Virilay (fol. 1, r.) (ii), calls attention to the polyglot verse on folio 22 verso (xcvi), and concludes with the " Bergerete " on folio 31 verso (cxxxv). He also gives the number of " Balades " as 21 instead of 20.

Whether his conjectures be correct or not, the manuscript is typical in its subject matter of the conventional verse of the late fifteenth century, and is of interest because, with the exception of his reference, it has escaped the notice of anthologists.

LANSDOWNE 380

This Manuscript, from which 41 poems (Nos. cxcv—ccxxxv) have been collected, is an octavo volume of 280 folios, and is thus described in the catalogue of the Lansdowne MSS.: " Miscellaneous Poems and Pieces, chiefly in the French language. Transcribed by some person at the beginning of the XVIth century." It is bound in dark blue cloth, and the script which is in black, with red headings and capitals, is clear.

The first 145 folios contain various poems of some length, including " Les Vigilles de Mors " (sic), by P. de Nesson (see Bibliography).

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Then follows a collection of poems by Charles D'Orléans (fols. 149, r.–217, r.) which have been reprinted in the edition of Champion (see Bibliography) who refers to this manuscript (Intro. p. xxi).

On folio 218 recto, and folio 219 verso, are two "Ballades" (cc) and (cci).

Folio 219 recto gives a "Ballade" by Jehan Molinet, which is printed in his works (see Bibliography); and folio 220 verso, another which will be found in "La Dance aux Aveugles" by Pierre Michault (see Bibliography); this latter is also in "Le Jardin de Plaisance" (see Bibliography).

On folio 221 verso is a "Ballade faict par Maistre Alain Charretier" (Chartier), but it will not be found in his works (see Bibliography) although given in "Le Jardin de Plaisance."

Then come four "Ballades"—folios 221, r., 222, v., 222, r., and 223, v. (cxcv) (cxcvi) (cxcvii) (cxcviii). A fifth "Ballade" will be found on 223, r. (cxcix).

Folios 224, r.–237, r. contain short poems entitled "Chansons, Rondeaux, Carolles, Laiz, et Virelaiz" of which the majority are by Charles D'Orléans, and are given in Champion's edition; but some not printed there are reproduced in this collection. These will be found on folios 235, r. (cciii) (cciv), and 236, v. (ccv).

On folio 238 verso will be found a "Chancon" (ccvi); and on folios 238, v. and 239, r. two poems printed in "La Chasse et le Depart d'Amours" by Blaise d'Auriol (see Bibliography).

"Le Jardin de Plaisance" will be found to contain the poems on the following folios: 238, r., 239, v., 239, r., 240, v., 241, v., 241, r., 242, v., 242, r., 243, v., 245, v., 246, v., 246, r., 248, v., 251, v., 251, r., 252, v., 252, r., and 254, v.

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On folios 240, r. and 241, v. will be found poems by P. Fabri (see Bibliography). A "Rondeau" given in "Rondeaux du XV^e^ Siècle" (see Bibliography) will be found on folio 240, v.

Three "Carolles" of Charles D'Orléans will be found on folios 249, r., 250, v., 250, r.

The remaining poems given in this collection, with their corresponding folios, will be found in the following table :

Folio 238, r. (ccvii).
„ 239, v. (ccviii).
„ 240, r. (ccix).
„ 242, v. (ccx).
„ 242, r. (ccxi).
„ 243, v. (ccxii).
„ 243, r. (ccxiii) (ccxiv).
„ 244, v. (ccxv) (ccxvi).
„ 244, r. (ccxvii) (ccxviii).
„ 245, r. (ccii) (ccxix).
„ 246, v. (ccxx).
„ 246, r. (ccxxi).
„ 247, v. (ccxxii) (ccxxiii).
„ 247, r. (ccxxiv) (ccxxv).
„ 248, v. (ccxxvi).
„ 248, r. (ccxxvii) (ccxxviii).
„ 249, v. (ccxxix) (ccxxx).
„ 251, r. (ccxxxi).
„ 253, v. (ccxxxii).
„ 253, r. (ccxxxiii) (ccxxxiv).
„ 254, r. (ccxxxv).

The other folios of the manuscript contain "La Vie de Sainte Catherine" (fol. 255 v.) ; a "Dialogue en Ballade" (fol. 258, r.); and "Nota bene Medicam contra epidemam" (folios 259, v.–280, r.).

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ROYAL MANUSCRIPT, 20 A. XVI

This manuscript, from which eight poems (ccxxxvi–ccxliii) have been selected for inclusion in this collection, is thus described in the Museum Catalogue of Royal and King's Manuscripts: "Chansons in French, set to music for several, but in most cases three voices, in parts. The names of the composers are only given in a few cases, but several are by Josquin des Prez [see Guy (H.), 'Hist. de la Poésie Franç. au XVI^e Siècle,' Tome I, Sec. 348] and one at least by Alexander Agricola. Vellum; ff. 36. 9¼ × 6¾ in. Early XVIth century. Illuminated borders on ff. 1 b, 2, consisting of gold wings and tears on a black ground, and the same counterchanged, and on f. 3 b, on a lake ground, the letters 'AA' joined by a knot; and two miniatures in Flemish style, the first (f. 1 b) representing the poet reposing on a black couch semé with tears, a lamb lying in front with a spear; the second (f. 3 b) a lady playing on a psaltery, with a winged figure behind her, and the poet offering his tears. Illuminated initials which have not in every case been filled in."

Hughes-Hughes in his "Catalogue of MS. Music in the British Museum," 1908, describes this manuscript as "Chansons for several voices in parts; except where the contrary is stated, they are for three voices and anonymous. The contra-tenor is sometimes called 'Concordans.' Capitals in blue and red—grounds in gold."

The poems chosen for this collection will be found on folio 20, verso (ccxxxvi); fol. 21, v. (ccxxxvii); fol. 23, v. (ccxxxviii)—this poem is headed "Heyne," who is probably the composer; fol. 24, v. (ccxxxix); fol. 29, v. (ccxl)—this is headed

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"Bouuel," another composer; fol. 30, v. (ccxli), headed "Crespieres"; fol. 36, v. (ccxlii); fol. 35, v. (ccxliii).

The verses on folios 11, v., 12, v., 22, v., 32, v., will be found reprinted in "La Chasse et le Depart d'Amours"; those on folio 27, v., in "Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Basselin" (see Bibliography); those on folio 28, v. in "Le Jardin de Plaisance"; and those on folio 34, v. in "Le Seiour d'Honneur" (O. de Saint-Gelais) (see Bibliography).

HARLEIAN 4397

This is a small folio volume on parchment, clearly written and bound in red tooled leather. From fol. 1, recto—fol. 82, verso is given "Le Livre de l'Imagination" par M. de St. Thomas, 1440.

Then on folio 82, verso is written the "Ballade" attributed to Alain Chartier, which has already been mentioned as included in Lansdowne MS. 380 (fol. 221, v.). This is followed by five Rondeaux of which that on folio 83, verso, and that on folio 83, recto are given in this collection (ccxliv) (ccxlv).

On folio 84, recto is "Le Passetemps de Michault" (see Bibliography for works of P. Michault); and this is followed on folio 96, recto by "Le Temps Perdu" by Pierre Chastellain (see Bibliography). Folios 105, v.–114, r. are occupied by "A short chronicle of the Kings of France"; and on folio 115, recto is given "Le Testament de Pierre Nesson" (see Bibliography). On folio 121, verso occurs the "Ballade" reproduced in this collection (ccxlvi).

The Manuscript concludes with "Ung brief et utile traicte de conseil . . . (pour) Prince Charles, Duc de Bourgoyne" (fol. 122, v.).

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HARLEIAN 5242

This is a manuscript which may be dated about 1500. The volume measures 9 × 5 in., and is bound in stained and discoloured parchment. It contains fifty folios of thin vellum, each ruled with eight staves of five lines. Up to folio 40, each song opens with an illuminated capital in blue and gold. Some of these however have been cut off. In addition folios 1 and 2 are surrounded by a border of squares of different sizes, coloured alternately blue and brown, spotted with gold. Those of the first colour have on them a gold "F. F." ; those of the latter a monogram.

The former are probably the initials of the owner, or the person to whom the volume is dedicated, as the name "Francoise" has been substituted for "Ma belle amye" in some poems. The manuscript is thus described in the Harleian collection : "A French Book of Songs written in parts (three) on vellum, with some illuminated borders and letters."

In each case the text is written out continuously with no capitals save at the commencement—the division into lines therefore is arbitrary. Each song is copied out under three parts with diamond-shaped notes. The Rondeau "Non mudera" has six different musical renderings. The writing of the notes is clear, but the script, although comparatively neat, difficult to decipher owing to the junction of words, and the confusion between long "s" and "f."

The "Chansons du XV^e^ Siècle" (see Bibliography) contains longer versions of the poems on folios 1, 3, 8, 16, 18, 19, 22, 23, 27, 28, 34, 37, 38, 39, 40, 46, 47, 48, and the "Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Basselin" the lines on folios 16 and 34. The poem on folio 12 will be found in "La Chasse et le Depart d'Amours."

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The two poems given in this collection will be found on folios 10 and 41 (ccxlvii), and folio 29 (ccxlviii). The refrain of the first, " Non mudera," may attach the Rondeau to the Court of Anne de Bretagne, whose " device " was in these words (Guy (H.), " Hist. de la Poésie Franç.," Tome I, Sec. 54), and it is probable that the second, " A vous non aultre," is the work of a poet belonging to her circle. The remaining poems in this manuscript are of little interest.

ADDITIONAL 17446

This manuscript, from which two poems, a " Rondeau " (fol. 24, v.) (ccxlix) and a " Ballade " (fol. 9, r.) (ccl), are taken for this collection, is entitled in the British Museum Catalogue " A Collection of French Poems of Christine de Pisan and others. Vellum. XVth Cent. Folio." On folio 2 verso is written in a modern hand: " It would be superfluous to subjoin any comments upon the productions of Christine de Pisan, which have already occupied the attention of the learned; the present volume contains some pieces hardly known, and the manuscript is in the most clear and perfect state."

The volume has been compared with Maurice Roy's edition of this poetess (see Bibliography), who does not mention the manuscript; and only one poem (fol. 24, r.) in it is reproduced (page 27, Tome III). A printed text of some of the pieces has however been discovered.

The verses given on folio 2 recto and 11 verso will be found in the " Œuvres de Guillaume Alexis " (see Bibliography); those on folio 12 verso are given in the " Œuvres de Clément Marot " (see Bibliography); and those on folio 23 recto in " Les Œuvres de Jean Marot " (see Bibliography). The " Recueil

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de Poésies Françoises des XV^e^ et XVI^e^ Siècles " (see Bibliography) prints the poems on folios 13 recto and 16 verso. The remainder of the manuscript seems to have escaped notice, and the two poems chosen above, of which the " Ballade " has a small skull drawn to the right of the first line, are the most remarkable.

NOTES ON SOME OTHER MANUSCRIPTS

Among other manuscripts in the British Museum containing anonymous French poems of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, the following may be mentioned.

Stowe, 955.—" Love-poems in French (one in Spanish) with 12 emblematical miniatures." Brit. Mus. Catalogue, " Emblesmes et Devises d'Amour." This singularly beautiful volume consists of twelve miniature paintings finished with great taste, and heightened with gold. Each poem is surmounted by designs containing " M " or " P " ; and a pair of staves, crossed. Opposite each miniature are four lines, written in gold on a red ground, and at the end is a portrait of the author, a fine picture by some good artist (Jean or François Clouet ?).

The inscription at the back of the volume, although nearly obliterated, runs thus : " Cet de vray le Portret de Pierre Sala, Mestre Hostelle chez le Roy (Charles VIII) avec des enigmes quil avoit fet à sa mestress ; qui estoit grand honete à Madame de Ressis, Laquelle est sortie de la Maison de Guillaume en Quercy." The case in which the manuscript was carried (probably attached to the belt) is of leather covered with green and gold tooling, and also contains the device of crossed staves. The stained and illuminated pages number seventeen, and these are followed by sixteen pages of manuscript, in which the Quatrains given on folios 6, verso—16, verso

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are repeated in a different hand. On folio 18 is the following dedication—" Pour ma très chère et très honoré Dame. Ma dame celle qui de mon enfance jai tousjours voulu aimer, servir, priser et honorer de toute ma puissance plus que mille vivantes."

The Quatrains have little poetical merit, and the value of the work lies in the illustrations.

Royal, 19, A. XVI.—This manuscript opens with an " Ode " of 17 stanzas of eight lines entitled, " Traictie fait entre le roy de france dangleterre et mons larcheduc par Rhetorique le iiii jour de Juillet." This poem is written in black-letter script, two stanzas to a page, with alternate capitals of red and blue. It is mentioned here because it is followed (fol. 5, r.) by an interesting " Ballade " to be found in " L'Amoureux Passetemps " (see Bibliography), beginning " Ou est Jubal et Thubal les chanteurs," which should be compared with Villon's " Ballade des Seigneurs du temps jadis " (Longnon, page 23).

At the end of the manuscript is written " Escript de la main du lacquet de mons labbe de saintomer."

Royal Manuscript Appendices, Nos. 23–25, 26–30, 31–35, 41–44, 49–54, 55, 57.—All these manuscripts consist of songs set to music by various early sixteenth-century composers. There are generally four or more parts, bound up in separate oblong volumes. They are chiefly of interest musically, and are all mentioned in " Catalogue of MS. Music in the Brit. Mus." (Hughes-Hughes, 1908).

Additional Manuscripts 5665, 19583, 31922, 34200, 35087.—These manuscripts are similar to those of the Royal Manuscript Appendices to which reference is made above. In all cases only a few lines of the poems set to music are given. No. 31922 includes three musical settings by Henry VIII. (See " Catalogue of Music.")

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1501. "Le/Jardin de Plaisance/et Fleur de Rhétorique"/Reproduction en Facsimile/de l'édition publiée par/Anthoyne Verrard/vers 1501/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1910./

1542. "S'ensuyt/plusieurs belles/Chansons nouvelles"/Réimprimé textuellement du volume rarissime/publié à Paris/en 1542/par/Alain Loctrian/et conservé à la Bibliothèque Impériale/Avec notice/par/M. A. Percheron/Genève/Chez J. Gay/1867./

1547. "Opuscules d'Amour"/par Heroet (A.) (see under Authors), La Borderie/et autres divers poètes/à Lyon/Jean de Tournes/1547./

1549. "Le Livre/de Plusieurs Piéces"/cest-à dire/faict et recueilly/de divers autheurs/comme Clément Marot/et autres/Thibauld Payen/Lyon/1549./

1554. "Recueil de Vraye/Poésie Françoise"/Imprimé pour la première fois/en 1554/à Paris/Réimprimé/par M.-P. Lacroix/Genève/1869./

1556. "Le Mespris de la Court"/avec "La Commendation de la vie Rustique"/nouvellement traduit d'Espagnole en Français/"L'Amye de Court" (La Borderie) "La Parfaicte Amye" (Heroet)/"La Contr'Amye" (Fontaine) "L'Expérience de l'Amye" (Augier)/"Le Nouvel Amour"/(Papillon)/Avec plusieurs Epistres/Elégies/et Dizains au propos/à Paris/par Annet Brière/1556./

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1571. "Le Parnasse/des Poëtes/François. Modernes"/Contenant leurs plus riches et graues sentences/Recueillies par feu G. C. (Corrozet)/Paris/1571./

1578. "L'Amoureux Passetemps"/déclaré en joyeuses poésies" par/plusieurs epistres du coq à l'ane et de l'ane au coq/avec ballades, dizains, huitains et autres joyeusetez/F. Gomain/Lyon/1578./

1580. "L'advocat/des Dames de Paris"/Paris/1580./

1599. "Académie/des Modernes Poètes/François"/Paris/1599./

1600. "La Fleur/des Chansons/Amoureuses"/où sont compris tous les airs de court/Recueillies aux cabinets des plus rares poètes/de ce temps/(A reprint of the Rouen edition of 1600)/Bruxelles/1866./

1600? "La Complainte / Douleureuse / du Nouveau Marié"/Reprinted/Paris/Firmin-Didot/1830./

1600? "Les Ditz/et Ventes/d'Amours"/Edited by Girard and Vernant/Gothic Letter/Reprinted/Paris/1831./

1600? "Les Muses Gaillardes"/Recueillies des plus beaux esprits de ce temps/par Anthoine de Breuil/Paris./

1633. "Le Parnasse des Muses"/ou Recueil des plus Belles Chansons/à Danser/Récherchées dans le cabinet des plus excellens poètes de ce temps/Dernière édition 2 Tomes/C. Sevestre/Paris/1633/Reprinted Bruxelles 1864./

1745. "Bibliothèque Poétique"/ou nouveaux choix des plus belles piéces de vers en tout genre/depuis Marot/de nos Jours/avec leurs vies et

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des remarques sur leurs ouvrages/Editée par A. C. Lefort de la Morinère/Introduction par Abbé Gouget/4 Tomes/Paris/1745./

1765. "Anthologie Françoise"/ou Chansons/choisies depuis le 13ème siècle jusqu'à le présent/ "Mémoire historique sur la chanson françoise"/ par M. de Querbon/"Choix de chansons joyeux" par C. Collé/Supplément à l'Anthologie/"Chansons gaillardes"/Le tout édité par Jean Mounet/4 Tomes/Paris/1765./

1778. "Annales Poétiques"/ou Almanach des Muses/ depuis l'origine de la poésie françoise/ Editées par C. S. Sautreau/de Marsy/et B. Imbert/Avec introduction/40 Tomes/Paris/ 1778–1788./

1778. "Encyclopédie/Poétique"/ou recueil complet de chefs-d'œuvre de poésie depuis Marot/ jusqu'à nos jours/présentés dans l'ordre alphabétique/par M. de Gaigne/17 Tomes/ Paris/1778–1780./

1782. "Recueil des plus/belles piéces des poètes françois depuis Villon à Benserade"/6 Tomes/ Paris/1782./

1786. "Collection/des/Meilleurs Ouvrages/François composés par/les femmes"/Dédiée aux Dames françoises par Mademoiselle de Keralio/6 Tomes/Paris/1786./

1824. "Les Poètes François/depuis le XII^{e} siècle jusqu'à Malherbe"/avec une notice historique et littéraire/sur chaque poète/Table générale des poètes françois avant Malherbe qui ne font partie de ce recueil/Edité par P. R. Auguis/ 6 Tomes/Paris/1824./

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1829. " Les Ioyeusetes/Facéties et Folastres Imaginations de Caresme Prenant "/Gauthier Garguille/ Guillot Gorju / Roger Bontemps / Turplupin / Tabarin, etc. / Editées par L. A. Martin / Paris/15 Tomes/1829–1834./

1855. " Recueil/de/Poésies Françoises/des XV^e^ et XVI^e^ siècles/Morales, Facétieuses et Historiques " / Réunies et annotées / par / M. Anatole de Montaiglon (Tomes I–IX/par J. de Rothschild)/Tomes X-XIII/Bibliothèque Elzévirienne/13 Tomes/Paris/1855–1878./

1861. " Les Poëtes Français "/Recueil des chefs-d'œuvre/de la poésie française/depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours/avec notice littéraire sur chaque poète/par des critiques divers Avec une introduction par Sainte-Beuve/Publié sous la direction de M. Eugène Crépet/4 Tomes/Paris/1861./

1866. " La Pléiade Françoise "/Éditée avec notes et glossaire / par / C. Marty-Laveaux / 20 Tomes/ Paris / 1866–93. (Ronsard, Bellay, Belleau, Jodelle, Baïf, Dorat, Tyard.)

1867. " Le Nouveau Cabinet/des Muses gaillardes "/ Réimprimé sur l'édition originale de 1665/ Genève/1867./

1867. " Encyclopédie Théologique "/Publiée par M. l'Abbé Migne. Tome LXIII. " Dictionnaire de Noëls et Cantiques "/Fr. Perennes/ Paris/1867./

1867. " La Lyre Française "/Editée par Gustave Masson/London/1867./

1875. " Chansons/du/XV^e^ Siècle "/Publiées d'après le Manuscrit/de la Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris / par / Gaston Paris / et accompagnées / de

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la musique transcrite en notation moderne/ par/Auguste Gevaert/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1875.

1889. "Rondeaux/et/Autres Poésies/du XV^e Siècle"/ Publiés/d'après le manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale/par/Gaston Raynaud/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1889./

1899. "Le Thrésor du Sonnet"/Protat Frères/Macon/ 1899./

1914. "Anthologie/de la Chanson Française"/Éditée par Pierre Vrignault/Paris/Chez Delagrave/ 1914./

1920. "Anthologie des Écrivains Français"/XV^e et XVI^e siècles/Poésies/Editée par Gauthier-Ferrières/Bibliothèque Larousse/Paris/1920 ?/

1924. "Les Poètes Lyonnois"/Introduction et Notes/ par/J. Aynard/Collection des Chefs-d'œuvre méconnus/Paris/1924.

1926. "The Oxford Book/of French Verse"/Chosen by/St. John Lucas/Oxford/At the Clarendon Press/1926./

Authors

Abundance (Jean d'), d. 1544

"Jean d'Abundance/A study of his life and three of his works"/by D. H. Carnham/ (With French text) University of Illinois/1909./

Albret (Jeanne d'), 1528–1574

"Mémoires/et/Poésies/de Jeanne D'Albret/Reine de Navarre"/Publiés par le Baron de Rublé/Paris/ 1893./

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ALEXIS (GUILLAUME), d. 1505

" Le Grant Blason/des/Faulces Amours "/par/G. Alexis/Bénédictin/Avec une Notice bibliographique/ par Philomneste Jun./Genève/1867/Raretés Bibliographiques./

Note.—A modern reprint of a poem in Piaget and Picot's edition.

" Œuvres Poétiques/de/Guillaume Alexis/Prieur de Bercy "/Publiées par/Arthur Piaget et Émile Picot/ 3 Tomes/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/ 1896–1908./

Note.—These three volumes form a complete annotated edition.

AMBOISE (MICHEL D'), d. 1547

" Le Babilon/aultrement/la Confusion de l'esclave fortuné "/Nouvellement composé/avecque aucunes Rondeaux et Epistres amoureuses/Paris/1535./

" Les Epistres Veneriennes/de/l'esclave fortuné "/ avec Rondeaulx, etc./Paris/1536./

AMERVAL (ELOI D'), 1440–1500?

" Le Liure de la Deablerie/of/Eloy d'Amerval "/ University of Iowa Studies/Vol. II/No. 2/Ed. C. F. Ward/University Press/Iowa/1923./

Note.—This edition is reprinted from the copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Res. Y. 43). It is reproduced in the original black letter and contains reproductions of some woodcuts. The work belongs to the class of Gower's " Confessio," and like it has marginal notes in Latin. There are three earlier editions in the British Museum dated 1508, 1531, 1540.

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ANEAU (BARTHÉLEMY), d. 1565

" Imagination Poétique "/Traducte en vers françois/par B. Aneau/Lyon/1552./

ASTI (ALIONE D'), d. 1520

" Poésies Françoises/de/J. G. Alione/d'Asti "/composées/en 1494–1520/Publiées pour la première fois en France/avec une notice biographique/par/J. C. Brunet/Paris/1836./

Note.—This volume is printed, save for the Introduction, in Gothic letter ; and on the title page is—" Sensuivent les / œuvres de l'auteur / en langue frâcoise."/

AUBERT (GUILLAUME), 1534–1596

" Elégie sur le/trespas de feu Ioachim/du Bellay "/ par G. Aubert/Paris/F. Morel/1560./

" Les Retranchemens "/de G. Aubert/Paris/1585.

AURIGNY (GILLES D'), d. 1553

" Le Tuteur d'Amour "/auquel est comprisé " La fortune/de l'innocent en amours "/par Gilles d'Aurigny /Ensemble un livre/où sont epistres, complaintes, etc./ Avec/ un aultre livre des epigrammes/Paris/Françoys Girault/1546./

" Les Déclarations/procédures/et arretz d'amours "/ par " Pamphile " (i.e. Gilles d'Aurigny)/Paris/1581./

AURIOL (BLAISE D'), d. 1540

" La Chasse et le/depart d'Amours "/faict et composé par reverend pere en dieu messire Octavien de Sainct-Gelais (q.v.) . . . et par noble homme Blaise d'Auriol/Anthoyne Verard/Paris/1509.

Note.—This volume, printed in Gothic letter, and

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well bound in crimson leather, contains one or two woodcuts in the text. It is an Anthology of Ballades, Rondeaux and Chansons, of which several are by Charles d'Orléans (q.v.), one possibly by Jean Molinet (q.v.), and one by Pierre Fabri (q.v.).

AUTELS (GUILLAUME DES), 1529–1574

" Replique/de/Guillaume des Autels/aux furieuses défenses / de / Louis Meigret " / avec " La Suite de Repos " de l'auteur/Lyon/1551./

" La Paix venue du Ciel "/avec/" Le Tombeau de Charles V/l'Empereur " par/Guillaume Desautelz/ Gentilhomme Charroloys / Charles Plantin / Anvers / 1559./

AUVERGNE (MARTIAL D'), 1440–1508

" Les Poésies/de/Martial de Paris/dit d'Auvergne/ Procureur au Parlement "/Première partie/à Paris/ d'Antoine Urbain Coustelier/1724./

Note.—This small volume is clearly printed and contains " Les Vigiles du Roy Charles VII " consisting of a series of poems in couplets and quatrains; each having a separate initial letter in a square ground.

"Les Arretz/d'Amours"/avec/"l'Amant rendu Cordelier/à l'observance d'amour "/par M. d'A./Accompagnez des commentaires juridiques et joyeux de Benoist de Court/Dernière édition/Revue, corrigée et augmentée de plusieurs/Arretz/de notes, etc./2 Tomes/Paris/Pierre Gandouin/1731./

Note.—The first volume of this edition contains prose, with copious footnotes in Latin. From page 501 of Vol. II, follows " L'Amant rendu . . ." ; a poem in stanzas of eight lines extending to 95 pages. On page 601, Vol. II, there is a short poem in irregular metre entitled " Le Dit de l'Amour."

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BAÏF (JEAN ANTOINE DE), 1532–1589

" Poésies choisies/de J. A. de Baïf/suivies des Poésies inédites " / Éditées par L. Becq de Fouquières/Paris/1874./

" Les Mimes "/Enseignemens et Prouverbes/de J. A. de Baïf/Réimpression textuelle collationnée/avec préface / par / P. Blanchemain / Éd. L. Becq de Fouquières/2 Tomes/Paris/1880./

" Œuvres en Rime "/par J. A. de Baïf/Paris/1881/. Voyez " La Pléiade Françoise " (Collections).

" Les Amours de Jean Anthoyne de Baif/Amours de Meline "/Édition critique/Éditée par Mathieu Auge-Chiquet/Paris/1909./

BARTAS (SALUSTE DU), 1544–1590

" Les Œuvres/de/G. de Saluste/S. du Bartas "/ Augmentés de nouvaulx commentaires/par/Simon Goulart/Dernière édition/2 Tomes/Paris/1611./

BASSELIN (OLIVIER), d. 1415

"Vaux-de-Vire/d'Olivier Basselin"/suivis/d'un choix d'anciens Vaux-de-vires, de Bachanales, et de Chansons /Poésies Normandes soit inéditées/Publiés avec des dissertations, etc./par/M. Louis Dubois/Caen/1821./

" Vaux-de-Vire/d'Olivier Basselin/et de/Jean le Houx" (q.v.)/suivis d'un choix/d'anciens vaux-de-vires et d'anciens chansons Normandes/avec/une notice préliminaire et des notes par/A. Asselin/L. Dubois, etc./Nouvelle édition/Paris/P. L. Jacob/1858./

BAUDE (HENRI), 1430–1495

" Les Vers/de Maistre/Henri Baude"/Poète du XV^e^ Siècle/Recueillis et publiés "/par M. J. Quicherat/ Paris/1855/ (" Le Trésor des pièces rares ou inédites ").

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Note.—This volume contains one or two Rondeaux and Ballades.

BEAULIEU (EUSTORG DE), fl. 1520

"Les Diuers Rapportz"/contenant plusieurs Rondeaulx, Dizains et Ballades/tout composés/par/M. Eustorg de Beaulieu/Lyon/1537./

BELGES (JEAN LE MAIRE DE), 1473–1516

"Œuvres/de/Jean Lemaire de Belges"/Publiées/par/J. Stecher/4 Tomes/Louvain/1882–1891./

BELLAY (JOACHIM DU), 1524–1560

"Œuvres Françoises/de/Ioachim du Bellay"/2 Tomes/Paris/1866–7/. Voyez "La Pléiade Françoise" (Collections).

"Œuvres Complètes/de/Joachim du Bellay"/Nouvelle édition / avec commentaire par / Léon Séché/3 Tomes/Paris/1903–1910./

"Œuvres Poétiques" / Édition critique / Publiée par/Henri Chamard/Société des Textes Français Modernes/2 Tomes/Paris/1908/3 Tomes/Paris/1910./

BELLEAU (REMI), 1528–1577

"Œuvres Complètes/de/Remy Belleau"/Nouvelle édition/Éditée par A. Gouverneur/3 Tomes/Paris/1867/ (Bibliothèque Elzévirienne)./

"Œuvres Poétiques/de Remi Belleau"/2 Tomes/Paris/1878/. Voyez "La Pléiade Françoise" (Collections).

BELLIARD (GUILLAUME), fl. 1550

"Le Premier/Liure/des Poèmes/de G. Belliard"/Contenant les délitieuses amours de/Marc Antoine et Cléopatre/"Les Triumphes d'Amour/et de la Mort"/etc./C. Gautier/Paris/1578./

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BEREAU (JACQUES), fl. 1550

" Œuvres Poétiques/de/Jacques Bereau/Poictevin "/ Avec préface, notes, etc./par/J. Hovyn de Tranchère/ et R. Guyot/(Librairie des Bibliophiles)/Paris/1884./

BILLIARD (CLAUDE), fl. 1540

" L'Église Triumphante "/Paris/1610./

BILLY (JEAN DE), 1534–1580

" Le Mirroir Spirituel "/Traduicte en François/ par J. de Billy/G. Chaudière/Paris/1576./

BELLEFOREST (FRANÇOIS DE), 1530–1583

" La Pyrenée/et Pastorale Amoureuse "/par/F. de Belleforest/Chez Gervais Mallot/Paris/1571./

BIRAGUE (FRANÇOIS DE), fl. 1550

" Premières Œuvres Poétiques "/Paris/1581./

BEAUJEU (CHRISTOPHE DE), fl. 1550

" Les Amours/de/Ch. de Beaujeu "/Paris/1589./

BLANCHON (JOACHIM), b. 1553

" Stances/du mariage/par antithèse/à celles de Ph. Desportes "/Texte de 1573, 83, 85, 86,/Éditées par H. Vaganay/Paris/1908./

BLOND (JEAN LE), d. 1550

" Nuptiaux virelays/du marriage du roy d'Ecosse/ (James V)/et de madame Magdalène/fille de France "/ ensemble d'une Ballade/(Gothic Letter)/Arnoul et Charles Langelier/Paris/1537./

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BODERIE (GUY LE FÈVRE DE LA), 1541–1598

" Les Hymnes/Ecclesiastiques/avec autres Cantiques Spirituelz "/par/Guy Le Fèvre de La Boderie/ Seconde édition/2 pt. in 1/Paris/1582./

BOÉTIE (ÉTIENNE DE LA), 1530–1563

" Œuvres complètes/d'Estienne/de la Boétie "/avec notice/par/Paul Bonnefon/Paris/1892./

BORDEAUX (CHRISTOPHE DE), fl. 1550

"Recueil/de plusieurs/belles Chansons/Spirituelles"/.

BOTON (PIERRE), fl. 1550

" La/Camile/de Pierre Boton/Masconnois "/avec le discours d'un amant désespéré / Jan Ruelle / Paris / 1573./

BRETIN (FILIBERT), fl. 1550

" Poésies Amoureuses "/Paris/1581./

BOUCHET (JEAN), 1476–1557

" Les Regnars traversant/les périlleuses voyes "/ par/S. Viaud (J. Bouchet) /et autres poètes/(Gothic letter / with Woodcuts) / Anthoyne Verard / Paris / 1500./

" L'Amoureux/transi sans espoir "/avec autres traits en vers/ " La fontaine des Amoureux "/ (Woodcuts in text) (Gothic Letter) Anthoyne Verard/Paris/ 1503 ?/

" Les Triumphes/de/la Noble et amoureuse Dame/ et l'art de honnestement aimer " / composé / par le " Traverseur "/ (Gothic Letter) Jacques Bouchet/ Poictiers/1532./

" Les Angoyses/et/Remèdes d'Amours/du ' Traverseur ' en son adolescence " / (Gothic letter) Poictiers/J. Marnef/1536.

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" Le Labyrinthe de fortune/et sejour des trois nobles dames "/composés par l'auteur de " Les Regnars. . . ."/ (Gothic Letter) par/J. B./Poictiers/ Jacques Bouchet/1542.

BUGNYON (PHILIBERT), fl. 1550

" Le / Thrésor / du / Sonnet " / Philibert Bugnyon/ " Erotasmes de Phidie et Gelasine "/Protat Frères/à Macon/1900./

BOUGOUINC (SIMON), fl. 1525

" L'Espinette / du jeune prince conquérant / les royaulx / de bonne renommée" / (Gothic letter) / Anthoyne Verard/Paris/1508./ (Printed in double columns.)

BRIAND (FRANÇOIS), fl. 1530

" Nouelz Nouvaulx "/de ce present an mil/cens et douze/dont en y a plusieurs notés à deux/parties/ composéz / par Maistre François Briand / Publiés par H. Chardon/Paris/1904./

BUGNIN (JACQUES DE), fl. 1470

" Cy commence le prologue/de ce present livre/ intitulé. / Le congie prins du siecle seculier " / . . . (Written in a modern hand) Lyon/Pierre Mareschal/ 1480/.

Note.—The printing is Gothic, and there is an elaborate initial on the opening page. The circles of other initials are filled with yellow. There are twenty-four pages. The text is a series of couplets of which so many in each division begin with the same letter ; the divisions being alphabetical.

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BUCHER (GERMAIN COLIN), fl. 1540

" Un Émule de Clément Marot (q.v.) /Les Poésies de G. C. Bucher "/Publiées pour la première fois/avec notes etc./par/Joseph Dennais/Paris/1890./

BUTET (MARC CLAUDE), 1530–1586

" Œuvres Poétiques/de M. C. de Butet "/Précédées d'une notice sur l'auteur/et accompagnées des notes/ par/le Bibliophile Jacob/Paul Lacroix/2 Tomes/Paris/ 1880./

BRACH (PIERRE DE), 1549–1600

" Poèmes de P. de Brach "/Paris/1776.
" Œuvres "/Paris/1862./

BRETON (GUY LE), fl. 1560

" L'Adonis/et quelques autres/vers/ " Paris/1597./

BRODEAU (VICTOR), d. 1540

" Les Louanges de Jesu Christ "/Lyon/1540./

BOURDIGNÉ (CHARLES DE), 1472–1540

" La Légende/de/Pierre Faifeu "/Publiée par D. Jousat/Avec une préface/par/le Bibliophile Jacob/ Paris/1880./

BOUCHET (GUILLAUME), 1526–1606

" Serées de Guillaume Bouchet "/Avec Notice et index/par C. E. Royhet/ (Reprint of edition of 1608)/ 6 Tomes/Paris/1872./

CRÉTIN (GUILLAUME), d. 1525

" Traictez singu/liers contenus au présent opuscule/ Les Trois Comptes intitulez de ' Cupido et de

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Atropos '/dont le premier fut inventé par Seraphim (Serafino)/le second et tiers de l'invention de maistre Jehan le Maire (q.v.) ' Les Epitaphes de Hector et Achilles ' avec ' Le Judgement de Alexander le Grand ' composés par Georges Chastelain (q.v.) . . . ' Le temple de Mars '/fait par Jean Molinet (q.v.) Plusieurs Chants Royaulx, Ballades et Rondeaux composés par Maistre Guillaume Crétin / ' L'Aparition de feu maréchal de Chabans ' par le dit Crétin/Il se vend à Paris en la boutique de Galiot du Pré "/The privilege is dated Feb. 1525.

Note.—This collection of poems by various authors is in Gothic type. On the page opposite the privilege is a woodcut showing a nun with a key in her hand kneeling before a crowned figure with blindfolded eyes. At the end is the bookplate of Galiot du Pré " Vogue la Galère."

" Les Poésies / de / Guillaume Cretin " / Paris / A. Urbain Coustelier/1723./

Note.—This is an old edition with an introduction by Fr. Charbonier. The type is small but clear, and there is a decorated square round each initial letter. The motto is " Mieulx que Pis " and the edition contains numerous Rondeaux, Ballades and Chants Royaulx.

" Debat entre deux dames/sur le Passetemps/des chiens et des oiseaux "/Poème de G. Crétin/Suivi de/ /" La Chasse Royale "/par H. Salel (q.v.) /Notice par Paul Lacroix/Paris/Librairie des Bibliophiles/Jouast 1882./

Note.—These two poems are allegorical.

Chartier (Alain), 1386–1449

" Les Œuvres/de/feu Maistre Alain Chartier/en son vivant Secrétaire au roy Charles VII "/Nouvellement

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imprimées, reveues et corrigiees/oultre les precedentes impressions/A Paris/Galiot du Pré/1529./

Note.—This is a small volume of 367 pages, clearly printed and adorned on the title page with the book-plate of Galiot du Pré. At the head of the following poems there is a well-drawn print: Page 1, "Le Curial"; page 137 (same print), "Quadriloge"; page 167, "Libelle de Paix"; page 180, "Le Bréviaire des Nobles" (Tail-piece); page 212, "Le Livre de Quatre Dames"; page 314, "Regret d'ung amoureux."

"Les Œuvres de/Maistre Alain/Chartier/Clerc, Notaire et Secretaire aux roys Charles VI and VII"/ Contenant l'Histoire de son temps/"l'Espérance de la Curiale"/"Le Quadriloge" et autres piéces/Toutes nouvellement reveues, corrigées et beaucoup augmentées sur/les exemples écrits à la main/par/André Chesne Tourangeau/A Paris/l'Imprimerie de Pierre le Mure/1617./

Note.—This is a large volume of 868 pages, including notes and index. The type is large and clear. There are some autograph notes on certain pages, and printed side references.

"Rondeaulx et Ballades/inédits/d'Alain Chartier/ Publiés / d'après un manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Méjanes/à Aix/Caen/1846./

Note.—This volume contains eighteen pages of yellow paper and three of introduction. The poems are given in Gothic type. The seven poems are preceded by this notice: "Cy apres sensuivent/ aucuns Rondeaux et/Ballades/fais et composes par Maistre Alain."

Chastel (Jean de), fl. 1450

"En ce présent volume/sont contenus troys/livres/ le premier est nommé/ 'Le Specule des Pécheurs'/

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le second est appellé ' L'Exhortation des Mondains '/ le tiers se nomme/' L'Exemple des Dames et Damoiselles et de toute le sexe feminin '/(Paris) 1468."

Note.—This little volume is printed in clear Gothic letter, with red initials to each poem. It contains twenty-eight pages, and many of the verses are composed in alternate French and Latin.

Coquillart (Guillaume), 1450–1510

" Les/Présomptions/des Femmes "/à Rouen/Chez Abraham Cousturier/with a note by G. V./Réimprimé chez J. Pinard/1830./

Note.—These few pages are in a volume of various pamphlets entitled " French Poetry." They contain a poem not included in d'Héricault's edition (see below).

" Œuvres/de/Coquillart " / Nouvelle édition / revue et annotée / par Charles d'Héricault / 2 Tomes / Bibliothéque Elzévirienne/Paris/1857./

Note.—This is a modern edition and contains a long study of the poet. The poems are all of some length and not lyrical. " Le Blason " may be compared with poems of this type by Clément Marot (q.v.) and Gilles Corrozet (q.v.).

Collerye (Roger de), d. 1540

" Œuvres/de/Roger de Collerye "/Nouvelle édition/ par/Charles D'Héricault/P. Jannet/Paris/1855/ (With Introduction, etc.)

Champier (Symphorien), 1472–1533

" La Nef / des / Dames / vertueuses " / composée par Maistre / Sinforien Champier / Contenant quatre livres/J. Delagarde/Paris/1515./

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CHASTELLAIN (GEORGES), 1403–1475

"Œuvres/de Georges Chastellain"/Publiées/par/M. le Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove/8 Tomes/Bruxelles/1863–1866./

Note.—On pages 299–308 of Vol. VIII are some Ballades, and on pages 309–321 of the same volume some Rondeaux. Many of these will also be found in the works of Crétin (G.) (q.v.), Marot (J.) (q.v.), and Gringoire (P.) (q.v.).

CAYET (PALMA VICTOR P.), 1515–1560

"La Divorce/Satirique"/ou "Les Amours de la reine Marguerite"/Paris/1662./

COLLETET (GUILLAUME), 1589–1659

"Les Divertissements/du Sieur Colletet"/Seconde édition / augmentée par l'auteur / Jacques Dugast / Paris/1633./

CHOLIÉRES (NICOLAS), fl. 1540

"Œuvres de/Seigneur de Choliéres"/Édition préparée/par/E. Tricoltel/Notes et Index etc./par/D. Jouast/Préface de P. Lacroix/2 Tomes/Paris/1879./

CORNU (PIERRE DE), fl. 1540

"Les Œuvres/Poétiques/de Pierre de Cornu"/Éditées par P. Blanchemain/Avec une préface/et des notes/Grenoble/1870./

COLLET (CLAUDE), fl. 1540

"L'Oraison de Mars/aux Dames de la Court"/Ensemble la réponse des Dames à Mars/Plus "l'Espinette/de l'Amoureuse/de vertu aux Dames/de France"/par Claude Collet/Champanoys/Paris/Chez Chrestien/1544./

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CHAPPUIS (CLAUDE), 1527–1573

" Discours de la Court "/par/M. Claude Chappuis/ Paris/1543./

CORROZET (GILLES), 1510–1568

" Le Blason du/Moys de May "/par Gilles Corrozet/ (Gothic letter) Paris/1530 ?/

" Le Conte/du/Rossignol "/à Lyon/par Jean de Tournes/Publié chez Techneur/Paris/1831./

" Les Blasons/Domestiques "/par/Gilles Corrozet/ Nouvelle édition / Publiée par la Société des Bibliophiles Français / (Edited by A. P. Paris) / Paris/1865./

CHAPERON (JEAN), fl. 1545

" Les grands re / gretz et complainte / de / Mademoiselle/du/Pallais "/Imprimé par Crapelet/Paris/ 1842./

CHAVIGNAY (JEAN A. DE), 1524–1604

" La Citadelle / Lyonnoise " / par Jean Aimé de Chavignay/Poème inédit du XVI^e^ Siècle/(Société des Bibliophiles Lyonnais)/Lyon/1890./

" Les Pléiades/du S. du Chavignay "/Avec les prouesses de Henri III/Divisé en sept livres/à Lyon/ Pierre Rigaud/1603./

D'ORLÉANS (CHARLES), 1391–1465

" Les Poésies/du Duc/Charles D'Orléans "/Publiées/sur le manuscrit/de la Bibliothèque de Grenoble/ conférées avec ceux de Paris et de Londres/et accompagnées d'une préface historique/etc./par/Aimé Champollion-Figeac/Paris/1842./

Note.—This edition is founded on five French manuscripts and makes reference to Lansdowne

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MS. No. 380 in the British Museum. It does not mention the Brit. Mus. MS. Harleian 6916. It contains 453 poems by D'Orléans, and 14 by his contemporaries.

" Poésies/de/Charles D'Orléans "/Publiées avec l'autorisation de/M. le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique/d'après les manuscrits des bibliothèques du Roi et de l'Arsenal/ par/J. Marie-Guichard/Paris/ 1842./

Note.—This edition is founded on seven French manuscripts, and after an introduction contains 471 poems by D'Orléans and 76 by his contemporaries.

" Poésies Complètes / de / Charles D'Orléans " / Revues sur les Manuscrits/avec préface/notes/etc./ par Charles d'Héricault/2 Tomes Paris/1874./

Note.—This edition is founded on five French and one English manuscript (Royal XVI. F. 11). It contains 469 poems by D'Orléans ; and 45 by his contemporaries.

" Poésies / de / Charles D'Orleans " / Éditées par Pierre Champion/Paris/1923/(Les Classiques François du Moyen Age.) Tome II/1928/.

Note.—This edition is prefaced by an introduction, and founded on the following manuscripts—Bibl. Nat. 19139. Arsenal 2070. B.M. (R.XVI. F. 11). Grenoble 873. Carpentras 375. Harleian 6916. Arsenal 3457. Lansdowne 380. Bibl. Nat. 1719. The first volume contains 239 poems by D'Orléans, and fourteen by other authors of his time. The second volume contains " Rondels," etc., and Notes.

" Charles D'Orléans/et la Poésie Aristocratique "/ Lyon/1924./

Note.—This volume also contains the poetry of Froissart (J.) (q.v.), Meschinot (J.) (q.v.), Saint-Gelais (O.) (q.v.), Molinet (J.) (q.v.), Crétin (G.) (q.v.), Marot (J.) (q.v.), Bouchet (J.) (q.v.), Belges (J. le M.) (q.v.).

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DUPRÉ (JEAN), d. 1540

" Le Palais de nobles dames "/adressé à Madame/ Marguerite de Navarre/Ensemble les fictions et couleurs poétiques/Nouvellement composés en rithme françoys/par J. Du Pré/avec un poème de H. Salel (q.v.) /2 Parts/ (Gothic letter) /Lyons/1534.

DESPERIERS (BONAVENTURE), d. 1546

" Œuvres Françoises/de/Bonaventure Des Periers "/ Revues sur les éditions originales/et annotées par/ M. Louis Lacour/Bibliothèque Elzévirienne/2 Tomes/ Paris/1856./

DENISOT (NICOLAS), 1515–1559

" Noelz/par le Comte d'Alsinoys " (Denisot)/ " Autres Noelz sur les chants/de plusieurs/belles chansons "/Édité A. L./Mans/1847./

" Cantiques du/premier advenement/de Jesu-Christ/ par le Comte d'Alsinoys/Paris/1553./

DUVAL (PIERRE), d. 1564

" Le Puy/du/Souverain Amour "/par/Pierre du Val/avec/l'Introduction par P. le Verdier/(Facsimile edition 1542)/Paris/1920/(Société des Bibliophiles Normands).

DADOUVILLE (JACQUES), fl. 1550

" Les Moyens/d'éviter merencolye "/par Dadouville/ (Reprint with woodcuts of Edition of 1529)/Paris/ 1840./

DANIEL (JEAN), fl. 1520

" Les Noelz de Jean Daniel "/dit Maistre Mitou/ 1520–1530/Précédés d'une étude/sur/sa vie et ses œuvres/par/Henri Chardon/Le Mans/1847./

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Note.—The larger part of this volume is taken up with the introduction, but sixty-five pages are devoted to the "Noelz" which are founded on popular Chansons.

DESMOULINS (LAURENT), fl. 1470

"Le Catholicon des/mal advisez"/autrement dit "la/Cymetière des Malheureux"/Colophon—Composez par Laurens Desmoulins/Paris/Jehan Petit et Michel le Noir/1513./

Note.—This little volume is printed in Gothic letter and contains a strange woodcut of "La Cymetière" on the first page. In a column at the sides of the pages are added Latin notes.

DES VALOTTES (B.), fl. 1560

"Les Amours/du Berger/Philandre/et de Caliste"/ et autres œuvres de/le Sieur des Valottes/à/Paris/ J. Villery/1623./

DESCHAMPS (EUSTACHE), 1340–1410

"Poésies Morales / et Historiques / d'Eustache Deschamps"/Publiées/pour la première fois/d'après le Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque du Roi/avec/un Précis historique et littéraire/sur l'auteur/par G. A. Crapelet/ Imprimeur/Paris/1832./

"Œuvres / inédites / d'Eustache Deschamps / 2 Tomes Paris/chez Techneur/(Notes de P. Tarbe)/ 1849./

"Œuvres Complètes / de / Eustache Deschamps"/ Publiées d'après le Manuscrit de la Bibl. Nat./par le Marquis de Queux de Saint-Hilaire (Tomes I-VI par G. Reynaud)/11 Tomes/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1878–1903./

Note.—This is an elaborate and scholarly edition with full notes, etc.

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DORAT (JEAN), 1508–1588

" Les Œuvres Poétiques/de/Jean Dorat "/Avec une notice biographique par/C. Marty-Laveaux/Paris/ 1875./ Voyez " La Pléiade Françoise."

DOLET (ESTIENNE), 1509–1546

" Le Second Enfer/d'Estienne Dolet "/Qui sont certaines compositions faites/par luy même sur la justification de son second enprisonnement/le tout nouvellement traduit en langue Françoyse "/Édité avec préface par L. Aimé Martin/Paris/1830.

Note.—This volume contains translations of the Platonic dialogues " Axiochus " and " Hipparchus." The original edition is dated 1544.

DOUBLET (JEAN), fl. 1560

" Les Élégies/de Jean Doublet "/Dieppois/Reproduites d'après l'édition de 1559/avec préface et des notes/par/P. Blanchemain Rouen/1871/Librairie des Bibliophiles Normands./

" Élégies / de / Jean Doublet " / Suivies des Épigrammes/et Rimes diverses/Paris/1871./

ELLAIN (NICOLAS), fl. 1550

" Les Œuvres Poétiques / françoises / de Nicolas Ellain / Parisien " / 1561–70 / (Publiés par A. Genty / Paris/1861./

ESTIENNE (ROBERT), 1530–1570

" Les Larmes/de S. Pierre/et autres vers sur la Passion "/Puis quelques/paraphrases sur les hymnes de l'année/Paris/1606./

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FOURNIER (JEAN), fl. 1560

" Les Affections d'Amour/de Parthenius "/Nouvellement mises en françoyse/par J. Fournier/Paris/1797./

FRANC (MARTIN LE), 1410–1461

" L'Estrif de fortune/et de vertu/desquelz est souverainement demonstré le poure/et foible estat de fortune/contre l'Opinion commune "/Nouvellement imprimé à Paris/Michel le Noir/1519./

Note.—This is a volume of interest; it has no pagination. On the first page is a woodcut of the wheel of Fortune, at the top of which sits a wolf in pope's clothing. The work is a mingling of prose and verse, is printed in Gothic letter with often elaborate initial letter. At the end are two full-page woodcuts and the plate of Michel le Noir.

" Le Champion/des Dames "/Livre plaisant copieux et habondent en senten/ces/contenant " La Deffense des/Dames/contre Malebouche/et ses consors/et victoire dicelles "/Composé par Martin Franc/Nouvellement imprimé à Paris/Galiot du Pré/1530./

Note.—This is a small volume of 410 pages, containing at the beginning the plate of Galiot du Pré, and at the end that of P. Vidoue. It is printed in ordinary type and has prints on several pages similar to those in the 1529 edition of A. Chartier (q.v.).

FABRI (PIERRE), fl. 1540

" Le Grand/et Vrai Art/de Pleine Rhétorique "/de/P. Fabri/Publié par A. Heron/(Société des Bibliophiles Normands)/2 Tomes/Paris/1889./

FRANÇOIS Ier, 1494–1547

" Poésies/du Roi François Premier/de Louise de Savoie (q.v.) de Marguerite de Navarre " (q.v.) /Re-

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cueillies et publiées/par Aimé Champollion-Figeac/ Imprimerie Royale/Paris/1847./

FORCADEL (ESTIENNE), 1534–1576

" Œuvres/Poétiques/de Estienne Forcadel/Dernière édition / augmentée par l'auteur / à Paris / Chez Guillaume Chaudière/1579./

FONTAINE (CHARLES), 1515–1560

" La Fontaine d'Amour " / contenant Elégies / Epistres/et Epigrammes/Lyon/Jehan de Tournes/ 1545./

FROISSART (JEAN), 1333–1410

" Poésies/de/J. Froissart "/extraites de deux Manuscrits/de la Bibl. Nat. du Roi/et publiées pour la première fois/par/J. A. Buchon/Paris/1829./

Note.—This edition in one volume is preceded by a " Mémoire sur la vie de Froissart " par M. de Saint-Palaye.

" Ci sensuit/un trettie/de moralité/q' s'appelle/' le Temple d'honneur '/fait, ditte et ordonné/par/vénérable et discrete/personne/Sire Jehan Froissart/Non encores ci-devant imprimé."/

Note.—This edition has no date. It is printed in Gothic letter with a woodcut of a monk writing on the first page. The editor is J. P. Chabaville/1845/. The poem will be found in Vol. II of Scheler's edition.

" Œuvres/de/J. Froissart "/Poésies/Publiées par/ M. Auguste Scheler/3 Tomes/Bruxelles/1872./

Note.—This edition has an introduction of seventy-five pages by the Editor.

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GRINGOIRE (PIERRE), 1470–1539

" Le Chasteau de Labour "/avec aucunes Ballades et additions/nouvellement composés, etc./Gothic letter/ S. Vostre/Paris/1500./

Note.—This volume is illustrated by coloured woodcuts.

" Rondeaulx/en nombre trois cent cinquante "/par/ P. Gringoire ?/Galiot du Pré/Paris/1527./ (Gothic letter.)

" Heures de Nostre-Dame "/traduictes de Latin en françoys/et mises en ryme/Additionnées de plusieurs/ Chants/royaulx/figuréz et moralizes/avec plusieurs belles/oraisons/composées par/P. Gringoire/Paris/ 1528 ?/

" Œuvres Complètes/de/Gringoire "/Réunies pour la première fois/par/MM. Charles d'Héricault et A. de Montaiglon/2 Tomes/Paris/Bibliothèque Elzévirienne/1858./

GUILLET (PERNETTE DU), 1520–1545

" Poésies/de/Pernette du Guillet "/Lyon/1830./

" Rymes de Gentile/et vertueuse Dame/Pernette du/ Guillet/Lyonnaise "/(Edited by J. B. Monfalcon) /Lyons/1856./

GOBIN (ROBERT), fl. 1510

" Les Loups ravissans/cestuy dire/le livre du/ doctrinal moral " par Gobin/(Partly in verse with woodcuts) /Anthoyne Verard/Paris/1503 ?/

GUEROULT (GUILLAUME), d. 1570

" Le Premier/Livre/des Narrations Fabuleuses "/ Traduit par G. Gueroult/avec certaines poésies du même traducteur/Lyon/1553.

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GRÉVIN (JACQUES), 1539–1570

"L'Olimpe / de / Jacques Grevin" / Ensemble les autres œuvres poétiques dudit auteur/à Paris/Robert Estienne/1560./

"Théâtre complet/et poésies choisies/de Jacques Grévin"/Avec notice et notes par/Lucien Pinvert/ Paris/1922./

GARNIER (ROBERT), 1534–1590

"Les / Tragédies / de Robert Garnier" / Reveues, augmentées et réimprimées de nouveau/Thomas Ruault/Anvers/1592./

"Hymne/de la Monarchye"/par R. Garnier/Paris/ G. Buon/1567./

GAUCHET (CLAUDE), fl. 1570

"Les Muses Incognues/ou la sette aux Bourriers"/ Recueil de Poésies satiriques/de B. de Verville (Gauchet) etc./Réimprimé Paris/1862/. Voyez Tour (G. D. C. de la).

Note.—Some of the poems in this volume are probably by Gauchet.

GAGUIN (ROBERT), 1425–1502

"L'Immaculée/Conception/de la Vierge Marie"/ Poème de R. Gaguin/XV^e^ Siècle/suivi des Poésies diverses/Traduits pour la première fois/texte Latin en regard/par/A. Bonneau/Paris/1885./

GOHORRY (JACQUES), 1505–1576

"Le Livre de/la/Fontaine Périlleuse"/avec "la Chartie d'amours" autrement intitulé "Le songe du Verger"/avec commentaire de J. Gohorry/Parisien/ Paris/1572./

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GODDARD (JACQUES), 1564–1630

"La Fontaine de Gentilly" / Chez Estienne Prevosteau/Paris/1595./

"La Nouvelle Muse"/ou "les Loisirs de J. G."/ Lyon/1618./

"Meslanges Poétiques" / tragiques / comiques / et autres diverses de l'invention de L. D. L. F. (i.e. J. Goddard)/Paris/1924./

HOUX (JEAN LE), fl. 1450

"Les Noëls Virois"/par/Jean le Houx/sur un manuscrit de Caen/Publiés avec une introduction/ par/A. Gasté/Caen/1863./

"Les/Vaux-de-Vire/de Jean le Houx"/Publiés pour la première fois sur/le manuscrit autographe du poète/ Avec introduction et des notes/par/A. Gasté/Paris/ 1875./

"Le Livre/des/Chants Nouveaulx/de Vaudevire/ de Jean le Houx"/Édité par/A. Gasté/Rouen/1901./

HEROET (ANTOINE), d. 1544

"Œuvres Poétiques"/Édition critique/Publiée par/ Ferdinand et Gohin/Société des Textes Français Modernes/Paris/1909./

HODIC (CHARLES DE), fl. 1480

"Laddresse du forvoyé/captif dévisant de lestrif/ entre amour et fortune"/avec une epistre envoyée/à une noble dame/blasonnants/des meteaux/et couleurs/de ses armes/et aussi la Balade contre Fortune/et plusieurs/ autres Rondeaus / et dictions / joyeulx / Nouvellement composés/par/Charles de Hodic/Nouvellement imprimé à Paris/Pierre Leber/1532./

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Note.—This interesting little book of forty pages is printed in Gothic letter, and on the title page in black and red. There are one or two woodcuts of the usual type.

HABERT (ISAAC), d. 1580

" Les Trois / Livres / de Météores " / Avec autres œuvres poétiques/A Paris/1585./

HABERT (FRANÇOIS), 1520–1574

" La Suite/du/Banny de Lyesse "/Fr. Habert ?/ Paris/1541./

" La Nouvelle Pallas "/Presentée à M. le Dauphin/ par/François Habert/Lyon/Jean de Tournes/1547./

" La Nouvelle Juno/et/la Nouvelle Venus "/etc./par/ F. Habert/Paris/1547./

" Le Temple de Chasteté "/avec plusieurs Epigrammes/le tout par François Habert/Paris/1549./

" La Jeunesse du / Banny de Lyesse / escolier " / F. Habert/Paris/1549./

" Le Philosophe Parfait "/et " Le Temple de Vertu "/de François Habert/Nouvellement remis en lumière/avec notice, etc./par/H. Franchet/Paris/1923./

HABERT (PIERRE), fl. 1550

" Le Chemin/de bien vivre/et mirroir de vertu "/ contenant / plusieurs belles histoires / et sentences moralles / par / quatrains / Augmenté par l'auteur/ Paris/1571./

HAUDENT (GUILLAUME), fl. 1550

" Le Variable Discours / de la vie humaine " / Nouvellement traduit de Latin/par M. Guillaume Haudent/Rouen/1545./

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HOPIL (CLAUDE), fl. 1550

" Les/Œuvres/Chrestiennes/de/Claude Hopil/Parisien "/à Lyon/par Thibaud Ancelin/1604./

JAMYN (AMADIS), 1530–1585

" Les Œuvres Poétiques / d'Amadis Jamyn " / Reveues, corrigées et augmentées/en ceste dernière impression/Paris/2 Tomes/1579./

" Œuvres Poétiques/d'Amadis Jamyn "/avec vie de Colletet/2 Tomes/Paris 1875./

JODELLE (ESTIENNE), 1532–1573

" Les Œuvres/et Meslanges Poétiques/d'Estienne Jodelle "/Notice par Ch. Marty-Laveaux/2 Tomes/ Paris/1868–70/. Voyez " La Pléiade Françoise."

" Les Amours/et autres poésies/d'Estienne Jodelle "/ Édités par Ad. von Bever/Paris/1907./

LABÉ (LOUISE), 1526–1566

" Œuvres/de/Louise Labé "/Publiées avec une étude et des notes/par/P. Blanchemain/Paris/1875./

" Œuvres/de/Louise Labé "/Publiées par Charles Boy / 2 Tomes / Paris / 1887 / (Bibliothèque d'un Curieux.)/

LOYS (JEAN), 1555–1610

" Les/Œuvres Poétiques/de Jean Loys "/Divisés en IIII livres/A Douay/Edités par N. P. Loys/1613./

LEVASSEUR (JACQUES), 1571–1638

" Le Boccage de Iossigny "/où est compris " Le Verger de la Vierge "/et aultres poésies saintes/tant en vers qu'en prose/Publié F. Bourriquant/Paris/1608./

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MAROT (JEAN), 1463–1523

" Recueil des Œuvres/de Jehan Marot "/Illustre Poète François / contenant / Rondeaulx / Epistres / Vers espars/Chants Royaulx/Françoys Juste/Lyon/1537./

" Les Œuvres/de Jean Marot "/Nouvelle édition (avec les poésies de Michel Marot) (q.v.)/Chez Coustelier/Paris/1723./

Voyez " Marot (Clément) "/Edition/à la Haye/ 6 Tomes/1731./

" Poéme inédit (entitled " Prieres sur la restauration de la sancte de Madame Anne de Bretagne ")/ Publié d'après un manuscrit de la Bibl. Impériale/ avec une introduction/et des notes/par/G. Guiffrey "/ Paris/1860./

MAROT (CLÉMENT), 1495–1544

" L'Adolescence Clementine " / autrement / " Les Œuvres de Clément Marot "/Reveues et corrigées/ Anvers / 1539 / (Avec " La Suite de l'Adolescence Clementine.")/

" Les Œuvres/de/Clément Marot "/Desquelz le contenu sensuyt/" L'Adolescence Clementine "/" La Suite de l'Adolescence "/Deux livres d'Epigrammes bien augmentees/Le premier livre de la Métamorphose d'Ovide/Le tout par luy aultrement et mieulx ordonné/ que par cy-devant/ (Woodcuts)/ 5 Parts/Anthoine Bonnemère/Paris/1539 ?/

" Les Œuvres de C. Marot "/à Lyon/Chez E. Dolet/1542./

" Les/Œuvres de/Clément Marot "/Plus amples et en meilleur ordre que parauant/2 parts/à l'Enseigne du Rocher/Lyon/1544./

" Les Œuvres/de/Clément Marot/de Cahors/valet/ de Chambre / du Roy " / Reveues et augmentees de nouveau/Lyon/Chez Guillaume Rouille/1554./

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" Œuvres de Clément Marot "/Revues sur plusieurs manuscrits/et augmentées/tant de diverses poésies véritables/que de celles/qu'on lui a faussement attribuées/avec les ouvrages de Jean Marot/son Père/ceux de Michel Marot/son Filz/et les " Piéces " du Différent de Clément avec François Sagon (q.v.)/Accompagnées d'une préface historique et d'observations critiques/ (Par Lenglet du Fresnoy/6 Tomes/A la Haye/ 1731./

" Œuvres/de/Clément Marot "/Nouvelle édition/ Revues sur toutes celles qui l'ont précédée/avec de notes historiques/et un glossaire/par M. Pre. Rne. Auguis/5 Tomes/Paris/Constant Chantpie/1823./

" Œuvres complètes/de Clément Marot "/Nouvelle édition/ornée d'un beau portrait/et augmentée d'un Essai sur la vie et les œuvres de C. Marot/(P. L. N. de Saint-Hilaire)/3 Tomes/Paris/1824./

" Œuvres/de/Clément Marot "/Annotées, revues sur les éditions originales/et précédées de la vie de C. M. par/Ch. d'Héricault/Paris/1867/ (Chefs-d'Œuvres de la Littérature Française).

" Les Œuvres Complètes/de Clément Marot "/ Revues sur les éditions originales/avec préface, notes/ et glossaire/par/M. Pierre Jannet/4 Tomes/Paris/ 1870./

" Les Œuvres de/Clément Marot/de Cahors en Quercy "/Augmentées d'un grand nombre de ses compositions nouvelles/par ci-devant non imprimées/ Soigneusement reveus par Georges Guiffrey/3 Tomes/ Paris/1875.

" Poéme inédit de Clément Marot "/Bulletin de Bibliophiles/Avril 15/1898./

" Les Œuvres de Clément Marot "/Édition G. Guiffrey/mise en jour d'après les papiers/posthumes de l'éditeur/avec des commentaires et des notes/par/ Robert Yve-Pleissis/Paris/3 Tomes/1911.

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MAROT (MICHEL), fl. 1534

Voyez—Œuvres de Jean et Clément Marot, *supra*.

MOLINET (JEAN), 1435–1507

" Les Faitz et ditz de feu de bonne memoire/ Maistre Jehan Molinet contenans plusieurs beaulx/ traictez, oraisons et chants royaulx/comme l'on pourra facilement trouver par la table qui sensuyt "/Nouvellement imprimés à Paris/1531./

Note.—This volume contains verse and prose and is printed in Gothic letter with square initials.

MOULIN (ANTOINE DU), 1520–1584

" La Déploration de Venus/sur la Mort du Bel Adonis "/Reveue et corrigée etc./et y sont adjousteés/ plusieurs belles chansons nouvelles/à Paris/1561./

MICHEL (GUILLAUME), fl. 1530

" La Forest de Conscience "/contenant " La chasse des princes spirituels "/Michel le Noir/Paris/1516./

" Le Siècle Doré "/contenant " Le temps de Paix, Amour et Concorde "/Guillaume Michel (dit de Tours)/Guillaume Fesandad/Paris/1521./

MAISON-FLEUR (ESTIENNE DE), fl. 1550

" Les/Cantiques/du Sieur de Maison-fleur "/Recueillis / de divers auteurs / Paris / Chez J. Houge / 2 Parts/1586./

MARQUETZ (ANNE DE), d. 1588

" Les / Diverses Poésies / de Marc Antoine / Flaminius " / (Anne de Marquetz) / Avec plusieurs sonnets et cantiques/Paris/1569./

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MICHAULT (PIERRE), fl. 1470

" La/Dance/aux Aveugles "/et autres Poésies du XV^e^ Siécle "/Extraites de la Bibliothèque des Ducs de Bourgogne/Lille/1748./

" Le/Pas de la Mort "/Poème inédit/de Pierre Michault/suivi d'une traduction flamande de Colyn Coellin/Publié avec une introduction/par J. Petit/ Bruxelles/1869./

MARTIN (NICOLAS), fl. 1545

" Noelz et Chansons "/Nouvellement composéz/ tant en vulgaire françoyse que Savoysien/par N. Martin/Publiés/par/J. Ossier/Avec la Musique/Paris/ 1889./

MAILLARD (OLIVIER), 1430–1502

" Œuvres Françoises/d'Olivier Maillard "/Sermons et Poésies / Publiés d'après les manuscrits et les éditions originales/Avec introduction et des notes/ par/Arthur de la Borderie/Nantes/Société des Bibliophiles Bretons/1878./

Note.—This is a quarto volume with wide margins. The Sermons extend from page 1 to page 36 ; the poems from page 38 to page 57. The verses consist of a Chanson, a Ballade, two Chants royaulx and two longer poems.

MARCHE (OLIVER DE LA), 1426–1502

" Le Parement/et/triomphe des Dames "/par/O. de la Marche/Paris 1510 (Reprinted 1870.)/

Note.—A facsimile edition in Gothic letter with woodcuts.

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MESCHINOT (JEAN), 1420–1491

" Les Lunettes des / Princes " / avec aulcunes / Balades / et additions nouvellement composées / par noble/Homme Jehan Meschinot/Michel le Noir/ Paris/1505./

Note.—This volume is printed in Gothic letter and contains eighty-five pages—there is a woodcut of a student and his book on the first page, and the initial letter of the poems is sometimes elaborate ; occasionally they are omitted.

Jean Meschinot / " Les Lunettes des Princes " / Publié/avec préface/notes et glossaire/par/Olivier de Gourcuff/Paris/1890./

Note.—This is a paper-bound volume of 150 pages. The poem is written chiefly in couplets.

MARGUERITE (DE NAVARRE), 1492–1549

" Le Miroir / de / treschrestienne Princesse / Marguerite de France "/Paris/1535/(Gothic letter)/Simon le Bois/Alencon/1531./

" Les Marguerites / de la Marguerite / des Princesses " / Texte de l'édition de 1547 / Publié avec introduction/par/F. Frank/(Woodcuts)/4 Tomes/Paris/ 1873./

" Les Dernières Poésies / de Marguerite de Navarre "/Publiées/pour la première fois/par/Abel Lefranc/Paris/1896./

MAGNY (OLIVIER DE), d. 1560

" Les Gayetez/Les Amours/Les Souspirs/d'Olivier Magny " / Réimpression textuelle de l'édition de 1554, /à Paris/1869–1870/Turin/Publiée par les soins de M. P. Blanchemain./

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" Dernières Poésies / d'Olivier de Magny " / avec notice et index/par E. Courbet/Paris/(Printed Lyons)/ 1880./

" Sonnets inédits / d'Olivier de Magny " / Publiés avec des notes/par Ph. Tamizey de Larroque/Paris/ 1880./

NOSTRADAME (MICHEL DE), 1502–1566

" Les Vrayes Centuries/et Prophètes/de Maistre/ Michel Nostradamus "/Amsterdam/ 1667./

NESSON (PIERRE DE), fl. 1420

" Pierre de Nesson/et/ses œuvres "/A. Piaget et E. Droz/Paris/1925./

Note.—This is Volume II of " Documents Artistiques du XV^e^ Siécle " and is elaborately produced. It includes many photographs of initials etc. in the manuscript. Many of the illuminations are of great beauty.

NERVÈZE (ANTOINE DE), fl. 1570

" Les Essais Poétiques / de A. de Nervèze " / Première édition / pour François Lucas / Poictiers / Théodore Reinart/Rouen/1605./

PONT (GRATIEN DU), fl. 1525

" Controverses/des Sexes/Masculin et Foeminin "/ par/Gratian Dupont/Imprimés à Paris/Dennys Jannot/ 1540./

PARADIN (JEAN), fl. 1550

" Micropédie/de/Jan Paradin/de Louhans "/à Lyon/ Jean de Tournes/1546./

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PELETIER (JACQUES DU MANS), 1517–1592

" Œuvres Poétiques/de Jacques Peletier/du Mans "/ Publiées d'après l'édition originale de 1547/Par L. Séché/Paris/1904./

PERRIÈRE (GUILLAUME DE LA), 1499–1565

" Le Théâtre des/bons engins "/auquel sont contenus cent Emblèmes/Paris/1536./

PONTALAIS (JEAN DE), fl. 1544.

" Contredictz/de Songecreux "/à Paris/Galiot du Pré/1530./

PISAN (CHRISTINE DE), d. 1431

" Œuvres Poétiques / de / Christine de Pisan " / Publiées/par Maurice Roy/Société des Anciens Textes Français/3 Tomes/Paris/1886–96.

" Le Livre/du/Chemin de long estude "/par/Christine de Pisan/ Publié pour la première fois/d'après/sept manuscrits de Paris/de Bruxelles et de Berlin/par/ Robert Puschell/Nouvelle édition/Berlin/1887./

Note.—This volume contains the above poem of 6,392 lines, written in couplets throughout. It is allegorical.

" Le Livre des Trois Vertus "/de Christine de Pisan/ Critical study by Mathilde Large/Paris/1912./

PERUZE (JEAN B. DE LA), 1520–1565

" Œuvres Poétiques/de J. Bastien de la Peruze "/ Nouvelle édition/Publiée/par/E. Gillibert/des Seguins/ Paris/1867./

PASQUIER (ESTIENNE), 1529–1615

" Recueil/de Rymes/et Proses/de E. Pasquier "/ En la boutique de Charles l'Angelier/Paris/1555./

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PORÉE (JEHAN), fl. 1540

" Noels et Vaudevires "/du Manuscrit de Jehan Porée/Étude critique par/A. Gasté/Caen/1883./

PAPON (LOYS), fl. 1530

" Œuvres / du chanoine / Loys Papon " / imprimées pour la première fois/sur les manuscrits originaux/par N. Yemeniz/ (With facsimiles) Lyon/1857–1860./

PASSERAT (JEAN), 1534–1602

" Les Poésies Françoises/de Jean Passerat "/Publiées avec notice et notes/par/P. Blanchemain/2 Tomes/ Paris/1880./

PIBRAC (GUY DU FAUR), 1529–1584

" Les Quatrains / du Seigneur de Pybrac " / Avec une ode par P. Desportes / Plus " Les plaisirs du Gentilhomme Champestre "/par N. Rapin (q.v.) Le tout reveu, corrigé et augmenté / à Paris / Claude Hudpeau/5 Parts/1615./

PONTOUX (CLAUDE), fl. 1550

" Les Œuvres/de/C. de Pontoux "/à Lyon/par/B. Rigaud/1579./

PAPILLON (MARC DE), 1555–1599

" Les Gaillardes Poésies/du Capitaine Laphrise " (M. de Papillon) Publiées d'après les éditions de 1597 et 1599/Turin/1870./

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RENÉ (D'ANJOU), 1409–1480

" L'Abusé en Court "/Paris/1484./

"Œuvres/complètes/du Roi René "(Sicile)/Avec une biographie et des notes par/M. le Comte de Quatre-Barbes/et/un grand nombre de dessins et ornemens/ d'après les tableaux et manuscrits/originaux/par M. Hawke/4 Tomes/Angers/1845./

Note.—This large and elaborately produced volume (four tomes in one) bears on its cover the Royal Arms and seems to consist of various drawings by the King; notes thereon and occasional verses intermingled with prose. It is of great interest for a study of fifteenth-century costume.

REGNIER (JEAN), d. 1469

" Les/Fortunes et Adversitez/de Jean Regnier "/ Texte publié par E. Droz/Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1923./

Note.—This edition reproduces the frontispiece and woodcuts of the earlier editions.

ROCHES (CATHERINE ET MADELEINE DES), fl. 1550–1580

" Les Œuvres/de Mesdames des Roches "/Paris/ 1578./

ROMIEU (MARIE DE), fl. 1550

" Œuvres Poétiques/de/Marie de Romieu "/Publiées avec préface, etc. / par / P. Blanchemain / Paris/ 1878./

RONSARD (PIERRE DE), 1524–1585

" Œuvres inédits/de P. de Ronsard "/Recueillis et publiés/par P. Blanchemain/Paris/1855./

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" Œuvres / de / Ronsard "/6 Tomes / Paris / 1889–1893/. Voyez " La Pléiade Françoise," éditée par Marty-Laveaux.

" Œuvres Poétiques "/Index Alphabetique/éditées par H. Vaganay/1905./

" Tableau Chronologique/des œuvres de Ronsard/ suivi des poésies non recueillies " / Édité / P. Laumonier/Paris/1911./

" Œuvres complètes "/Nouvelle édition/Revisée et augmentée/etc./par P. Laumonier/8 Tomes/Paris/ 1919./

" Œuvres complètes "/Texte de 1578/Avec tables, etc./par Hughes/Vaganay/Introduction de P. de Nolhac /Paris/1923./

RAPIN (NICOLAS), 1540–1608

" Les Œuvres/Latines et Françoises/de Nicolas Rapin "/Tombeau de l'auteur avec plusieurs/ecglogues/ 3 Parts/Olivier de Varennes/Paris/1610./

RABELAIS (FRANÇOIS), 1495–1553

" Œuvres de/François Rabelais "/Edités par L. Moland/Paris/1884./

SALEL (HUGHES), 1504–1554

" Les Œuvres de/H. Salel "/Imprimés à Paris/ 1539/. Voyez Crétin (G).

SENESCHAL (JEAN LE), d. 1425

" Les Cents Ballades "/Poème du XV^e^ Siècle/composé par/Jean le Seneschal/Avec autres collaborateurs/ Publié par / Gaston Raynaud / Société des Anciens Textes Français/Paris/1905./

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SIBILET (THOMAS), 1512–1589

" Art Poétique/François "/pour l'instruction des ieunes studieux/à Lyon/par Jean Temporel/1556./

SAINT-GELAIS (OCTAVIEN DE), 1468–1502

" Le Seiour/d'honneur "/compose par reverend pere en Dieu/Messire Octavien de Saint-Gelaiz/Evesque d'Angoulesme/Nouvellement imprimé à Paris/pour Anthoyne Verard/1519./

Note.—This volume contains verse and prose and is printed in Gothic letter. Like so many poems of this time it is in the form of a dialogue.

" Le Vergier d'Honneur "/Nouvellement imprime a Paris/de l'entreprise et voyage de Naples/auquel est comprins . . . plusieurs autres/choses faictes et composees/par O. de Saint-Gelais/et par Maistre André de la Vigne (q.v.)/Philippe le Noir/Paris/1520 ?/

Note.—This volume has a woodcut as frontispiece and is printed in Gothic letter. There are two other woodcuts in the text of little merit. That on Page H. III shows a group of courtiers and their ladies watching over a king lying in state, and that on Page XII shows a knight and his dame standing on either side of a tree. The initial letters are elaborate. The volume is a collection of verse and prose, containing several Rondeaulx and Ballades.

Voyez Auriol (B. d'), " La Chasse et le Depart d'Amours."

SAINT-GELAIS (MELLIN DE), 1491–1558

" Œuvres / Poétiques / de Mellin / de S.-Gelais " / Nouvelle édition augmentée d'un très grand nombre de piéces latines et françaises/à Paris/1719./

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" Œuvres complètes/de Melin/de Saincte-Gelays "/ Avec un commentaire inédit de B. de la Monnoye/ et des remarques par plusieurs critiques/Édition revue, annotée et publiée/par Prosper Blanchemain/ 3 Tomes/Bibliothèque Elzévirienne/Paris/1873./

SAGON (FRANÇOIS), fl. 1530

" Querelle de Marot (C.) (q.v.) et Sagon "/Pièces réunies par/E. Picot et P. Lacombe/Introduction de Georges Dubosc/Paris/1920./

STUART (MARIE), 1542–1587

" The Poems/of/Mary Queen of Scots/In French "/ Edited with an introduction by J. Sharman/London/ 1873./

SAINCTE-MARTHE (CHARLES DE), 1512–1555

" Charles de Saincte-Marthe "/Study by C. Rutz-Rees/with poems/Columbia University Studies/1910./

SAINCTE-MARTHE (SCEVOLE DE), 1536–1623

" Les Œuvres / de / Scevole de Saincte-Marthe " / Mainert Patison/Paris/1579./

" Les Œuvres Françoises/de Scevole de Saincte-Marthe "/Édités A. J. Farmer/Toulouse/1920.

SCÉVE (MAURICE), 1503–1564

" Saulsaye "/Eglogue de la Vie Solitaire/à Lyon/ par/Jean de Tournes/1547/Réimpression textuelle/ Lyon/1829./

" Délie / Objet de plus haulte vertue " / Édition critique / par / E. Parturier / Paris / 1916 / Société des Textes Français Modernes./

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SAIX (ANTOINE DU), 1505–1579

" Le Blason/de Brou "/Réimprimé pour la première fois/avec introduction/par/A. Vassière/Bourg en Brise/ 1876./

TAILLEMONT (CLAUDE DE), fl. 1550

" Le Discours/des Champs Faez/à l'honneur et exaltation de l'Amour/et des Dames "/Contenant plusieurs chansons/quatrains, dialogues, complaintes et autre joyeusetez/d'Amours/Richard Roux/Paris/ 1557./

TURRIN (CLAUDE), fl. 1540

" Les Œuvres Poétiques/de Claude Turrin/à sa Maistresse "/à Paris/Chez Jehan de Bordeaux/1572./

TYARD (PONTUS DE), 1521–1600

" Les Œuvres/de/Pontus de Tyard "/Avec une notice biographique / par / C. Marty-Laveaux /. Voyez " La Pléiade Françoise "/Paris/1875.

TOUR (BERENGER DE LA), fl. 1550

" Le Siècle/D'Or "/et autres poésies diverses/par B. de la Tour/à Lyon/par Jean de Tournes/1551./

" Choreide "/autrement/" Louenge du Bal aux Dames "/Jean de Tournes/Lyon/1556./

" L'Amie des Amies "/imitation d'Aristote/divisé en quatre livres/" Chant de vertu et d'honneur." Lettres/vers épars/Lyon/Robert Granjou/1558./

" L'Amie Rustique"/et autre vers divers/(Chansons) /Robert Granjou/Lyon/1558./

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TAHUREAU (JACQUES), 1527–1555

" Odes, Sonnets/et autres/Poésies/gentilles/et facétieuses/de J. Tahureau"/Réimprimées textuellement sur l'édition de 1554/Augmentées d'une préface et de notes/par P. Blanchemain/Genève/1869./

" Poésies de Jacques Tahureau/de Mans "/Publiées/par/P. Blanchemain/2 Tomes/Paris/1870./

TOUR (G. D. C. DE LA), fl. 1540

" Airs de l'invention/de G. D. C. de la Tour "/ Caen/1593./

TAILLE (JEAN DE LA), 1540–1608

" Œuvres/Poétiques de J. de la Taille " Publiées d'après les documents inédits / par / R. de Maulde / 4 Parts/Paris/1878./

VIRBLUNEAU (SCALION DE), fl. 1550

" Les/Loyalles/et Pudiques/Amours/de/Scalion de Virbluneau/à Madame de Roufflers "/Jamet Mettayer/ Paris/1599./

VAUQUELIN (JEAN), 1535–1606

" Les/Diverses/Poésies/de Jean Vauquelin/Sieur de la Fresnaie "/Publiées et annotées/par Julien Trevers/ 2 Tomes/Caen/1869./

" Les Foresteries/de Jean Vauquelin "/Publiées et annotées/par/Julien Trevers/Caen/1869./

VIGNE (ANDRÉ DE LA), fl. 1530

" Les Regretz de Picardie/et de Tournay"/à XXIX couplets/Épitaphes en rondeaux de la Royne/composés par/André de la Vigne/Réimpression de la première édition/par/Durand/Paris/1874./

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VITEL (JEAN DE), fl. 1550

" Les premiers / exercices / poétiques / de Jean de Vitel "/Publiés avec une introduction par Ch. A. de Robillard/de Beaurepaire/Rouen/1904./

VILLON (FRANÇOIS), 1431–1485

" Les Œuvres/de/Françoys Villon/de Paris "/Reveues et remises en leur entier/par Clément Marot/(q.v.) Valet de Chambre du Roy/On les vend à Paris/Galiot du Pré/1533./

Note.—This interesting little book contains a preface by Marot and the " Two Testaments " with certain Ballades. The interest lies in the editor, for the poems are reprinted in the more modern editions.

" Les Œuvres de François Villon " / d'Antoine-Urbain Coustelier/Paris/1723./

Note.—This is an interesting volume as it contains many manuscript notes by Bernard de La Monnoye. His title runs " Poésies de François Villon/et ses Disciples / Revues sur les différents manuscrits et éditions/corrigées et augmentées sur le manuscrit de M. le Duc de Cossin/enrichées d'un grand nombre de piéces/avec des notes historiques et critiques."/

There are many erasures and corrections on each page of the volume, but the contents are the same as in the more modern editions.

" Œuvres complètes/de François Villon "/Nouvelle édition/Revue, corrigée et mise en ordre/avec des notes historiques et littéraires/par P. L. Jacob/Paris/1854/Bibliothèque Elzévirienne./

Note.—A small volume containing the same text as the two editions mentioned previously.

" Œuvres complètes/de François Villon "/suivies

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d'un choix des poésies de ses disciples/Édition préparée par La Monnoye/Mise au jour/avec notes et glossaire/par/M. Pierre Jannet/Paris/1881./

Note.—This little volume contains the poems of Villon in the same order as the edition of Longnon, but has additional attributed poems.

" Un Poéte Inconnu/de la Société de François Villon "/" La grant garde derrière "/poème du XV^e^ siècle /Publié avec introduction, etc./suivi d'une Ballade inédite/de/F. Villon/à sa Dame/par W. G. C. Bijvanck/Paris/1891./

Note.—The poem " La grant garde " is in stanzas of seven lines. The Ballade will be found on page 45.

" Œuvres complètes/de François Villon "/Publiées d'après les manuscrits/et les plus anciennes éditions/par/Auguste Longnon/Paris/1892./

Note.—This volume contains a long " Notice Biographique " and copious notes.

" Autres Poésies/de Maistre François Villon/et de son Ecole "/London/Hacon and Rickets/1901./

Note.—A slim volume elaborately printed with large initial letters, and the refrains of the Rondeaux, etc. in red type.

" François Villon/Œuvres "/Éditées par un ancien Archiviste/avec un Index des noms propres/Paris/1911./

" François Villon/Œuvres "/Édition critique avec notices et glossaire/par/Louis Thuasne/3 Tomes/Paris/1923./

Note.—This is a fully annotated edition; but does not contain more poems than the preceding.

" François Villon/A documented Survey "/by D. B. Wyndham Lewis/with a preface by Hilaire Belloc/London/1928./

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I

Rondel chantes *Fol.* 1, *r.*

Or me sui nouelement espris
Damour si fort et si durement enuais
Que nulement ne me puis conforter
Pour celi qui mon cuer tient assis
Ison grant tort . . .
Mez il li supli doucement oy mercis
Quar ie sui mort et tresfierement esbais
Se embref mot ne puis ali parler.

II

Virilay

Damour sui ie ferus amort
Si roidement amon auis
Ensi nai ie le cuer conquis
Que tout iour sui en desconfort
Pour labele que uraiemant

Doneur et damer loiaulment
De biaute plus que fleur de liz
Pour li sui prochain alamort
E dolant cuer trist et pensis
Naie perdus solas et ris
Se pour li nai anchun confort.

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III

Rondel

Las que fera mon cuer dolant
Puis quil ne scet guise trouer
De uous dire son gref tormant
Dame sachez seuremant
Fol. 2, *v.* Que ie uoy ma uie finer
Sen bref ne puis anchunemant
A uous ma pensee conter
Dont iaie auchun aligemant.

IV

Rondel

Adieu uous di ma douce amie
Com ce mest dur departimant
A diu ma loiaul compaingnie
Unques ne uous oublierai mie
A tous le iours demon uiuant
Pour ce tresumblemant uous prie
Que de uostre loiaul seruant
Du iour uous souiengne une fie.

V

Yirilay

Mamour ma ioie mon pleisir
Trestout mon doulx esbatement
Aie perdu entierement
Dont plus ne me chaut reioir
Certem plus uiure ne desir
Fors quen dolour et en gref torment
Mes anchois uodroye morir
Que ce soufrir treslonguement
Quar nullemant ne puis uoir
La douce fleur que iaime tant
Helas cuer pensis et dolent
Par dieu cest dur asoustenir.

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VI

Rondel *Fol.* 2, *r.*

Le noir aie pris aporter
Non pas pour duel mes pour creance
Que iay fet tan que amon durer
Certem bien le uueil honorer
Tant con uiurai en remembrance
De cil qui me uint conforter
Et puis hoster sans demorance
La dolour de mon cuer amer.

VII

Rondel

De fortune plaindre me doi
Qui ma si . . . fort outrages
De mortel haine sans pourquoi
Certes bien a grant tort en soy
Quar unques ne fis par ma foy
Chose pourquoi deust iames
Estre si dure en contre moy.

VIII

Virilay

Dames damour et chauschun rie
De grant ioie de baudour
Quar dieu nous a donet la flour
De trestoute chiualerie
Unques mes son per ne fu nez
Fust eschuer ou chiualer
De son giant corps si bien formez
On ne le sauroit diuiser
Ne lancelot iour de sa uie *Fol.* 3, *v.*
Unquez ne fu de sa ualour
Ne fist tant darmes pour amour
Ne tristan pour sa bele amie.

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IX

Yirilay

Je uodroie que trestous . . .
Mez di sans et toutz mẽchongers
Deus adeus fusent mal loges
Et un grant feu li fust dentour
Quar ill mont mis hors de uoie
Et leises en gref tourmant
Si soloie estre en ioie
Solas auoir et esbatemant
Ne ia ne puis trouer seiour
Quar de tout bien sui hors gites
Ensi com cil que forsines
Perdrai mon temps en grant tristour.

X

Uirilay

Mon cuer ie las et mon esprit
Toute ma ioie entieremant
Mon bien et mon pleisir remaint
Si en sui duremant aflit
Quar la fleur de toute biautez
Que iaime tant certeinemant
Il me conuient leiser en bref
Dont iai le cuer trist et dolant
Fol. 3, *r.* Las ie ne quer autre delit
De uostre corps fetiz et giant
Fors que uous mames loiaulmant
De cuer entier ce me sufit.

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XI

Virilay

Mescheans renars que feres uous
Leistres uous mon colx escaper
Non pas mes le uoles tuer
Que ie le cuer uous creue atrestous
Quant ie uoy renars asembler
Je sui toute plein de mantalant
Pour paeur du faulx atorner
Quil ont en sa quoue si grant
A donc sui ie mult penserons
Si me conuient il auiser
Coment ie me puise garder
De ses faulx engins quil ont sons.

XII

Rondel

Dun dard le cuer me fut passez
Tel que ie queday estre mort
Quant de madame pris congez
Unquen puis ne fu mon cuer liez
Mez tout iour pensis sans confort
Et sil ne fust en ueritez
Cil ane un quen mon doy port
A mort sero ie deliurez.

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XIII

Fol. 4, *v.* Yirilay

Ma douce amour et me sperance
Je uous creant de bon cuer uray
Que de ce quauous fis fiance
Jusqualamort bien atendray
Et sans mentir aiez certance
Quonquez nule autre seruiray
Je sui mis en uostre obeisance
Et tous iours mez ensi seray
Et uous sachez bien sans doubtance
Quonquez ne uous oublieray
Tant quen moi sache demorance
La rien quonquez ne me uerray.

XIV

Bergerete chantee

Tout maintenant sui trabuchet
Du chiual a terre
Pour une esbarere
Qui par mi la uoie estoit
Apertemant sui remontes
Et prest en ma sele
Pour aler en ele
A mon chemin toute droit
Mez quand ioi piece chiuauches
Plainemant et bel
Je fui au chastel
On le dieu damour seoit.

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XV

Uirilay

A mon auiz ie ne dormoie *Fol.* 4, *r.*
Men en ueiliant ce me sembloit
Que un ueilard amon lit uenoit
Requirant ce que ie uoloye
Quand ie le ui mult sui ioiant
A donc le pris ademander
Sire merci de mon tourmant
Tresbien me poes uous aider
Tout noir uestu ie le ueoie
Confortetoi cil me disoit
Quar en bref seras aton droit
Si amas encor pleisir et ioie.

XVI

Rondel

Las quant serai ie deliurez
De ce roid et angoiseus martir
Ont si longuemant sui entres
Trop sui ie fort desconforter
Quar amort me uoi pesuur
Tel que se ne sui conforten
Pour celi qui me puet garir
Yiure ne puis en ueritem.

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XVII

Uirilay

Il mest oit uiz que une haute dame
Anuit com ie estoie acucher
Ma chambre entroit sans demorer
Toute enuironee de grant flame
Fol. 5, v. Puis sen uenoit uermoi disant
Bien sai que ti es enfermez
Mez ne doubter quar tout brefmant
Sans falir tu seraz sanez
De mei se departoit sans daime
Quar autre part uoloit aler
Vestue me sembloit de bien cler
Demenstrant loiaulte sans blaisme.

XVIII

Virilay

Puis que iay perdu mon espoir
Plus ne me chaut reioir
Ne de rien prendre pleisir
Fors quen mescheance doloir
Bien sui ie le plus fortunez
De touz lez autrez amoreus
Bien ma fortune maleurez
Dont fortunant en sui doloreus
Je pri amour de bon uoloir
En souspirant merci requir
Quil me doint auchun souenir
Dont auchun confort puisse auoir.

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XIX

Rondel

Combien que ie naie pooir
A fortune contrarier
Ne me uueil deseperer
Mez bon confort prendre en espoir
Quar nului seiour puet auoir *Fol. 5, r.*
En son maltalant suaider
Pour ce ne men doi ie chaloir
Mez que tout diz rire et chanter
En attendant bon temps et cler
De mieulx acomplir mon uoloir.

XX

Bergerete chantee
Au bon desduire
Damuiselem et escuers
Qui deportes uolentiers
Venem au ieu amoreus
Au bon desduire
La dancerons gaiement
Et chanterons doucement
En despit dez faulx ialeus
Au bon desduire
Chascun beisera samie
Doucement sans uilenie
Qui sera plus gracieus
Au bon desduire
Certes ce nest pour moi
Quar nule nai par ma foi
Dont fort en sui anuieus
Au bon desduire
Mez ie pri la plus ioulie
Quele uueilie estre mamie
A donc serai plus ioieus *Fol. 6, v.*
Au bon desduir.

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XXI

Uirilay

Helas fortune que diu te doint mescheãce
De tout mon bien mas agrãt tort unis
En estrangiers mas en prison assis
Dieu te maudie a toute sa pleisance
Unquez ne fis autrui fors que pleisance
Ensi diex mait et la dame dulis
Pour quoi fortune me doie fere greuance
Ne perseuir de haine si mortris
Mes diu me gard de ta fauce fiance
Quar unquez nest outoi si cher amis
Quandeream pour toi il ne soit mis
Au perfonde cest pour ta decheuance
Helas fortune etc . . .

XXII

Rondel

Tai tout perdu ioie et pleisir
Ne iames plus confort prendrai
A tout le temps que ie uiuray
Et maugre moi me faut soufrir
La gref doleur quen mon cuer ay
Cest la rien que mi fait languir
En duel ma uie finirai
Pource tout iour noire seray.

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XXIII

Yirilay

Mon triste cuer or se complaint *Fol. 6, r.*
Maleureus plus quautre qui soit
Aului mereueilier se doit
Se ie sui pensis et dolant
Quar trestous les iours de ma uie
Jai trauailies le corps et larme
Pour auoir bien et cortoisie
Honeur et pris sans point de blaisme
Pour cese ie sui larmoiant
En bone foy cest abon droit
Puis que iai perdus comant soit
Le temps que iay trauailie tant.

XXIV

Rondel

Vostre biaute mamis en tel esmai
Que ie ne truis en nule part seiours
Se uous ne metes peine au mal que iay
Et uraiement en gref dolour morrai
Se brefmant nai pour uous auchun secours
Mes ie uous quer merci dame au cuer gay
Quaies auquant pitie de mi dolours
Et sans demour liement chanteray.

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XXV

Virilay

Damour conforter me soloie
Auoir de lui tout mon espoir
Joie et pleisir amon uoloir
Mes au presant nai grant enoie
Fol. 7, *v.* Quar il ma leises en dolour
Hostez de toutes me sperance
En remembrant desa doucour
Et de sa tresdouce pleisance
Et par ma foi mielx ameroie
Estre deliure celui soir
Quant iay perdus sans reauoir
Cil pleisir ont ie mesbanoie.

XXVI

Rondel

De bon uoloir me plet chanter
Puis que iai compli mon afaire
Si pri adieu que sans contraire
Me doit uer madame torner
Du tout dis garde mon penser
Pour la trez douce debonaire
Que ia lonc temps ai pris amer
Et pour li sans iames retraire
Chanterai ie ie de bon uiaire
Ai madame merci uous quer.

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XXVII

Uirilay

Con bien que mon corps noire soit
Ne me deues mie leiser
Ne pour autre rien refuser
Suir ie ne uous quer fors que droit
Cest uostre amour sans uilenie
Quar ia lonc temps ai desires
Dame pour dieu ie uous suplie *Fol.* 7, *r.*
Que ma chanson bien escoutem
Et puis me uerres bien endroit
Tresliement rire et chanter
Et tous bons de duis demener
Que gai amoreus fere doit.

XXVIII

Rondel

James ne sera recreant
De uous amer tanqualamort
Mez en uous sera mon deport
Et a tous iours uostre seruant
Con bien que ia lonc temps auant
Jai este en grant desconfort
Mes ie uous pri que nō obstant
Dame uoliem de bon acort
Metre ie uous serf a tel port
Huimez quil ne fine atormant.

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XXIX

Virilay

En gref susis me faut partir
De uostre douce compaingnie
Jei ne puet durer ma uie
Uiuant tout dis en tel martir
Adieu adieu mon gracieus pais
Ne sai pas quant ie te reuoie
A dieu adieu uous de touz mez amis
Con iai du de part grant enoie
Fol. 8, *v.* Men pour ensi me faut soufrir
Con bien quautre rien ne uous die
Seur tout uous recomant mamie
Jusques amon bref reuenir.

XXX

Rondel cantes

Dame gracieuse au uis cler
Je sui de uostre amour espris
Pourquoi mon cuer en uous ai mis
Tel que ie sui en gref penser
Mes ie uous pri de cuer entier
Que me dones le nom da mis
Et me uoliem reconforter
Com bien que uous maies conquis
Doucement uous supli mercis
Quar uostre sui sans plus parler.

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XXXI

Rondel chantes

Le doulz regard de madame doneur
Amis mon cuer atel pene soufrir
Quar haimilas me fait crier tout iour
Pour nule rien ne puis trouer seiour
Se pour li nai auchun doulz souenir
Pour dieu merci regardez ma doleur
Quar uraiement ie sui en gref martir
Se uous ne me secoures amon pleur.

XXXII

Virilay *Fol.* 8, *r.*

Puis que mon cuer done uous ay
Comanden moi uostre pleisir
Quar ie uous iure sans mentir
Que de bon uoloir le seray
Mes toute fors se mon depart
Uous enoie ce poise moi
Se ie ne uous se dieu me gart
Que de bon uoloir le seray
Madame ie perdrai ma foi
A donc uous supli de cuer urai
Que me leises en mon desir
Quar il men poroit auenir
Mesauenture et grant esmay.

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XXXIII

Rondel cantes

La douce fleur me tient en ioie
Si doucement quil mest auis
En toutes partes que ie la uoie
Amon auis ie la ueoie
Anuit parson gracieus uis
Gracieusement ie li disoie
Quant sera cil iour acomplis
Quen uostre prison ie me uoie.

XXXIV

Rondel

Je ne poroie unquez hoster
Mon las cuer dont ie lay dones
Cest la fleur de toute biautes
Saper ne sauroie trouer
Fol. 9, *v.* Ases en poroie parler
Elest soureine en uerites
Pour ce la doie bien loer
Quar puis que da mour fu parles
Ne fu ueus ne ymaginez
Dame quon tant doie priser.

XXXV

Rondel chantes

Larme du corps or se depart
Hay cuer dolant plein de tristours
Plein dei souspirs et de plours
Quar de nul bien plus naie part
Puis quil me conuient prendre part
De ma ioie et de mes amours
Mon ioli cuer point ne separt
Mes remaint en ioie et baudours
Le corps sen va plein de dolours
Complaingmant de son las de part.

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XXXVI

Rondel

Je noi unques ioie grigmour
Comant iauoie en mon dormant
Anuit de madame donour
Il me sembloit que de samour
Auoie ases amon talant
Mes quand ie ui cele dousour
Euanuir tout de present
Toute ioie me uint en plour.

XXXVII

Rondel *Fol.* 9, *r.*

Dame le cuer uous recomant
Puis que mon las corps doloreus
Da uous se depart aniueus
En pleurs en souspirs et en tormant
Las maleureus corps et mescheant
Tu ne seras unquez ioieus
Se ton retour ne fas brefmant
Ver la dame au uis gracieus
Que tient ton cuer gay et amoreus
A grant ioie tresliemant.

XXXVIII

Rondel chantes

De tout mon cuer bien amerai
Tout iour la soureine amoreuse
Ne iames autre seruirai
Et trestous mi pensers aurai
En uer madame gracieuse
Ma loiaul foi bien li tienrai
De ce soit sa uie ioieuse
Quar tout dis mielx la fermeray.

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XXXIX

Rondel chantes

Sans cuer men uoin douce creature
Quar ie ne len puis aporter
Par dieu le me uoilies garder
Puis quil remaint en uostre cure
Pour ma tres manveise auenture
Mes conuient de uous deseurer
Fol. 10, *v.* Mez sachez que uostre figure
James ne porai oublier
Dece uous uueil ie bien fier
Tant que ma triste uie.

XL

Rondel

Adieu ma soureine ioie
Adieu mon sourein pleisir
Adieu mon soureine desir
Adieu fleur as fleurs sans enoie
Adieu mon cuer dieu uos conuoie
Adieu uous las agref souspir
Adieu mamour que me reioie
Adieu solas sans despleisir
Adieu que me fait reioir
Adieu usquez ie uous reuoie.

XLI

Rondel cantes

Le deable men puisse pourter
Dame se unquez parlai
Ne se iamais en fis penser
A donc ne me uoilies tuer
Puis que nulle cause ie nay
Pour ce uous uueil ie suplier
Ma soureine fleur de glay
Que ne croies eulz faulz parler.

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XLII

Rondel *Fol.* 10, *r.*

Par dieu dame uous auez tort
Que un peu ne me reconfortes
Anchois de moi tuer penses
Et par ma foi ie mi acort
Quar ne me chaut prendre lamort
Puisque doner lame uoles
Mez un petit don quer au fort
Quar quant ie serai deliures
Au moins de marme aiez pitiez
Puisque du corps ne uous remort.

XLIII

Rondel

Je te supli mort doloreuse
Si nulemant te puis prier
Que tu me uueiliez deliurer
Quar trop sui en peine angoiseuse
Soies de moy si desireuse
Com de perfait cuer ie te quer
Puis que la fleur tant gracieuse
Que me soloit de cuer amer
De moi ne uuelt oir parler
Oi triste ma uie maleureuse.

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XLIV

Rondel

Ai madame merci uous quer
Puis que ie nai uer uous fali
Tresumblemant ie uous supli
Que ne me uoilies oublier
1, v. Certez ie ne porai durer
Se uous naues de moi merci
Quar morir me uoi sans tarder
Se le temps doit durer ensi
Helas aies pitie de mi
Se merci uous puis demander.

XLV

Rondel chantes

Madame ie uous rent merci
Mille fois et tresplus asses
Que tant maues reconfortes
Quil uous est pris pitie de mi
Dont mon cuer en est si ioly
Que plus ne poroit estre lies
Pour ce tresumblemant uous pry
Fleur as fleurs sans per de biautes
Quauous soie recomandes
Tresnoble dame adieu uous di.

XLVI

Rondel chantes

Tay done tout mon cuer ioli
Ma soureine fleur sans per
A qui bien serai urais ami
La douce espoir que iay deli
Me fait liement conforter
Et pourcela li uire et fi
Que ma foi bien li uueil garder
Viuant toute hore en sa merci.

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XLVII

Rondel *Fol.* 11, *r.*

Certez rien ne me chant ueoir
Fors que la bele fleur sans per
Que tient mon cuer en bon espoir
Pour le regart de son uis cler
Toute ioie me semble auoir
Quant ie uoi son doulz regarder
Et pource de tresbon uoloir
La seruirai de cuer entier
Et loiaulmant sans decheuoir
De ce ne li chaut rien doubter.

XLVIII

Bergerete chantee

Lest la tresdouce filete
Pour quoi ne la doi amer
Troup me semble ioliete
En son gracieus dancer
De chantez plus doucinete
On ne poroit atrouer
Desa coleur uermeilete
Chauchun fait reconforter.

XLIX

Rondel

Amour ma fet tout roioir
Et ma donet tant de liece
Quen moi na ne duel ne martir
Mes de li prent tant de pleisir
Que certez nule rien me blece
Si pri adieu que le desir
Que iay de ma douce mestrece *Fol.* 12, *v.*
Me puisse brefment auenir.

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L

Yirilay

Or uueil ie doucement chanter
Et demener ioie et baudour
Puis que la bele fleur sans per
Ma deliuret de ma dolour
Dont ie nay le cuer si ioieus
Et si plein de ioie amoreuse
Quonquez nes fu plus amoreus
Content de dame gracieuse
Bien la doi de urai cuer amer
Et loiaulmant de iour en iour
Lamerai et de cuer entier
En li sera tout mon seiour.

LI

Rondel

Par diu que uous en doit chaloir
Mesdisanz pleins de fauce enuie
Se iai de madame iolie
Auchun pleisir de bon uoloir
En uous ma pert grant tort auoir
Que dieu le sourein uous mandie
Mez bien uous fi sans decheuoir
Que pour uous ne remeindrai mie
Que ie ne preine de mamie
Toute pleisance amon pooir.

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LII

Rondel *Fol.* 12, *r.*

Quant il me uient asouenir
De madame que iay leises
En tres angoiseuse pensee
De dolour ne fas que languir
Si nai au cuer un tel martir
Quil me puet plaindre ala celee
Et se ie nay en bref oir
Que de madame bieneuree
Il men soit nouele aportee
Grant dolour me conuient soufrir.

LIII

Rondel

Madame ie uous ueil prier
Que nostre amour tant gracieus
Ne uoilies mi coroucher
Mes me uoiliez pleisir doner
Entierement de cuer tres dons
Si aurons nostre amour entier
Et prenrons ioie moi et uous
Sans rien que uous puisse engombrer.

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LIV

Virilay

Puis que fortune me uuelt pour deliurer
Et me conuient en ses las demorer
Je soufrirai uiure en grant desconfort
En atendant tout dis prendre la mort
Quar ie uoi bien quele me uuelt tuer
Ne me chaut plus chanter ne reioir
13, *v.* Puis quil me faut au presant departir
Va celi en qui tout mon pleisir auoie
Haimi dolant plein de triste martir
Quant sera lore que puise reuoir
La fleur sans per pleine de toute ioie
Ne me uueil pas en tout desconforter
En esperance atemps de retourner
Que ie prendrai de mamie deport
Et sil ne fust un bien peu de confort
Du me de duiz ne feisse que plourer.

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LV

Uirilay chantes

Certes ie sui en tele pensee
Pour uous douce dame honoree
Quar entrez sui en un martir
Que durement me fait languir
Tant uous amon cuer desiree
Ne me souient de nule ioie
Ne de nul pleisir que ie uoie
Naie deport
Quar ie languis on que soie
Sil tarde que ie ne reuoie
Mon doulz confort
Pour ce uous pri tresbele nee
Que mamour pour uous soit fermee
Quar pour un bien peu de pleisir
Vous me uerres tant reioir
Que ie en aurai grant renomee.

LVI

Yirilay *Fol.* 13, *r.*

Se pitie ne esperance
Ne pleisant cortoisie
Sont en uous douce amie
Aies de moi souenance
Ne uous souient dame pleisant
Du iour quauous donai ma foi
Ensi pour le urai secremant
Aie uostre anelet en doi
Mai sen uous est bone liance
Souiegnie uous que une fie
Mez donastez de chere lie
De toute nostre amour la sermance.

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LVII

Rondel

Diex quant sera lore iames
Que ie reuoie cil pais
Tant gracieus et tant iolis
Ou git mon cuer emprisones
Unques ne croi en uerites
Quar mon desir soit acomplis
Quar ie me uoi si fortunes
Quonquez nen fu plus home uis
Chant ans chauschun iour mest auis
Que uer li soie retournes.

LVIII

Rondel chantes

Or ne me souient plus damer
Helas mon cuer trist et dolant
Fol. 14, *v.* Jatente lamort apertemant
Quar iay fali atout mon penser
Qui me soloit tout dis doner
De son ioieus esbatemant
Mez or ne me chaut conforter
Anchois uueil uiure en ce tourmant
Puis quil ne peut estre autremant
Or aile comant doit aler.

LIX

Rondel

Dier uous estreine fleur sans per
De bon an et de bone uie
Et sans nul aniueus penser
On doit bien tele dame amer
Perfaitement sans uilenie
Sil ne fust ce manueis danger
Qui si tressouent me desfie
Mamour uous uodroie doner.

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LX

Uirilay

Or ten ua doloreus souspir
Ver la bele que tant desir
Si li diras tres umblemant
Que son uray et loiaul seruant
Se recomande en sa merci
Aprez li diras tout le urai
Coment ie suy en grant esmay
Sans rien qui me done confort
Et cest pour la dame au cuer gay *Fol.* 14, *r.*
A qui certez sui et seray
A tous iours mez iusqualamort
Et quil ne me chaut sen soufrir
Mez que ie la pense ueir
Du mois une fois seulemant
Si en uiuroie liemant
Sans nule greuance de mi.

LXI

Virilay

Je uous pri soureine amoreuse
Que trestout mon couant saues
Qua ceste fois me secores
Nes soies uous pas dangereuse
Mez pour amour fetes uous fort
A ma droiture soustenir
Contre celi qui me fait tort
Ne me uuelt poir ami tenir
Je uous conois bien si pitieuse
Quar puis que ma raison aues
Vous bien me recomandares
A la fleur sans per gracieuse.

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LXII

Rondel chantes

Helas que puet ele hore faire
La fleur sans per que iaime tant
Fol. 15, *v.* Hore que pour susi ie chant
En puet ele auoir nul contraire
Certez ie ne men puis retraire
Quen li ne soit grant pensemant
Mez se ie pense sons uiaire
Auquant ueoir amon talant
Je chanteroie liemant
Yuie la dame de bonaire.

LXIII

Rondel

Haimi dolant helas cuer pensereus
Helaz che tis plein de triste tormant
Triste mon cuer qui farai ie mescheant
Quar si lointain sui dan uiz gracieus
Or uoi ie bien que le plus maleureus
Dez amoreus ie sui certeinemant
Quant ie ne puis le uisage amoreus
Pour nule uoir ne tant ne quant
Dont tout iour uois a haute uoiz criant
Sera iamez le iour tant desireus.

LXIV

Rondel

Puis que iay pris auous seruir
Je ne men uueil mie retraire
Mez en touz uostre bien siuir
Mes bien saches uous sans mentir
Que pluz naurai pour uous contraire
Quar tant mauez uous fait languir
Fol. 15, *r.* Que pluz ne me chaut uostre afaire
Mez de nouel uueil reioir.

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LXV

Bergerete chantee
Troup bien me plet ma iaquete
Quar il nest pas compaingnion
Qui laie si ioliete
E lest bele et gracieusete
Et de tresbone fason
Par dieu nul seuentremete
Le costeler fu la ianete
Que seur toutez araison
Damour porte coronete.

LXVI

Rondel chantes
Il est plus dun an ia pases
Que ie ne ui la fleur sans per
Se ie ne me puis conforter
Par dieu ne uous mereueilies
Quar tant desir et ai desires
La dousour de son regarder
Que puis que de li pris conges
Toute hore ne fis que crier
Helas chetiz fil de danger
Ou ai mi pleisir leisez.

LXVII

Rondel chantes
De part le deable fleur sans per *Fol.* 16, *v.*
Que ie ne le quedoie paz
Que iamaiz pense dire hailas
Or ma oublie la fleur sans per
Autre gagie me faut trouer
Puis que uous ensi mauez caz
Mez ormaiz puis ie bien crier
Haimi dolant hailas hailas
Puis que iai perdu mon solas
Ne me chaut que de duel chanter.

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LXVIII

Bergerete chantee

Avous compaingnom ioly
Qui damour uous plet chanter
Me faut complaindre et crier
Quar en amour sui trahi
Jauoye ma foi iuree
A une que iamoie
Mez audereaim lai trouee
Quele me tromphoye
Mez pour amour dieu ie uous pri
Que dali uous uoiliem garder
Quar en bone foy sans toruper
Vous trouerez ce que ie di
Je uous pri pour cortoisie
Damez qui amez
Que de uostre compaingnie
Fol. 16, *r.* Li donez congez
On autrement ie fous asi
Quar dieu damour men uueil pleurer
Quil la uueilie bien castier
Dece quele ma fali.

LXIX

Bergerete chantee

Respondez moi bele damuisele
Se ie uous ai de rien mesfet
E dieu uous estez gracieuse et bele
Ditez aucun mot sil uous plet
Quar iai oi une tele nouele
Que tout le cuer trembler me fet
Vous estez bien en contre moy tresfele
Apertement chauscun le scet.

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LXX

Rondel chantes

Pour dieu ie uous quer perdonãce
Dame qui mon las cuer auez
Se ie sui uer uous corouchez
Quar bien en fan la peinetance
Je uous uire en bone liance
Que tout ce mal uouz me donez
Mez se iauoye la certance
De uostre amour bien aferme
In seroie si confortez
Que iameis nauroie greuance.

LXXI

Rondel chantes *Fol.* 17, *v.*

O dieu se ie pense ueoir
La fleur sans per amon pleisir
Je li diroie le martir
Que me fet duremant doloir
Cest que ne puis amon uoloir
A li dire tout mon desir
Mez en signe de bon espoir
Je ferai ma cote blanchir
Et le baston tout reioir
Seu le blanch ele coleur uoir.

LXXII

Rondel chantes

Jaim daneur et de cortoisie
Une dame tres gracieuse
Et de son corpz gaie et iolie
Douce pleisant sans uileinie
Sage cortois bele et ioieuse
De bon deport de chere lie
Mez auquant ver moi dangereuse
Autre defaut ni sai ie mie.

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LXXIII

Bergerete chantee

Alous nous compaignioz
Alon alesposee
Trouer la bele fee
La bele fleur sans per
Qui en porte le spre
La bele sans defaut
F. 17,*r.* La soureine amoreuse
La trez bele au cuer gay
La bele au doulz regard
Et manintez autre damez
Pour reioir la feste
Belez chansons nouelez
Chauscun asa maniere
Toute la compaingnie

Alous esbatre trestous
Trouer le dieu damour
Qui matinent la meison
Ileuques troueron
Deuant ali tout iour
Qui porte le penon
Qui porte le bastion
Au uermoilie colour
Desi pleisant dousour
Quie la compaingme son
Gaiement danceron
Damour nous châteron
Dira sa condicion
Trez grant ioie en feron.

LXXIV

Rondel

Alous ueoir la fleur sans per
Qui nous fera couz rebaudir
A droit ie la doy bien amer
Quar on ne poroit atrouer
Saper desi trez grant pleisir.

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LXXV

Rondel

Qui auroit ueu la fleur sans per
Que tant ie desir aueoir
La fleur sans per mest pas
Ou la poroie ie trouer
Or me la uoiliez ensegnier
Quar ie laim de trez bon uoloir
Or ua quar bien la troueras.

LXXVI

Rondel chantes

Merci dame merci uous quer
Merci pour dieu que ie sui mort
Merci damez de bon confort
Pries pour moy cele au uis cler *Fol.* 18, *v.*
Quele me uueilie conforter
Comant ie soie amortel port
Tel que ie me uoi deliurer
Et se le nest de mon acort
Je me uoi en tel desconfort
Que bref sera mon laz parler.

LXXVII

Rondel

Pyis que iay ce que me sufit
De madame bele et pleisant
Me doi ie bien clamer contant
Sans atendre nul autre aspit
Quar ie doi bien auoir respit
A fere contre son talant
Et puis que iay tout le delit
Que ien puis auoir droitemant
Ne me chaut quil soit autremant
Ne de li rien prendre en despit.

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LXXVIII

Rondel chantes

Pous le urai dieu se ie que doie
Estre pour celui refusez
A mon uiuant ne lameroie
Con bien qua percheus me soie
Quil ma uer li maudit assez
Tel que iai perdu de ma ioie
Tant que ie ne sui paz amez
Si uraiemant com ie soloye.

LXXIX

18, *r.* Rondel chantes

Helas ie me uoi pres lamort
Pour la pleisant bele au cuer gay
Se de li nar le doulz confort
Que tant ie desir de cuer uray
Pour dieu premiez de urai acort
De mo pitie sans nul esmay
Autremant uouz aues grant tort
Mez achauschun me compleindray
Comant ie sui conquiz amort
Pour la pleisant bele au cuer gay.

LXXX

Virilay

Jai perduz quant que iamez fis
Pour une dame sans pitie
Qui ma sans combatre conquis
Je lai de trez bon cuer amee
Ne iamez fis ali contraire
Et seur toutez lay honoree
En cour ne men uueil pas retraire
Mez pour lez sains du paradis
Je ne sai rien faire ason gre
Que de moy uueilie auoir mercis.

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LXXXI

Rondel chantes

Va quen puis me confortay
Ne de rien pris esbatemant
Que ma bele dame leisay
Quar toute liece changiay
En tristour et penser dolant *Fol.* 19, *v.*
Ne ie de bon cuer chanterai
Se ie ne la reuoi brefmant
Selonc le urai desir que iay.

LXXXII

Virilai chantes

Jamez ali ne falirai
Ne uerli serai corouchiez
Mez perfaitemant lameray
Auieingne que puet auenir
Se ie quedoie prendre mort
Quant quali plet ie ueil soufrir
Ne uerli uueil auoir que tort
Mez umblemant la prieray
Que pour sa deliueiritez
Ma fin ne soit en tel esmay.

LXXXIII

Rondel

Tres cheremant iatent lamort
Puis quil lame conuient auoir
Or latendrai de bon uoloir
Quar ie ne latent pas atort
Puis que iai fali amon deport
Della mort ne me doit chaloir
Triste mon cuer tu es agref port
Bien te doiz complaindre et doloir
Desesperez dolant et noir
Yaten sans mais prendre confort.

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LXXXIV

Fol. 19, *r.* Rondel chantes

Nouelemant sui amoreus
Della trez pleisant bele fer
Au uisage cler et ioieus
Son regarder tant gracieus
Ma espris damoreuse pensee
Tel que bien doi estre fumeus
Se aumoins sa bone uolentee
Ne nai dequant sui desireus.

LXXXV

Uirilay

Trez doulz amis perfaitemant amez
En qui iai tout mon urai cuer afermez
Je uous creant pour la foi amoreus
Quar anul tempz ne fui tant doloreuse
Con acil iour que uous ai diuisez
Quar ie senti en si aspre martir
Que ie quedai en paus me son morir
Tel fu mon cuer de doleur estordiz
A pres me ui grigneur peine soufrir
Que mon cuer fise creuer et departir
Dont pluz assez il fu dort esbaiz
Mez sans demour mon cuer fu retournes
Et me dist il pour dieu ia ne doubtez
Il ne uous chaut de rien estre enuieise
Dont maintenant ie sui toute ioieuse
Quar bien conoi quil nestoit ueritez.

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LXXXVI

Virilay *Fol.* 20, *v.*

Je uous supli bele au cuer gay
Se rien me uaut mon suplier
Que ne me uoiliez oiblier
Puis que ie uous aim de cuer uray
Entieremant solo ie auoir
Esbatemant ioie et pleisir
En uouz dame debon espoir
Estoient touz mi souenir
Mez bien uouz sachez sans delai
Que ie ne me puis conforter
Ne de cuer liemant chanter
Tel sui ie plein dire et desmay
Je uous supli . . .

LXXXVII

Rondel chantes

Pour faire tout ason pleisir
Le trez ioieus tempz atendrai
Con bien que grant peine en auray
Atendant ce quest auenir
Certez il mest si gref martir
Que apeine le soufrirai
Mez pour le trez doulz souenir
Que iay deli bien le ferai
Jusquez atant que ie porrai
A mon gre pour li reioir.

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LXXXVIII

Rondel

Certes il ma greue tresfort
Le tres doulz tempz que iay perduz
Fol. 20, *r.* Quand pour li me uoi decheus
Et conduit asi mortel port
Jauoie en li tant de deport
Quar auoir nez pooie pluz
Mes or regardes son grant tort
Quar quant quedai estre au desus
Je me trouai estre cheus
Et profunde sans nul confort.

LXXXIX

Rondel

Le doulz semblant que fet mauez
Pour le uray dieu ma mis a mort
Tel sui ie damour emplaiez
Pour nule guise en ueritem
Ne truis ne seiour ne deport
Fors quant ie uoi fleur de biautez
Au regarder de uray acort
A qui iai tout mon cuer donez.

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XC

Bergerete chantee

Ne me chaut nostre mauparler
Ditez au piz que uous sauez
Quar en bone foi uous sachez
Que ie ne uous pris un diner
Vous autrez cheitis mesdisans
De toutez uertuz enemis
Ne me loez pas tant ne quant
Quar ie ne sui paz uoustre amis
Quar par ma foi iai trez plus cher *Fol.* 21, *v.*
Que uous autrez telz me blaismes
Quar on conoistra bien assez
Que ie ne sui paz uostre per
Mez ie uous dibien uraiement
Que uous naures paz los ne pris
Pour uostre maudire souant
Vous en serez trestouz unis
Je uous uerrai trestous creuer
Quar en despit que uous naies
Tout reioir uous me uedres
Et tout diz pluz damour chanter.

XCI

Rondel

Il nest rien que pluz me susie
Dez quant il me conuient chanter
Pour un qui rougne toute fie
Certe il na trez grant folie
Encour ne sen uuelt chastier
Et rien ne uaut ce quon li die
Or sus or sus pour pluz creuer
Quar encour il ne chante mie.

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XCII

Rondel chantes

Ne uous souient il fleur sans per
Le secrement que ie uous fiz
Ausint me deistez uouz amiz
James ne te uueil oublier
Fol. 21, *r.* Mes tu uueil pour amour amer
Pour le urai dieu du paradiz
Et pour nostre amour afermer
Un petit don ie uous requiz
Lequel de uostre bon cler uiz
Me donastez tres uolentier.

XCIII

Bergerete chantee

Je uoi bien que ie sui trompes
Mez pour saint ian se ie porray
Amon pooir uous tromperay
Se dieu me tient sain et haites
Vous estez la dame tromparde
Que tout iour fetez un amis
Je nai point fait si bone garde
Que uous ne maiez desconfis
Mez gardez uous se uous saues
Quar bien sachez pour le dieu uray
Que nuit ne iour ne fleurai
Tant que de uouz soie uengez.

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XCIV

Rondel

Or uoi ie bien que pitie dort
Esperance est toute perdue
Souuenir souant me salue
Durte ma point le cuer atort
Ire me tient si en decort
Que toute raison me tolue
Et quant ie pourpens bien au fort *Fol.* 22, *v.*
Je lai pour ensi coneue
Que se lamort me fust uenue
Pour li nauroie un seul confort.

XCV

Rondel

Troup mamie que la plume luisant
Me tient assiz et ne men puis aider
Cest que ne puis cele prison entier
Ou ie desire estre en gouernemant
Quar lane dort iamez entieremant
Ne autremant la puet ou conquister
Mez bon espoir me rebaudist souant
Tout reuisant la dieu merci trouer
La guise quele ne porra durer
Et maugre sein compliray mon talant.

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XCVI

Rondel estrangement fet

Hay laz uerlich das mach nest estre
Que per costey omnino sim oblitus
Mes sil ne me fust asenestre
Certo direi ego non sum contentus
Et tasist neit uuol amon destre
Che per alcuno sibi sim contradictus
Uuol uuil heir geben aconoistre
Che pur giamay non est ase inuentius
Que qui soit compaingnion ou mestre
Qui tanto precia son corpz ubi iã uirtus.

XCVII

Fol. 22, *r.*

Rondel chantes

Amour bien uouz doi honoree
Quant si hautemant sui esprisi
Pour uouz sans mentir len me prise
Pluz quõ ne puet ymaginer
Mez pour dieu uoiliez moi aider
Puis que uostre las mont si pris
Qua autremant mon sire cher
Je sui de mon corpz si seurprise
Que qui me uoit si me desprise
Quar ne pris ma uie un diner.

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XCVIII

Virilay

Liece auoir ne poroie grignour
Ne pleisance ne ioie ne baudour
Quar la dame que iame de cuer uray
Souant me dit saches que sans delay
Mon cher agree tout diz pluz tez amours
Et par ma foi ien sui en tel confort
Que uiure puis ioieus sans desconfort
De rien que soit
Quar non hostant que uerli iaie tort
Ele me dit amiz tu es abon port
De le tien droit
Pour ce doi bien loer le dieu damour
Et alui rendre grace plus chauscun iour
Quar celi aqui iadiz mon cuer donai
Cest madame la douce fleur de glay
Au dereain ma done bon seiour.

XCIX

Rondel *Fol.* 23, *v.*

Certes bien acort ne mapert
Qui en amour met nule esperance
Folz est il qui en prent greuance
Qui laint ne qui de rien le sert
Quar iadiz mon segneur eil ert
Et me fist il mult grant outrance
Mez il ma bien fait si apert
Que de lui naie point doubtance
Con bien quil atant de puisance
Quen toute maniere il me quert.

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C

Rondel cantes

Se haute que tout le monde guie
Ne prent merci de mon corpz eschaufer
Dun petit ray ie puiz defroit ialer
Auant quil soit ceste saison complie
Quar rien que soit ne meschauferoit mie
Mulz de celi quau monde na son per
Pour ce trez umblement ali suplie
Pour la pitie quen lui uoi aiberger
Que ma chanson en gre uoulie otroier
Si garirai de ma gref maladie.

CI

Bergerete chantee

Lautre iour aprez disner
Mesbanoie en compaingnie
De pluisour dame volie
A lombre dun uert pomer
Fol. 23, *r.* La dame au dieu damour iestoit
Que du dancer prennoit grant ioye
Et dez autrez bien iauoit
Que pour amour chauschune amoie
Bien sauoient festier
Con bien quil ni fust mamie
Que de sa maniere lie
Chauschun cuer fait conforter.

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CII

Rondel

Chauschun se uueilie conforter
Damez et ioinez amoreus
Atendant le fruit bieneureus
Que dieu nouz bee adoner
Au monde ne sera son per
De biaute il pasera trestous
Damour parlera uolentier
Seur le sautiez trez uertueus
Et dez armes si desireus
Quonquez nen fu tant chiualer.

CIII

Bergerete chantee

Or sui ie uenus adancer
Aueuch lez damez de maison
Pour trez bon uirilais chanter
Et dautre maniere chanson
A pluz belez damuiseles
Pour autre temps ia dansay
Qui bien estoient pluz belez *Fol.* 24, *v.*
Qua ceste dance ne say
Mez pour ensi me faut passer
Le tempz tout selonc la saison
Si uous dirai em nom chanter
Les damuiselez que ci son
Cele qui se tient pluz bele
Plus laide onquez ne trouai
Lautre au regarder plus fele
Quar onquez ui ne uerray
Apres une au coleur danger
Un autre au simple chapeiron
Si en puiz un autre asempler
A un singe de fason.

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CIV

Virilay chantes

Le primer iour que lanee renoue
Sui estreince dune pleisant dousour
Cest mez amis qui ma dit en ce iour
Le dieu damour seur toutez uouz salue
Pour la pluz haute amoreuse que soit
Neque len sache au monde sans delay
De cortoisie uous apele abon droit
Et de uertus soureine est bon uray
Quant ie loi ie me fiz toute noue
Mez em mon cuer en pris m̄lt grāt baudour
Lors umblemant ie li respondi amour
Grace et merci pour moy uous soit rendue.

CV

Fol. 24, *r.* Uirilay

Helas me porrai ie defendre
De cil aqui me faut contendre
Et alui combatre maugre moy
Quar il me persint par ma foy
Tres grant aleure pour moy prendre
Et ie ne sui pas bien seur
Darme que soit dedens mi mur
Pour lui de seur moy deschacer
Quar il nest barbechan si dur
Qui ose dire ie ne cur
Sil uuelt sa bombarde tirer
Mez ie quer secours sans mes prendre
A qui le me puet bien adendre
Quar pour le dieu en qui ie croy
Se ie nai la arde de soi
Sans faile il me conuiendra rendre
Helas me porray.

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CVI

Rondel chantes

Puis que la tortorele blanche
Qui le soleil guie abon droit
Ma deliure de peinetance
Je ne crient meseise ne froit
Mez uueil que solaz et pleisance
Tout hore en ma compagnie soit
Et uueil leiser toute mescheance
Et rendre grace aqui on doit
En qui iay si bone esperance *Fol.* 25, *v.*
Que ma ioye tout hore croist.

CVII

Rondel

Or puiz ie bien dire de urai
Que iamez ne fu sa semblant
Entrele et geneure pleisant
Grant comparacion iferay
Quar toute uertuz en li say
Et toute bonte uraiemant
Sens et bonte en li trouay
Honeur franchise esbatemant
Elest sans defaut loiaulmant
La pluz excellente ne say.

CVIII

Rondel

La trez bone espoir que iay
Me fait le cuer rebaudir
Et uiure sans point desmay
Ja recreant ne seray
De perfetement seruir
Quar bon gueredon auray
Tout ensi com ie desir
Sen uiuray ioieuz et gay.

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CIX

Rondel

Trez doluz amis aleuosen
Que dieu uouz doint bone auenture
Jai uostre cuer en bone cure
Fol. 25, *r.* Bien le garderay au gre sien
Je ne puis auoir que tout bien
En compaingnie sans mesure
Quar en touz estas me souien
De uostre pleisant pour traiture
En si uouz pri que ma figure
Ne soublie pour nule rien.

CX

Rondel chantes

Or uuegne qui uuelt ueoir
Solaz et ioie esbatemant
Et touz pleisir acõplimant. Sans nul defaut.
Quen amour porte bon uoloir
Venez cele maison seoir
Ou sont li amoreus pleisant
Lase reioist main et soir
La fet le dieu damour son chant
Bien dire le puis uraiemant. Se dieu me saut.
Que par ma foi il est bien uoir.

CXI

Rondel

Dame de trestout bien garnie
En qui toute ma ioie maint
Dieu uous doint liece complie
Je uous premet achere lie
Mon pooir trusquez ou il ataint
Ce iour de lanee iolie
Qui de uous seruir ne sensaient
Il uous aint neloubliez mie.

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CXII

Yirilay *Fol.* 26, *v.*

La cuer humein ne poroit pour penser
La gref peine que iay mesenduree
Ia deus foiz a compli sons cours lanee
Et plus assez amour ma fait plourer
Et sans raison se dieu me doint sante
Quar par ma foy onquez rien ni mesfis
Se iai mesfait ire et grant maleurte
Maace constreint et cuer et corps conquis
Mez la dousour de uous dame sans per
Ma bien quitez poursa douce pensee
Pour ce uous pri seur toutez honoree
Que uostre serf ne uoiliez oublier.

CXIII

Rondel chantes

Noble uerger de trestouz biens garniz
Derbez de fleurs et de fleuretez
Que flairisant par toutes senteletes
En chauschun tempz son coleur est plus uiz
Je te desir bien aestre sugiz
Pour une fleur dune de tes herbetez
La plus aulant est ele amon auis
Et soureine de toutez pluz doucetes
Sa coleur blanch agotez uermeilietez
Je la desir a mestre seur mon pis.

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CXIV

Rondel

Amour me done bon confort
Mes pourete me tient aflis
Fol. 26, *r.* Melencolie ma conquis
Tel que ie nai point de confort
Souenance fait son effort
Qui me semont le cuer tout dis
A pres sugission memort
Dire et de corouz et sousis
Sens ma trestout nuz oublis
Je nay quespoir de mon acort.

CXV

Rondel

Or est uenus le temps iolis
Que tant on desire ueir
Or sus et nous irons quolir
De fleuretez anouz amis
Et chauschune selonc sauis
Prenra la fleur ason pleisir
Combien que ie done le pris
A la fleur au doulz souenir
Cest cele qui fait reioir
Le cuer as amoreus tout dis.

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CXVI

Virilay

Hay mescheant folz lore quāt uouz donay
La soureine ioie sans mentir
Quon doit amer et seur toutez cherir
Las maleureus con ce fu amer essay
Vouz la tenes sans nule conscience
Ne uous en prent ne merci ne pitiez
Regardez moi sans poīt de gouernance *Fol.* 27, *v.*
Qui sui aport de touz malx ariuez
Helas merci se uous non ce ie moray
Quar ia le corps me comence afalir
Vous me poez de tous malx alegir
Mez que danger neme chante son lay
Hay mescheant folz . . .

CXVII

Rondl

Las ie morrai sans nul secours auoir
Haimi dolant quen malore sui nez
Que chaut parler mi solas sont alez
Mez un bien peu me reconforte espoir
Dont plaindre puis et durement doloir
Tout diz criant haimi las fortunes
Que ferai ie quant nella puis ueoir
Cele pour qui iay le cuer emplaiez
Quar quant la uoi ie sui si forsinez
Que si cō mort ie pert tout le pooir.

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CXVIII

Rondel chantes

Amour ie uous doi bien amer
Quant si uraiemant sui espris
Cest la dame de grigneur pris
Quaumonde sache amon loer
Je ne uouz puis tant mercier
Quant uant la dousour de son uis
Mez aumoins uous uueil honorer
De cuer perfaitemant tout diz
Fol. 27, *r.* Et plus serai gay et iolis
Cest pour li maugre le danger.

CXIX

Rondel

Bien amescheant cuer et dolant
Chetif et plein de maleurte
Cil qui noublie la durte
En ce prim tempz gay et pleisant
Or uoi ie bois et buisans rire
Et damour son doulz lay chanter
Ne puet ason chant escondire
Le mescheant maleureus danger
Cest pour son urais acordemant
Mez se dieu me done sante
Pour celi aqui fas fuirte
Ensi ferai ie loiaulmant.

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CXX

Rondel

Joliemant me uueil damour esprendre
En ce prim temps du ioli mois de mai
Et pour celi doucement chanterai
Qui me uodra parson doulz ami prendre
En li meterai tout mon tempz adespendre
A mon pooir son peruise ferai
Et seur toutez leslirai pour la miendre
Et de urai cuer mez amours li donari
Si liaument tout mon tempz lameray
Quo me uiuant ne me porra reprendre.

CXXI

Yirilay chantes *Fol.* 28, *v.*

Rousignolet amoreus
Qui fas ton chant si tres dous
Je te supli. Quant tu souiengne de mi
Las maleureus. Qui sui si trez pensereus
Sans confort ne de mi
Du mois de mai sui espris
Damour et pris. Et en prison mis
Ou iay este sui et serai
Hostage ne fu requis
Mon cuer afliz. De duel aslis
Quonques ne le rechateray
Dont sans cuer sui an uieus
Dire corouz despiteus
En dur parti. Sans nule aide de li
Hay dangereus. Quar trop sui ie doloreus
Quant tu chantes ochi ochi ochy.

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CXXII

Rondel chantes

De pleisant iour du ioli mois de may
Que le gay cuer as amoreus rauie
Mestuet aler pour madame iolie
Au fleuri bois couper le ioly may
En li coupant un rondel diteray
Pleisant et bel sans point de uileinie
De fleuretez un chapelet feray
Entremoie de nemoublie mie
Cele qui plus de bontez senifie
Dez autrez fleurs amon gre sans delay.

CXXIII

Fol. 28, *r.* Rondel

Celui qui uuelt en ceste present uie
Estre bees il se conuient garder
Destre sugis troup amelencolie
Quar nul profit en li se peut trouer
Mez pour cela tout autre bien soublie
Pert on son temps en ce faulz suaider
Pert cuer et corps toute rien li sousie
Unques ne puet perfetement amer
Et par ma foi elest tres male guie
Pour ce la uueil de seur moi deschacer.

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CXXIV

Rondel chantes

Amour aqui iay tant serui
Je ne te uueil mie gnerpir
Mez te uueil tout mon temps tenir
Asire et fere homage ati
En si com iai trusque ci
Te uueil cherement obeir
Mez se tant on puet ie te pri
Que ce ne te uueilie anuir
Quar cest lareins que pluz desir
Sans mais hoster le nom da mi.

CXXV

Rondel chantes

Bone estreine en ce pleisant iour
Vous doint diex dame soueraine
A qui trestout bien sa porchaine
Cortoisie uertuz et honour
Vostre gracieuse dousour *Fol.* 29, *v.*
Tout ason bcn pleisir me meine
Pour ce uous uiure sans folour
Conques pour nule rien mondaine
Ne sera iour nuit ne semaine
Que mieulx nagree uostre amour.

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CXXVI

Rondel

Dun bien ferai sui ie serui
Acompaingne dun retournez
De main tout quar sera compli
E tout uostre fet deliurez
A donc sui ie molt esbay
Et de mal tant corouchiez
Quar quant sui retournez ali
Je me truis si con folz molchiez
Or regardez en quel soussi
Est home souant destinez
Et qui ne me croit ace ci
En lui meisme soit esprouez.

CXXVII

Rondel

Je me complaing du grant doumage
Et me rent las du trez grant tort
Que ma fet lorgueilieuse mort
E diex con ce fu grant outrage
Plure souspire mon corage
Sans plus atendre nul confort
Fol. 29, *r.* Qui te tera mes pour hostage
Helas con ce fu male sort
A nul pleisir pluz me macort
Mez en pleurs uueil finir ma age.

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CXXVIII

Rondel

Quant ie trouai la fresche uieilete
Me point un tres amoreus souenir
Quapeu me fist le cuer par mi partir
Coupant cele tres odorant fleurete
Et pour cela fis une chansonete
En senifience de mon martir
Quar par ma foi ie sui si trez folete
Que nul bon iour me poroit auenir
Fors seulement quant sa biaute remir
Et son regart trestout plein damourete.

CXXIX

Rondel

La uieulette atel conuent coupai
Que iames pour nule rien que mauiengne
Ne pour doleur ne pour maul qui me tiengne
Jusqualamort liaute noublieray
Mez atouz iours sans fairi nul delay
Ne sera pas que ie na la mantiengne
Ausint en diuise la porteray
A tous iours mez ace quil me souiengne
De maintenir aquel quil apertiengne
Loiaute et droit certez tant con uiuray.

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CXXX

Fol. 30, *v.* Rondel

O tres doulz cuer ou estu ales
Bien tai perdu ce semble ami
Or ne me souient plus de ti
Quardu tout maz abandones
Qui me rebaudira iames.
Quant tu mas ace point fali
Ne me reuoist peu ne asses
Espoir qui tant fu mon ami
Vous maues tout mis en oubli
Ne say qui me gouerne mes.

CXXXI

Rondel

Le ioly chapelet de flours
De margarites si pleisant
Mont passe le cuer remirant
Sa blanche et uermeilie colour
Dont pour ce montroi sans folour
A li cuer entieremant
Seruir et honourer tout iour
Amer sans faire changemant
En si li supli umblemant
Que danger ne fache son tour.

CXXXII

Rondel chantes

Fleur as fleurs de uertu mestrece
Quant puet bien estre plein de ioye
Qui atend uous soureine liece
De toutes estez soureinece
Fol. 30, *r.* Vostre per nomer ne sauroye
Ne fu de droite gentilece
Quar pres uostre pris mestre osoye
Puis que le monde ot sa fermece.

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CXXXIII

Rondel chantes

Se iour de may pleisant iolis et uert
Quou rousignoul sesioist sus le glay
Et de pourte chantant damour son lay
Aie mon cuer atoute ioie ouert
Quar madame au regarder apert
Ensi ma dit amis tenes uous gay
Quar uous grant cuer amour liaument sert
Et pour cela ce pleisant iour de may
Te tel uertus un chapel li donray
Que par nul temps sa coleur il ne pert.

CXXXIV

Rondel chantes

Puis ie croire que uous mames
Ensi com uous fetez semblant
Oy certes amis uraiemant
Plus que nul autre qui soit nes
Je uous en rent merci asses
Et ie loutroi perfetemant
Mez que loyaul ami soies
Puisque du tout auous me rent
Et ie uous doing entiremant
Moncuer et de rien ne doubtes.

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CXXXV

Fol. 31, *v.* Bergerete chantee

Rousignoulet damour mesage
Qui tout diz chantez pour ci
Pour dieu ne me dire ochi
Quar mon cuer de duel crage
Quant me souient des nouelez
Que me soloies porter
Ma gref doleur rinoueles
Si me faiz le cuer creuer
Adrece moy au uert boscage
Ou saloge mon ami
Pluz ne me plaindrai de ti
En tout le tempz de ma age.

CXXXVI

Virilay chantes

Vertu soureine doit chauschun amer
Cest pacience despoir bon conduit
Arbre du quel descent si tres bon fruit
Que qui en esaist rien neli puet greuer
Pour li bone esperance me norie
Moste danuis et de melencolie
Au dur asaut
Ire ne crient corouz ne ialeusie
Quant ie me sent apres tel compaingnie
Que ne me faut
A li me uueil tout sousmetre et doner
A li me rent quar il mest grant desduit
Et debonairement dit iour et nuit
Fa ton de uoir et leise tout paser.

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CXXXVII

Rondel chantes *Fol.* 31, *r.*

Grant ioie meine le pais
Quatent si excelente flour
Cele que flaire tele odour
Que tant me flaire fleur de lis
Combien que assez pert de son pris
Le noble uerger sans folour
Quar pour cele ert il garnis
De bien de uertus et donour
Mez ormais ni quer plus seiour
Quar sa per ni est se bien uis.

CXXXVIII

Bergerete chantee

Per sus un arbre en mon uerger
Le rousignoul se complaingnoit
En son chant tendrement disoit
Las ou me doi ie huimez ioer
Quar mon solas et ma ioie
Jai entieremant perdus
En ce uerger me sbanoie
Pour cele quamoie plus
Mez or ni quer plus demorer
Quar on lama coupee endroit
Pour celi bien garnis estoit
De toute ioie mon uerger. Par sus un arbre.

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CXXXIX

Rondel

Combien que semblant me faches
Ne sai ie pas le uray comprendre
Fol. 32, *v.* Mez dites moy sans plus atendre
Sil est ensi con uous mostres
Quar mielz aime que me tu es
Que moy en uostre prison rendre
Se ye ne uoi la clarites
Primer ou ye me puis prendre
Quar ne quer pas auous contendre
A fin que gaber me doies.

CXL

Rondel chantes

Ason pleisir tout dis la seruirai
Et lamerai loiaulmant sans mentir
Quamon choisir plus gracieuse ne say
Dont de cuer uray bien doi samour cherir
Quen li ueir doulz semblanz compris ay
Et son cuer gay plein da moreus desir
Pour ce saupir quoiement et cri hay
Or me plaindray quar ne men puis tenir
Ne de guerpir amon gre le poray
Ce dur essai quamour ma fet sentir.

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CXLI

Rondel

O tres doulx mai bien te uoy orendroit
De iolute a complimant garnis
Quar des amans ie uoi la fleur sans pris
Certez bon fait ueuoir comant quil soit
Vechi chanter chauschuz selonc quil doit
Ochi respont le rousignoul yolis
En son chant dit ie donrai abondroit *Fol.* 32, *r.*
A qui sera dez uertus a complis
Un chapelet dun esglantier gientis
Amour le uuelt le rousignoul disoit.

CXLII

Rondel

Amour fait ma tant despleisir
Gracieus mes pour ce est uray
Joieuz fui ne iamez leiray
Tour amoreus amaintenir
Jour et nuit ni doi ie seruir
Bieneureus estre sans esmay
Secours sans auoir gref martir
Jeus pleisan des sez apris iay
Amoreus sui ne men retrai
Seiours siens dez pluz ian desir.

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CXLIII

Rondel chantes

O triste cuer huimez oublie toi
Ce dur penser ou tu es in exil
Ne uous tu ci le gracieus mois dauril
Qui te conuoie a son ioli coroi
Et te prie de uray cuer et de foi
Que tu soiez damour seruant et fil
A doulx leise la nui ou ie te uoi
Quar bien le dors quant il ten prie cil
Esueilie toi et pareilie ton bril
Et te desduiz tout ensemble aueuch soi.

CXLIV

Fol. 33, *v.*

Rondel

En ce bon iour trestout plein de liece
Que uous sire qui le monde acrees
Fu de nostre excellente dame nes
Vous estreine de ioie sourenee
Qui uouz afait de tel uertu mestrece
Que tout honeur en uouz est bein loges
Et bon uoloir tout diz mielz si adrece
Dont trez bone renomee en portes
Si uous supli que point nemoublies
Dame en qui fleurit uert arbre de noblece.

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CXLV

Rondel chantes

Se pitie dort et danger me deffie
Dame iolie en qui est mon resoit
Ne sui ie mort sans espoir de ma uie
Quar nule guie me conduit abon port
En desconfort toute ioye moublie
Qui plus me fie contre moy est dacort
Las quel deport mesueilie peu me mie
Ne truis aie ne secours ne confort
Le cuer me mort souenir toute fie
Qui ma mort crie que pitie ne remort.

CXLVI

Virilay

En un uerger amon gre me trouai
Un iour de may pour la rose couper
Et odorer sodeur perfait et uray
Mez sans delay nella pooie tocher
Quar si tres haut la iantil rose estoit *Fol.* 33, *r.*
Ensint iauoit espins si fier et baut
Que pour afaut ataindre on ni pooit
Si emploroit mon las cuer dire chaut
Pour regreter ce maleureuz esmai
Tant que uiurai uueil uestir et porter
Le noir amer mez pour espoir qie iay
Un peu ferai ma chauce uerdoier.

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CXLVII

Virilay

Un noble ray en mon songe ueoie
Dez estoiles si tresbien atournez
Que cuer humein ne poroit onquesmez
Tant de pleisir comprendre ne de ioye
Et toute foiz si uoit damour trez fine
Le gientil rai alestoile iournee
Que plus luisoit quela rose englentine
Ne flaire prez quele apris la rosee
Mez abondroit le deuoit toute fie
Quar en li est amour renouelez
De biaulx atourz so tres bien acointez
Que nulement diuiser le sauroie.

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CXLVIII

Uirilay

Espriz damour et remplis desperance
Pour la pleisance que uient de uous douchour
Pleinez datour damoreuse semblance
Suefre greuance mon laz cuer sans seiour
Mez non obstant ce me tourne apleisir *Fol.* 34, *v.*
Quar sans mentir ne sauroie autremant
Dire en amant cest quant que ie desir
Dont liemant il mestuet reioir
V tempz quauril fait si doucetemant
Son tresdoulz chant plein de nouiaus souspir
Dame donouret de noble excelance
Ma gouernance dignez uous un seuiour
Ma gref dolour auoir en souenance
Quen tel mecheance ne fine ma uigour.

CXLIX

Rondel

Amiz ie taime plus que marme
Joieusement conforte toi
Quar ie te fas fort per ma foy
Que de urai cuer mamour te claime
Amiz un tel ardour menflame
Quil ne me souient que de toy
Amiz certes encour pluz taime
Quen est le sentiment de moy
Trez doulz amiz or te tien quoy
Quar tu es uraiz amiz pour marme.

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CL

Uirilay

Que qui fust de bestes garniz
Cest leurez on petiz coniz
Ce mest auiz
On qui cust en son meinage
Fol. 34, *r.* A paistre home de grant ourage
Poroit tout diz
Auoir assez ason de uiz
Pasture sans point de paage
Quar iay toute hore en mon uerger
Un giardiner
Qui prent m̄lt grant peine en neter
Ses puans herbez
Cia chaules cuitez amanger
Et pour sauuer
Ja puet on grant coup tourser
Chaulez et felez
Si loing de moi uilein pourin
Voustre chaulez mont si estourdiz
Pour sain deniz
Quapeu que de puour ne crage
Que mal aie lodeur si uiage
De uostre uiz
Pour le deablez conquez ne uiz
Tele puour toute ma age.

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CLI

Virilay

Or est mon cuer sans nul confort
Or est mon cuer sans nul deport
Or est mon cuer sans nul pleisir
Or est il sans nul souenir
Et sans espoir daler aport
Fortune est contre moi tout iour *Fol. 35, v.*
Que me recule agrant destour
Destournant toute ma pensee
Ne solas ne ioie damour
Nont pas sur moi tant de seiour
Quauoir puise bone iournee
Car fortune a uire mamort
Aim poray contrester au fort
Se celi en qui est mon desir
Ne pense de moy guarentir
Bien croi que mon auocat dort.

CLII

Cest abon droit et tout ensi le uueil
De lie cuer ce bon iour otroier
Ne me poroit len de mielz esterner
Que seulement de uostre bel acueil
Cest a mon gre bele cest mon desduit
Autre ne quer quar me soufit assez
Vouz doulz regart que ce faulz danger fuit
Refus ousi a sez grant maleurtez
En uouz amer tant de ioye recueil
Que touz mi maulz et touz mi gres penser
Sont oubliez uous remirant sans per
Quar par ma foi nul delz ne sent ne dueil.

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CLIII

Se p̄ douchour pitie ne me regarde
Je languiray dame touz regardant
Fol. 35, *r.* Quar troup dur mest cremir la me regarde
Qui me destraint seul ala reregarde
Ou de mez ieux ie uous regart ardant.

CLIV

Il nest desduit que dauoir bele amie
Quant ioin ame lembrache uraiemant
Quar ont leur cuers fermez sous une banie
Dun mesme acort que chauschuz ne lamie
Mes que qui lait par foi est urai amant.

CLV

Qui damour ueult chanter uiegne prez moy tout iour
Beles damez uenez et damuiseles ou uous
Et nous irons ioer maugre li faulz ialeuz
Violi iardinet ou se desduit amour
La uouz atent ades maintez dames doneur
Et maintes damuiselez de pris et de renon
Lamoureuse Janete la ieune Ixabelon
La iolie Catete la gaye Margaron
La gentil Cremonine nous rebaudira touz
Maintenant iparra qui amera pour amours.

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CLVI

Dame que de uostre pleisant regart
Aues mon cuer reiois en ce iour
Je uous estrein tout ainsi de mamour
Entieremant certez que pluz ne tart
Or le prenez en gre ma bele seur
Quar en uous ai du tout abandonez *Fol.* 36, *v.*
Amour uoloir sentimant corps et cuer
A uous seruir conques nen sera hostez
Combien quenplaiez sui de pongniant dart
Mez il suef et de si noble odour
Est sa pointure que toute douchour
Nest presentee quent ie uouz regart.

CLVII

Na ton deuoir auiegne ce que
De bien faire iamez ne te repent
Et tout diz mielx et parole qui uuelt
Quar trop dur est selonc quon dire suelt
Acomplir li uoloir de tout gent.

CLVIII

En atendant tout diz atendre ypuiz
Quar sui garnis dui tant tost bien ferai
Ou soit on mon ueci le spoir que iay
De maintez foiz peu de uerite truis
Mez se esprouer le deust que quil soit
Il enseroit si trez souuant camus
Que certain sui que ne se mouquroit
Dez pourez gens compaingnez de refus
Dont pource sui si trez plein des anuiz
Quar atendant yay fait tant de delay
Quod mescheus il mest tel que deuray
Ce bien ferai plus atendre ne puis.

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CLIX

Fol. 36, *r.* Entieremant doy bone amour loer
Et uouz amer aqui ie sui seruant
Quar nulemant ne mez poroie hoster
Mes tout entier mez amours uous presant
Mon cuer mon corpz mon bien et quant que iay
Bele de urai ont en uous leurs resors
Touz mez de pors uienent de uous cuer gay
Aileurs ne sai penser ensi que mors
Mez umblemant bien uous ose prier
Et souplier en si que urai amant
Quod non obstant mon treslonc deseurer
De bien amer uous souiengne souuant.

CLX

Pleure mon cuer sans esperguer ses lermez
Languist mon corps par la doleur quil sant
Men sẽtimens se uont afoiblisant
Ce font amours az ardans estinceles
En gref debat mon penser tout diz est
Bele par uous que iaim plus que mon cuer
Se nostre amour per auchun tolu mest
Quant toute fois ne uous uoy douce seur
Et souant suy aprouche auous esmez
Tout reuisant que pense uous cuer giant
Un seul confort me ua rebaudisant
Cest le grant senz quand uous espant ses ellez.

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CLXI

Rondel chantes

Bien maperchoif de uous faulz tour *Fol.* 37, *v.*
Cheitis eniueus maudsanz
Et de uous faulz motz et semblanz
Qun contre moy fetes tout iour
Et ce nest pas signe damour
Mes est en mon maul desiranz
Mez fetes pour uostre labour
Quar dieu merci molt peu uous crian
Que sailir puisse de uous flanz
Le cuer et quant qui est dentour.

CLXII

Rondel chantes

Parle qui uuelt et chauschun die
Que tout dis ferai mon deuoir
Et seruirai de bon uoloir
A qui serai toute ma uie
Aie qui uuelt auoir enuie
De ce se poront il doloir
Quar peu crient autrui ialeusie
En alant droit sans decheuoir
Ne me recreeray main ne soir
Fesant chant mielx pour une fie.

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CLXIII

Rondel chantes

Dame se ielousie dire
Et mon gref penser descourir
Bien saurien le dur martir
Que mon cuer quoiemant empire
Fol. 37, *r.* Tel que ne puis icer ne rire
De parfet uoloir sans mentir
Quar si fort crient lautrui maudire
Que ne uous os dez eulx choisir
Si me conuient au fort fremir
Et tout par moy seul escondire.

CLXIV

Rondel chantes

De iour de lan bien ait qui me dit bien
De son desir dui la uuelie retreiner
Quar par ma foy de mielz ne me souien
Cest mon deuoir dont ye loneure et crien
Car abondroit bien la doi honorer
Puis que uertuz si tres chere latien
Droiture uuelt que la doie priser
En tous estas tres pluz que nule rien.

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CLXV

Virilay chantes

De toutez fleurs conques iaie ueuz
Amon auis ia plus bele nen ui
Quar cest la fleur au coleur mielz parti
Dez autrez fleurs quant cela regard plus
Blanche et uermeilie umbree dun petit noir
Et uert asise ordenee par mesure
En toutz atours lest pleisant aueoir
A mon pleisir lest soureine figure
Et deus semblans cest biautez et uertus
Perfaitemant ie puis ueoir en li
Dont le mon cuer est si asuii *Fol.* 38, *v.*
Que pluz ne quest quant ce iest concheuz.

CLXVI

Rondel

Ne sai pour quoi amour ace mastreint
En amer dame de cuer si tres haut
Que ama doleur ia pitie ni suhaut
Non hostant ce quamourt soye constreint
Leise ma uie cest estrange compleint
A qui merci ne pitie rien ne uaut
Mielz me seroit auoir fait mon refraint
A lermitage se dieu me consaut
Et suplier adieu de mon defaut
Que uouz amez ou tant durte maint.

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CLXVII

Virilay

A droit uous claim fleur de perfecion
Dame dexcellence plus que parfaite
Quant uous a amour as ypres mais portraite
Des soureinez sans comparacion
Vous estes lesglentier dont le bois flaire
Pour la tres odorant fleur de san ram
De uous che quil soit ne puet que bien-traire
Bien ait qui acil uerger fait son reclaim
Bieneureus may cest grant beneicon
Quant lesglentier a tele rose estraite
Quar on ne puet auoir duel ne soufraite
Qua son flairez naye saluacion.

CLXVIII

Fol. 38, *r.* Rondel

A lestreiner de ce bon iour
Dame mielz ne uouz puis doner
Fors que dieu en uous uueilie acheuer
Et quafiert adame donour
De courtoisie estez la flour
Cest quant on scet de uouz parler
Amour bonte sens et ualoir
En uouz ne sont paz estranger
Et ne uueiliez mie oublier
Qui uouz sert de perfet amour.

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CLXIX

Rondel

Desir nay plus des siens seiours
Retray men ne sui amoreus
Jai apris ses dez pleisanz ieus
Martir gres auoir sans secours
Esmay sans estre bieneureus
Seruir ie idoi ni nuit ne iours
A mantenir amoreus tours
Leurai yames nen sui ioieus
Vrai est ce pour mes gracieus
Despleisir tant ma fet amours.

Ce deus rondelz sont un meisme mes il est fait pour tele maniere que lisant le tout adroit il loe amour ; et retournant arebours selonc quil est escript desouz en commenchant desir c. il blaisme amour cest un estrange mot.

CLXX

Rondel *Fol.* 39, *v.*

San gabriel qui tout diz bon eur pourte
Me doint auoir ma ioie de celi
A qui ie sui et que iaim plus que mi
Or me desduiz et mon cuer se depourte
Ce iour de lan que chauscun se conforte
Ne uodroie autre estreiner deli
Que son regart que tant me reconforte
Dont souent cri ensouspirant oimi
A tendre ipuiz et ce me gref sousi
Con bien que spoir mefet trez bon escorte.

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CLXXI

Rondel

Amour ie taim quar te doi bien amer
Et tamerai plus conquez ne tamai
Quar tu mas fait ce pleisant iour de may
Trez gaiment damour renoueler
Ce poise moy quil me faut souspirer
Tout de nouel en criant haimi hay
Mez par ma foy ce me plet endurer
Quar a mon gre cest le segouz essay
Mez trez plus dur pluz fort conquez trouai
Tel que mon cuer conuient logis muer.

CLXXII

Virilay chantes

Cest fier afaut que mon cuer a entre pris
Quant sui espris dun amour si tres haut
Et si tres chaut que ie moy uoi seurpris
A ce pourpris se pitie ni suhaut
Fol. 39, *r.* Cest un amour de fin cuer emploies
Renouelez en un meisme seiour
Et sans solour ien sui si empires
Que emplaiez nai le cuer de tristour
Mez sil me faut par foi ie ne despris
Dame depris se de mon bien uouz chaut
Ja plus ni faut darder amon cuer pris
Qui amespris se merci ne me uaut.

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CLXXIII

Virilay

Combien qua moy il na pertiegne mie
Huimez auoir ensi uailiante amie
Con uous estez toute foiz non hostant
Conquez ne que doie auoir non damant
En souspirant faut que ie le uouz die
Dame sans per de toute uertu pleine
Sens et bonte cortoisie uouz meine
Quant plus remir uostre pleisant maniere
Vous me poez hoster et doner peine
Quar en uouz est tout auostre demeine
Me sperance de bone et lie chere
Men abon droit umblement uous suplie
Dame en qui maint mon estat et ma uie
Quen ne soit pas refus le mecheant
Car rien ne crien fors que son faulz semblant
Mez comant soit mon cuer merci uous crie.

CLXXIV

Rondel *Fol.* 40, *v.*

Auant pluz auant tout diz ie uoiz
Et quid auoir pluz de science
Autant sai ie con dez menfance
Encour asses meins maintez foiz
Se ie uueil emploier ma uois
A parler dauchune doubtance
A qui ie parle se tient quois
Et mostre ma droite esperance
Ou iay pluz foi truis decheuance.

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CLXXV

Fol. 40, *r.* Balade

Cuer trauailies quãt ce repouseraz
Lore ne saz me semble en liautes
Biez es charges dez anuiz que tu as
Dont bien diras que troupez fortunez
Quant tu es nez pour estre destinez
Touz iours mez a gref melencolie
Qui me relie et me tient si atachez
Quen bref uerez finer ma triste uie.

Desconfortez de toute ioye cas
Pensiz et las de touz pleisir hostez
Abandonez dez doulz amoureuz laz
Or que feraz tu mescheant forssines
Ques si troublez que ne uois clarites
Sufit asses fortune huymez me fie
Pour dieu te prie quar si fort sui greuez
Quen bref uerez finer ma triste uie.

Mez reuisez sui ie tout petit pas
Mielz que poras te tenraz compaingnez
Et bien armez des armes que oiraz
Umble seraz de pacience armes
Et redoubtes se cest pour toi guardes
Pluz exauchies en seras toute fie
Se ce toublie bien diari ueritez
Quen bref uerez finer ma triste uie.

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CLXXVI

Balade *Fol.* 41, *v.*

Quen bon espoir met son cuer apenser
Et uuelt ourez abien faire sa uie
De mielx auoir tout diz puet esperer
Sand maudisans crendre ne ialeusie
Mez aile droit sans penser cohardie
Quaudeream auenir li conuient
Bien et profit honeur et cortoisie
Quar qui bien sert tresbon loier uuent.

Bon guererdon doit chauscun guaaguer
Qui bien use le sien temps sans enuie
Leise uices et uertuz honorer
Bien auise esperant toute fie
Que sperance trusque ci me norrie
Et sil ne fust espoir que me soustient
Je fuise mort mez dieu ne le uuelt mie
Quar qui bien sert tresbon loier uuent.

Je soloie sans rachine pourter
Mon arbre uert et sech qui senisie
Esperance a tempz de uerdoier
Qua ia fait il foilie uert et iolie
Pour la rachine que point ne loublie
Mez tout iour croist et de mielz li souient
Dont pouce uueil ester achere lie
Quar qui bien sert tresbon loer uuent.

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CLXXVII

Fol. 41, *r.* Balade

Or maiz uiengne qui tuer me uoloit
Aueuch lorgueil qui tient en son manoir
Et fache piz quil puet fare orendroit
Quar ie la tend atrestout son pooir
De chiualers preus et de grant sauoir
Hore le cren mult bien peusans delay
Quar si me sent armez amon uoloir
Que seurement deli me defendrai.

Il est bien fort que toute alme que soit
Le faut doubter et grant paeur auoir
Quar home uif a son gre me poroit
Entour son corpz si bone plate auoir
Que de son dart ne conuiengne doloir
On uueile ou non auquant qcest tout urai
Mes orendroit ie croi bien dire uoir
Que seurement deli me defendrai.

Dez ien merci aqui doi abon droit
Et rent graces de trestout mon sauoir
Tout diz priant cil qui tout guarde et uoit
Qualui done celle grace ueoir
Que toute gent desire main et soir
Pour la bonte que en lui trouez ai
Bien dire puiz que iay si bone espoir
Que seurement de li me defendrai.

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CLXXVIII

Balade *Fol.* 42, *v.*

Helas qui tant dire poroit
Dez miraclez aperisant
De iour en iour si con len uoit
Et aperchoit tout cleremant
Et cest pour la malice grant
Que tant en lui puet aiberger
Car tout diz uoi amon semblant
Char et charetez trabucher.

Ie uoi et cil bein sa perchoit
Que ses roez se uont brisant
Ne pour alme quaumonde soit
En puet il mie estre aguarant
Se dieu non quest le tout puisant
Car uoi fuir brief et boer
Et uoi sans nul guouernmant
Char et charetez trabucher.

Or uoi ie uertu quabon droit
Dedens le soleil splendisant
Auironez porte abondroit
A la garde dun fier serpant
A batre toute le mantalant
Et lorgueil du mauuez boer
Et pour son defaut de presant
Char et charetez trabucher.

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CLXXIX

Fol. 42, *r.* Balade

Ve ci diuine espiracion
Que tout diz nous conseilie et guie
Et nos conduit ason penon
Tout peint ahumilite lie
Qui de mescheant orgueil desfie
Di san or char quar pluz ne uueil
Soufrir sa ideuse uie
Alons confondre enuie et orgueil.

Bien est droit qui faut de raison
En soit destruit comant quon lie
Selonc le sage salamon
Disant que qui raison oublie
Trez longuement ne dure mie
A donc ace que ie en aqueil
Bien parole la profecie
Alons confondre enuie et orgueil.

Des en peu de conclusion
Sera ma balade complie
Quar noi trabucher un lion
A ual une tour sans aie
Et cest pour sa grant cohardie
Et ne pour quant point ne men dueil
Anchois mi acort toute fie
Alons confondre enuie et orgueil.

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CLXXX

Balade *Fol.* 43, *v.*

Je uous chachant sans cor soner
Beste que iamez ne chasay
La quele croi desmestiez
Sededens mi las la tienrai
Quar ia du parel fis lessay
Et ce ne sera pas troup tart
Quar quant mon cor ie sonerai
Jaurai aslis un uiel renart. 8

Jai bon chien corant et leurer
A quelx ie la persuiray
Et ne quid pas troup demorer
Quason geisir lesfareai
Si fort que sil uerra mon tart
Et auz chens le descouriray
. . . . .
Jaurai aslis un ueil renart. 16

Orendroit mestuet auiser
De quel plume me guarnirai
Mez pour la froideur eslonger
De uieus renars ie la prenray
Quar tresplus seur enuuiray
Et soit quant quil uuelie cohart
Quar auant la saison de may
Jaurai aslis un ueil renart. 24

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CLXXXI

Fol. 43, *r.* Balade

Ne me chaut comant que ce soit
Que ie ne soie changcour
Pour faire ma raison et droit
Me plait il asauoir le tour
Non hostant quil me soit labour
Mez pour cas que puet auenir
Lame faut il sauoir encour
Atendant ce quest auenir.

Je sui bien mal parez endroit
Et piz le sui de iour en iour
Quar mon mestre plus ne me croit
Mes tout diz crie a grant baudour
Du tempz quil ma tenu en seiour
Tu me quieteraz sans failir
Et ie suefre pour le meliour
Atendant ce quest auenir.

Cest bien raison si con len uoit
Que qui uuelt sauoir bien et honour
Son mestre tresbien paier doit
Selonc son pris et sa ualour
Et ie ne puis pour nul atour
Quar ne sai la guise ueir
Mez espoir mescuse pastour
Atendant ce quest auenir.

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CLXXXII

Diex quant te ui ie bien iolie *Fol.* 44, *v.*
Et de toute ioie paree
Doneur et de uertu guarnie
Dame seur toutez redoubtee
Plus que nule conquez fust nee
Si uoi encour mez bien peu dure
Quar perd sa coleur ta figure. 7

Troup nai ie grant melencolie
Mez soufrir mestuet la fumee
Quar ne sui paz sans compaingnie
A qui ta perte soit greuee
Mes troup sumes ala semblee
Qui plaint qui souspire et qui pleure
Quar perd sa coleur ta figure. 14

Tresdoulz pais lombardie
Dame aqui ie di ma pensee
Qui tesioira peu ne mie
Quant tu perdez la renomee
Pour la quele es tant honoree
Certez tu dois bien estre obscure
Quar perd sa coleur ta figure. 21

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CLXXXIII

Fol. 44, *r.* Ha iour aqui longuement sui donee
En ce bon iour pleise uous recheuoir
En gre mon poure cuer alestreinee
Quar pres de moi nai plus noble auoir
Quauouz puisse doner adire uoir
Con bien que lonc tempz auouz la tenes
Mez non hostant ie uous fas asauoir
Que bon uoloir ne me faudra yames.

Or ne argent nont pas amoy duree
Quar ie ne pris rien quon puisse gucoir
En ce monde que bone renomee
Quar cest la rien quon doit plus chere auoir
Pour ce la ueil aquere amon pooir
Sil plet adieu et auous qui me bailez
Raison pour quoi bien me croy dire uoir
Que bon uoloir ne me faudra yames.

Pour ce uouz pri en ce iour de lanee
Iour de pleisance et de tresbon espoir
Amiz que pour uouz ne soie oubliee
Quar en uouz est certez tout uoloir
Et bien le doi quar il est mon deuoir
Et sera il uraiement le sachez
Que pour anui que me fache doloir
Que bon uoloir ne me faudra yames.

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CLXXXIV

Balade *Fol.* 45, *v.*

Amon auiz ce ueoir me sembloit
Et ne pour quant toute foiz le songioie
On fust pour ce que mon cuer ibeoit
Don ie croi bien quen songe le ueoie
Cest un uerger guarniz de toute ioie
Ou il auoit des fleurs et de fleuretez
Dont le uerger tres suef en flairoit
Unert la fleur et lez autrez fleuretez. 8

Nemoubliez mie les lapetoit
La pluz ientil pour si la reguardoie
Un oiselet de seur li sa puioit
Couert de plume blanche toute uoie
Tel que son per diuiser ne sauroie
Quar dez uertuz il porte coronetez
Et toute foiz disoit il abondroit
Unert la fleur et lez autres fleuretez. 16

Le nouble oisel qui a tant lonouroit
Et qui de si grant amour la conuoie
La iantil tourtorele blanche estoit
Ensi reguardant trez ioieuz estoie
Quar en mon cuer grant pleisir emprenoie
Mez tout deura loi aus oreilietez
En si le ui en ueiliant quil disoit
Ynert la fleur et lez autrez fleuretez. 24

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CLXXXV

Fol. 45, *r.* Balade

Dier qui crea toute rien pour rayson
Puiz establi toute rien en son droit
Creatures de dieurses fachon
Tout par ordre au desir quil auoit
Arbrez et fleurs quen son uerger uoloit
Mez une fleur fist il trespluz iolie
Quon apele en toutz cas quele soit
Lexcellente fleur nemoubliez mie.

Desa ualeur mestuet faire mencion
Quar home uif tant priser laporoit
Que pluz ne soit de trez haute renon
Et toute foiz qui assembler la uodroit
Pour droiture comparer la deuroit
A la croiz uraie que tout bien sensie
Pour ce chauschun uraiement priser doit
Lexcellente fleur nemoubliez mie.

Je truis en li pitie et deuocion
A son pooir chauschun sert quel quil soit
Lest perfaite sans comparacion
Quar riens ali comparer on sauroit
Que de son pris nului priser lo soit
Pour ce pri dieu et la uergemarie
Quen toutz estaz gouerment abondroit
Lexcellente fleur nemoubliez mie.

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CLXXXVI

Balade *Fol.* 46, *v.*

Que qui uouist pour traire ou diuiser
Perfaitment que soit biaute de dame
Il doit primirement bien auiser
Ce que safiert a honneur et bone fame
La rien quon doit plus doubter aprez sarme
Pour tant dedi quar dame ou damuisele
Ne puet auoir pris de biaute sans blaime
Se honeste anchoiz ne fait bele. 8

Iseult et geneure heleyne sans per
Polisene cleopatre quon tant daime
De biaute si merueilieuse aloer
Venuz dido tiste pour la flame
Damour uoustrent morir en tel diffame
Je di que sage bons ne pris pas cele
Quar nest paz apriser biaute de fame
Se honeste anchoiz ne la fait bele. 16

Pour ce ne puiz bien ne bel apeler
Sil fust bien larbre qui produist le bausme
Duimez qui son fruit se puise amender
Tout en si puet on dire de la paume
Qui fait son fruit si doulz que chauschu laime
Sil fust mauueis rien ne pris sa caurele
Ensi ne doi feme chanter en charme
Se honeste anchois ne la fait bele. 24

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CLXXXVII

Fol. 46, *r.* Dest grant peril quo me ason gre pour-
chache
La folie quil conoist daumagiable
Cest que tout diz plus fort il sint et chache
Beste quest naturelment raisonable
Car mielx seroit v luis chacher le deable
Que penser mes a tele ueneson
Trez pluz aniueuse que delitable
8 Quar pour li uient home a confusion.

On dit quamour suir est noble chache
Mez cescondit mon mestre en son notable
Disant home amoureuz qui rien ne sache
Quar sil sauoit ni seroit perdurable
Cest pour quoi il ni uoit rien profitable
A donquez tu qui imes tentecion
Auise bien ce mot quil nest pas fable
16 Quar pour li uient home a confusion.

Feme souent home diffame et sache
Du bon prepouz et le fait discordable
A la raison quar son sens li crache
Et deuient piz que beste inraisnable
Pour ce guarde tu qui doiz estre estable
Le prens plaisir en ta destruction
Pluz nete de mez urai est mon uocable
24 Quar pour li uient home a confusion.

Fol. 47, *v.* Amiz ie te quer pardon amiable
Se ma balade ne test acordable
Quar non hostant ie le tiens abaron
Mez ce truiz ie en escript de sus ma table
29 Quar pour li uient home a confusion.

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CLXXXVIII

Balade

Deus rois ont da cort fait nouele lie
Des quelz on doit faire grant mencion
Et tienent en mi deulz en compaingnie
Une dame sans comparacion
Que sans fayrim nule adicion
Elest de ualeur trez perfaite et fine
Si sont les deux rois sans diuision
Et chauchuz deulz droit auertu sencline. 8

Lun sert amour et lautre cortoisie
Et dardiment il ont pluz que lion
Onquez entreprenre ne lez ui mie
Rien quil ne meisent asugission
Dire ne puiz sa grant perfaicion
Quar on ne puet auoir ioie enterine
Sil ne uoit darmez leur confusion
Et chauschuz deulx droit auertu sencline. 16

Florimont lamoureux li uns on crie
Et li autre pour uraie escripcion
Souldain cortoiz et la dame melquie *Fol.* 47, *r.*
Quen mi deulz maint tout asentencion
Cest un pleisir de grant dilection
Quant ce deuz rois et la noble roine
Sont ala guarde en mesme opinion
Et chauschuz deulx droit a uertu sencline. 24

Pour la trez gracieuse affection
Quil mont monstre en aparicion
Quar pour elz sui uestu de blanche hermine
Leur rent grace cest en conclusion
Et chauschuz deulx droit auertu sencline. 29

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CLXXXIX

Balade

Sans uert ne puet bien estre fleur ne fruit
Du uert auient amour et bon espoir
Toute vertu v tempz uert en reluit
Cest la coleur tres gracieuse aueoir
Mez non hostant ne sufit bon uoloir
Quen mon uerger tant de uerdour ni pert
Cun petit leure ifust bien acouert.

V ioli tempz uert chauschuz se desduit
Auril et may du matin iusquau soir
Pour la rose damour que lez conduit
Cusi lez norrie la bone espoir
Que les amanz conforta aioie auoir
Fol. 48, *v.* Et souant faut per un tant peu de uert
Cun petit leure ifust bien acouert.
Vien ait qui le gentil uert aint et suit
Qui ale cuer uert en uert a bon seoir
Le ioieus uert touz anniz chache et fuit
Las qui nest uert ne doit pas remanoir
V giardin ou amour fait son manoir
Seson uerger tant de uerdour ni sert
Cun petit leure ifust bien acouert.

Je pri amour quil uueilie recheuoir
Ce son uray serf qui requert son pooir
Dun chapel uert ioliz et bien apert
Cun petit leure ifust bien acouert.

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CXC

Balade

Cest abondroit bele se uouz mamez
Quar dez or que primirement choisi
La grant douchour certez que uouz donez
De uouz biaux ieux qui mont le cuer saisi
Tel que souent me font cuer haimi
Vous doulz regart amis en moy la flame
Pour quoi au fort il faut que ie uous aime. 7

Et par ma foy cest tres bien esploitiez
Quar tout un cuer un uoloir un parti
Sont nous deus cuers en un mesme fermez
Sans soufraite ne de uouz ne de mi *Fol.* 48, *r.*
Je tiens le uostre et uous le mien ousi
Qua sans finer tout diz lun lautre claime
Pourquoi au fort il faut que ie uous aime. 14

Certez amour atresbien assenes
Deus urais amans per foi conquez
Si perfait amour con cest plus assez
Quar deuz cuerz sont lun en lautre enseri
Si bel et gracieuz adieu le fi
Et si couert quil ma point de blaime
Pour quoi au fort il faut que ie uouz aime. 21

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CXCI

Balade

Rayson comande et uuelt que sa droicture
Soit adez maintenue en toute plache
Pour ce faut il tenir droite mezure
Que pour de faut iustice ne uous lache
Pour tant le di quamour souent satache
Entre deuz qui ne sont pas dun parage
Mez toute foiz conseil que qui le fache
Que damuisele ne quere amant de age.

Ve ci pour quoi la ni doit mestre cure
Coment il soit que uraiement le sache
Que uiel home est souent plein dordure
Guoteuz ou enremez et plein de scrache
Fol. 49, *v.* Car tres soroit mielx froter une vache
Que ioine amer veiliard ne son meinage
Et pour ce pri et requer don et grache
Que damuisele ne quere amant de age.

Viel home tout tempz est froid de nature
Na mie peoir de leuer une hache
Tantost il muert cun peu de maul li dure
Ne peut leuer du lit se on ne le rache
Et uuelt amer feme de tendre fache
Se dieu me guart ce mest trez grant outrage
Pour ce conuient que mon uoloir deslache
Que damuisele ne quere amant de age.

Car uaut trez mielx que ioine aun lembrache
Et ambez deuz sinuent damour la chache
Puiz que dun meisne acort ont leur corage
Cest mielx adroit que lun lautre solache
Que damuisele ne quere amant de age.

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CXCII

Se de uertuz len puet beste priser
Jose pler endisant uerite
Que de ualour unquez ne ui son per
Cest un leurer de si tres grant bonte
Entre autres dexcelente biaute
Que se diex mait on die apertemant
Quil nest leurer que le gentil amant. 7

Hector lamin anseniz et sans per *Fol.* 49, *r.*
Biaumont riflart archilez tant nome
Et cherami ou perchuial le fier
Ce sont leurers touz merueilieuz clame
Mez bone foy que ie doi saint ame
Je sui da cort et cest mon iugemant
Quil nest leurer que le gentil amant. 14

Naturelemant le uouz uueil diuiser
Il est de poil roge auquez enteche
Grant et corsuz ne le sai amender
O beisant cortois et coustume
Toutes bestes ont de lui chac mate
En mi le champ pour ce di uraiemant
Quil nest leurer que le gentil amant. 21

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CXCIII

Ave douce dame de paradis
Toute pleine de grace et de douchour
Pour uous auons lautaine ioie aquiz
Bien heureuse de uostre uraie amour
Dez pechours estez port et seiour
En uouz soit la fontaine de tout bien
Douce mere pries per nous amen.

Salue fleur odorant de touz esliz
Du quel fruit auons tresnoble pascour
Fol. 50, *v.* A uous fesons nostre reclaim tout diz
Esperance que nous done uigour
Pleine de grace entendez ma clamour
Quar tressouent empleurant me souien
Douce mere pries per nous amen.

Yale sans per secourez ce che tiz
Qui sui en nef sans auiron dentour
Et auouglez par mon peche porriz
Humble dame a qui ie faz mon plour
Pries vostre dolx fil nostre segnour
Quil ait merci de ce poure cristien
Douce mere pries per nous amen.

O yhesu crist nostre uray creatour
Aiez misericorde ama folour
Pour amour de ta mere aqui me tien
Douce mere pries per nous amen.

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CXCIV

En bon foy ie dirai mon auis
En touz atours raison soit auant mise
A qui me uuelt estre gaire repris
Mez tenir soy tout diz en sa franchise
Encour di sant ce que ie me reuise
Tresdoulx compains ie te uueil auiser
Sois ententis ades aton mestier. 7

Nest pas droite nature de coniz *Fol. 50, r.*
Yames monstrer semblant de galiardise
Non cornilie doit chaser la perdris
Quar sa peine certez seroit maumise
Et non obstant puet on faire asa guise
Mez se mon droit iugis uuelz escouter
Sois ententis ades aton mestier. 14

Je tiens tout bon et noblemant aslis
Ce que raison naturelmant deuise
Quar cest adroit en propre forme mis
Mais quant on uuelt uestir lautrui chemise
Ce nest mie signe de ualiantise
Pour ce se uuelz ta uie bien user
Sois ententis ades aton mestier. 21

FINIS

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CXCV

Fol. 221, *r.* Ballade

Maintenant seray je joyeulx
Ou de tous pains desespere
Puis que je verray les beaulx yeux
De mabelle plaisant cherte
Se je ne suis delle amie
Je scay que finer me fauldra
Mais je prendray la mort en gre
Car ma douleur en cessera.

Faillir ne puis alung des deux
Jen suis trop bien ascertente
Elle et le dieu des amoureux
En peuent faire leur voulente
Jay leur jugement accepte
Je ne scay com il men prendra
Dieu doint quayent de moy pitie
Car ma douleur en cessera.

Fol. 222, *v.* Car je tiens quil me vauldroit mieulx
Veu que le mal ma tant dure
Mourrir que este si douloureux
Sans ce que soye conforte
Mais se dieu plaist de ma durte
A madame pitie prendra
Et seray tout reconforte
Car ma douleur en cessera.

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CXCVI

Ballade

Helas ma dame sil vo pleust me parfaire
Vous feries vostre honneur grandement
Car je suis cil qui vouldroit dire et faire
A tout heure vostre commandement
Pour ce vous pry et requier humblement
Quil vous souuiengne de penser a mon fait
Car je congnois et voy tout clerement
Que par vous belle je suis fait ou deffait. 8

Et non pourtant dame. se mon affaire
Je vous raconte ung petit plainement
Ne veullies ja pour cela q forfaire
Joye mon bien ne mon avancement
Car je mourroye sil estoit aultrement
Que je ne feusse enuers vous tout complet
Faire en pouez a vostre bon talent
Que par vous belle je suis fait ou deffait. 16

Et dautre part sil vous plaist me deffaire *Fol.* 222, *r.*
Je suis celui qui est du tout content
Car on pourra apres ma mort retraire
Que scay mort pour amer loyaument
Tout cela nest que mon auancement
Car vous sauez que je nay riens meffait
Auisez y pour dieu hastiuement
Que par vous belle je suis fait ou deffait. 24

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CXCVII

Ballade

A vous me plain dame de grãt valoure
A vous me plain ma tresdoulce maistresse
A vous me plain de ma dure doulour
A vous me plain du mal qui tant meblesse
A vous me plain comme a ma princesse
En requirant que jaye reconfort
Priant mercy de ma dure destresse
Car je voy bien que japrouche ma mort.

Mercy vous pri gente dame donneur
Mercy vous pri de ma tresgrant angoisse
Mercy vous pri par vostre grant doulceur
Mercy vous pri comme a madeesse
Mercy vous pri du mal que ne me cesse
Amis me fait dupe souuent par desconfort
Helas amans donnez moy une messe
Car je voy bien que japrouche ma mort.

Fol. 223, *v.* Gente et belle je vous dy ma clamour
Gente et belle je vous dy ma rudesse
Gente et belle je vous dy mon ardour
Gente et belle je vous dy ma tristesse
Gente et belle je vous dy sans lyesse
Sil nest ainsi que vous soyez dacort
De moy amer—en plourant me confesse
Car je voy bien que japrouche ma mort.

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CXCVIII

Ballade

Je ne voy homme de mes yeux
Tant comme moy desconforte
Mais nul nen doit estre piteux
Quant je le me suis pourchacie
Car par ma jeune voulente
Je vous ay fait amoy couuorer
Belle vueillez moy pardonner
De meffait—et vous me ouray ja
Deuant vous sur les sains jurer
Que jamais il ne mauiendra.

Car vrayement se douloureux
Ne fu oncques que je seray
Dame. se vo cuer gracieux
Nest du tout vers moy apaisie
Mieulx voulsisse quon meust nye
A leure que nasqui premier
Combien que je me puis vanter
Que chastie suis pour cela
Et si vous puis acertener
Que jamais il ne mauiendra.

Pensez—se jay este joyeux *Fol.* 223, *r.*
Quant vous nauez a moy parle
De vostre parler amoureux
Comme jauoye acoustume
Jen ay este si forsennie
Que je men suis cuide tuer
Mais espoir ma fait esperer
Que vostre cuer sapaisera
Quant pitie vous viendra monstrer
Que jamais il ne mauiendra.

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CXCIX

Ballade

Jay veu dames et damoiselles
Mainteffois chanter et danser
Et de gracieuses pucelles
Quil faisoit moult bon regarder
Mais il me semble a brief juger
Que madame si est bien telle
Parquoy je la doy appeller
Entre les aultres la plus belle.

Et nen desplaise atoutes celles
Qui oyzent cecy recorder
Car ce nest par pour le bien delles
Voulloir nullement rabaissier
Auuois les vouldroye honnourer
Mais certes la grant beaulte delle
La me fait a bon droit nommer
Entre les aultres la plus belle.

Fol. 224, *v.* Combien que jen ay veu de telles
Qui moult sont dignes de louer
Car elles sont plaisantes et belles
Et sceuent bien gens festoyer
Mais je puis pour elle jurer
Quelle est jeune fresche et nouuelle
Et quant plus auant veuil parler
Entre les aultres la plus belle.

Lenuoy

Prince qui pourroit assambler
Les belles que on pourroit nombrer
Croyes que ma pensee est telle
Que on la deust veoir et trouer
Entre les aultres la plus belle.

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CC

Ballade

Quant union nest plus en saincte eglise *Fol.* 218, *r.*
Quant les puissans le veullent consentir
Quant de dieu nest ne recepte ne mise
Quant chescun veult seigneurie maintenir
Quant on ne scet ou loyaulte querir
Quant on ne oyt de justice parler
Quant les prelaz deuiennent seculier
Quant chastete est en ordre faillie
Quant le clergie est plain de simonie
Quant raison fault en hault et en moyen
Quant on voit tout en cest mortel vie
Que vault le monde—helas il ne vault rien.

Quant les seigneurs sont plains de couoitise
Quant vueve ne veullent plus oyr
Quant les mauluais ont en tout leur franchise
Quant les loyaulx sont des voisins baniz
Quant leurs subgietz ne font en paix tenir
Quant de conseil ne vuellent plus user
Quant ung villain en fait en hault louer
Quant ilz laissent perdre leur seigneurie
Quant gentillesse est si fort ameurie
Quant chascun est plain de mal engien
Quant honneur est mort et enseuolie
Que vault le monde—helas il ne vault rien.

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Quant les nobles usent de marchandise
Quant les armes ne veullent plus suyuir
Quant labouriers veullent porter devise
Quant le comun se veult enorgueillir
Quant les marchans commancer a mentir
Quant rebours ont reigne en terre et mer
Quant chascun veult son voisin surmonter
Quant en conseil faueur est essaulrie
Quant les heraulx usent de flatterie
Quant les precheurs font mal et diront bien
Quant aduocatz ont tout en leur baillie
Que vault le monde. Helas il ne vault rien.

CCI

Fol. 219, *v.* Ballade

Puisque voules que soye vo maistresse
Or serues dieu de cuer deuotement
Loyal soyez a vo prince et princesse
Doulx et piteux vers toute povre gent
Pour droit garder combates hardement
De mesdire sur nulluy vous gardes
Destre enuieux ne vous entremettez
Large soyez—tenez cela de my
Le mal daultruy jamais ne desirez
Si seruires le monde—et dieu aussi.

Sur toutes riens ne failliez ala messe
A toutes gens parlez courtoisement
Soyes joyeux—tenez vous en liesse
De vaillance fetes vo parement
Et se guerre est armez vous jusquement
En bataille des premiers vous boutes
Faictes si bien—quen soyez renommes
Dansez joustes son le fait je vous pry
Auec les bons voulentiers vous tenez
Si seruires le monde—et dieu aussi.

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Comment quil soit tenez moy la promesse
Que fait mauez de manier loyaument
Se faulx vous tiens je mourray de tristesse
Car riens nayme fors vous tant seulement
Soyez secret—ne faictes parlement
Des biens damours—se vous les receuez
Comment quil soit de riens ne vous vantes
Vostre seray—et vous serez mon amy
En ce propos securement vous tenes
Si seruires le monde et dieu aussi.

Princes puissans voz seruiteurs aymez
Sur toutes riens preulx hommes honnourez
Faulx enuieux soyent de vous hay
En bien faisant le vostre despendez
Et seruires le monde—et dieu aussi.

CCII

Amours puis quauez refuse *Fol. 245, r.*
Joye au bien humble seruiteur
Sil veult que lui rendes son cueur
Tenir len deuez epruse

Car pour bien seruir je le voy
Souffrir tant quil en est ferme

Qui ne le seroit sur ma foy
Je croy que nest pas homme ne

Puis que tant lauez amuse
Qui ne vous est gueres donneur
Plus ne sera pour le meilleur
Sil me croit de vous abuse
Amours.

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CCIII

Fol. 235, *r.* Chancon

Celle belle vermeille bouche
Qui chascun abaisier desire
Ma mille fois et plus fait dire
Quil est bien envers qui y touche

On deuroit bien tenir pour louche
Celui qui ne sauroit eslire
Celle belle

Quant vient au soir et je me couche
Des yeux pleurs et du cueur souppire
Et dy a dieu beau tresdoulx sire
Faictes moy baisier sans reprouche
Celle belle . . .

CCIV

Fol. 235, *r.* Chancon

Dangier a fait une faillie
Au pourchaz des faulx enuieux
Pour moy prendre—car se maist dieux
Mieulx lui plaist ma mort que ma vie

Pour plus acomplir sa folie
Il fest mesdisans ses couveux
Dangier

Jeusse este pris nen doubtes mie
Mais bel acueil le gracieux
Qui de mon mal si fut piteux
Me dit gard toy—car je taffie
Dangier.

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CCV

Chancon *Fol.* 236, *v.*

Puis que tant voulles estre mien
Et deuenir mon seruiteur
Mon amy pas mon createur
Je le vueil et vous y retien

Des maintenant vostre deuien
Et vous fais garde de mon cueur
Puis

Mais sur tant que vous manies bien
Je vous pri garder mon honneur
Car se gy auoye deshonneur
Hellas vous ny gaigneries rien
Puis que tant.

CCVI

Chancon *Fol.* 238, *v.*

Nulluy naura mon cuer en gage
Par je congnois trop le courage
Des amoureux de maintenant
Qui se changent incontinent
Et en propos et en langage

Nesse pas ung bien grant dommage
Quilz ont ce bruit a heritage
Parquoy fault que die souuent
Nulluy

Je nen scay nulle tant soit sage
Qui ne doye craindre ce passage
En le fuyant hastiuement
Comme la pluye deuant le vent
Veu quilz ont voulloir si volage
Nulluy.

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CCVII

Fol. 238, *r.*

Ha loyaulte
Je te supplie
Ne suffie mie
Que soye oste

Hors de la grace
De ma maistresse

Par je ne chasse
Autre richesse
Ha loyaulte

Soubz sa beaulte
Et seigneurie
User ma vie
Jay voulente
Ha loyaulte.

CCVIII

Fol. 239, *v.*

Mon seul plaisir et ma doulce joye
La maistresse de mon espoir
Jay tel desir de vous veoir
Que dire ne le vous sauroye

Helas penser que ne pourvoye
Nes ungs biens sans vous receuoir
Mon seul

Par quant desplaisir me gnervoye
Souuenteffoiz de son pouoir
Et je vueil reconfort auoir
Esperance vers vous menuoye
Mon seul plaisir.

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CCIX

Jeune dame de beau maintien *Fol.* 240, *r.*
Auoir acquis par bon moyen
Quelle plaisir esse
Veritablement la leesse
Est grande a celui qui possesse
Le cueur quil destre sien

Je dis moy quautre plusgrant bien
Nest ordonne pour custian
En sa fermesse
Jeune dame

Dune dont le gent corps soit mien
Aqui seruir je me tien
Verve et sans cesse
Seruir la vueil et la confesse
Quoy quil admengne ma maistresse
Vue quelle est comme je maintien
Jeune dame.

CCX

Tresdoulx penser dieu te conuoye *Fol.* 242, *v.*
Vers celle ou mon desir tennoye
Dont je suis si damours actains
Prouchain du cueur des yeulx loingtains
Plain de regretz voyde de joye

Banny de plaisir que jauoye
Suis et seray tant que la voye
Va tost en souspirs et en plains
Tresdoulx

Dy lui sespoir ne me pouruoye
Et que bien brief je la reuoye
Tous mes desirs seront estains
Ha je te pry a joinctes mains
Fay lui sauoir ou que je soye
Tresdoulx.

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CCXI

Fol. 242, *r.* Cent mil escuz quant je vouldroye
Et paradis quant je mourroye
Plus ne sauroye que souhaidier
Si non jouer de no mestier
Aucuneffoiz quant je pourroye

De riens ne me souffiroye
Mais les dames festoyroye
Se jauoye pour moy aidier
Cent mil escuz

Puis gyroye jouir a roye
Et envers rains passeroye
Pour tousiours mon dueil oublier
Je ne me pourvoye fouruoyer
Puis quen ma bourse trouueroye
Cent mil escuz.

CCXII

Fol. 243, *v.* Prenez sur moy vr̃e exẽple amoureuse
Commancement damours est fauoureux
Et le moyen plain de paine et tristesse
Et la fin est dauoir plaisant maistresse
Mais au faillir sont les pas dangereux

Seruant venus me suis tenu heureux

. . . . .

Ung jour sentant confort lautre destresse
Prenez

Pour ung plaisir, cent pensees et mieux
Pour ung soulaz, cent dangiers perilleux
Pour un acueil, cent regards par rudesse
Cy tienne par frelle deesse
Les plus loyaulx fait les plus doloreux,
Prenez.

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CCXIII

Sil conuient que preigne congie *Fol.* 243, *r.*
De celle ou mon cueur sest plongie
De sera dure destinee
La mort me sera ordonnee
Pour auoir mon dueil soulagie

Elle ma pour aultre changie
Et si nen puis estre vengie
Dont ma vie sera finee
Sil conuient

Mais quant jay bien a tout songie
Je ne suis point adommagie
Par elle a par tout renommee
Destre fine faulse rusee
Si vueil bien delle estre eslongie
Sil conuient.

CCXIV

Quant le mestier ja prins a faire *Fol.* 243, *r.*
Il me venoit moult a contraire
Par la pointure je craignoye
Mais maintenant je ne vouldroye
Nuyt ne jour aultre chose faire

Au premier on me faisoit braire
Mais assez me comence a plaire
Le cop que tant je redoubtoye
Quant

Je me souloye auriere traire
Mais lardant doulceur de bonaire
Me contraint que hardie je soye
De bien lasche couraige estoye
Destre si folle aduersaire
Quant.

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CCXV

Fol. 244, *v.* La fiance que jay en vous
Mon amy seul sans autre eslire
Me fait oublier le martire
Que jay et tout mon grant courous

Car une foiz nous verrons nous
Mais quesse qui le me fait dire
La fiance

Pardieu voire et maulgre tous
Deulx, qui ont voulu contredire
Aultre que dieu ne nous peut myre
Cest ce qui mes plaisirs rescous
La fiance.

CCXVI

Fol. 244, *v.* Je ne croy pas quil soit ung plus grãt bien
Que destre ame—et damer en ce monde
En ces deux poins toute richesse habonde
Qui na amours et amis il na rien

Je suis ayme—et pour amant me tien
Cest donc raison que pour amour responde
Je ne croy pas

Un gentil cuer cest avoue pour mien
Qui soubz le ciel na figure seconde
Cest de tous biens une source parfonde
Luy et le mien sont liez dung lien
Je ne croy pas.

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CCXVII

Demouray je tousiours ainsy *Fol.* 244, *r.*
Sans auoir confort delabelle
Et aumains que joye nouuelle
Dont mon cueur puist estre esioy

Je suis nuyt et jour en soussy
En paine et tristesse cruelle
Demouray je

Long temps y a que ne vous voy
Tresexcellente damoiselle
Quant gy pense je renouuelle
La tresgrant douleur ou je suy
Demouray je.

CCXVIII

Je croy quil nest point tel plaisir *Fol.* 244, *r.*
Que de tenir a bon loisir
Sans villain cas
Sa chiere dame entre ses bras
Et son leal seruant sofrir

On lui peut compter sans mentir
Son ennuy et son desplaisir
A motz tout bas
Je croy quil

Et pour plus grant aduenir
Sa grace en lui peut requerir
Hellas, hellas
Voulez vens donc plus grant soulas
De vostre amoureuse sentir
Je croy quil nest.

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CCXIX

Fol. 245, *r.* Las je ne scay quant ce sera
Que vostre grace sestendra
Sur moy qui suis vostre seruant
Ma tresdoulce dame plaisant
Jatendray tant quil vous plaira

Quant vostre doulceur le vouldra
Et pitie si acordera
Je ne seray plus languissant
Las

Jay espoir que bien men viendra
Pource mon cueur ne se fanidra
De vous seruir mieulx que deuant
Tousiours viuray en esperance
Que par vous mon dueil finera
Las je ne scay.

CCXX

Fol. 246, *v.* Mon treschier et parfait amy
Treshumblement vous remercy
Que menuoyes chanson nouuelle
Vostre serviteur je mappelle
Et a vostre commandement suy

Tout vostre suis je vous affy
Pour ne vous mettray en oubly
En soustenant vostre querelle
Mon

Pardonnez moy je vous supply
Se jay mal escript ou failly
En las service dont me mesle
Sil na va point droit qui chancelle
Prenez en gre je vous en pry
Mon treschier.

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CCXXI

Je ne vis oncques la pareille *Fol.* 246, *r.*
De vous ma gracieuse dame
Vostre beaulte est par mon ame
Sur toutes autres non pareille.

En vous voyant je me merueille
Et dy quest cecy nostre dame
Je ne vis

Vostre tant grant doulceur resuielle
Mon esprit, et vostre oeuil entame
Mon cueur dont puis dire sans blasme
Puis qua vous seruir mapareille
Je ne vis.

CCXXII

Helas cest fait de moy nest plus *Fol.* 247, *v.*
Car fortune de plus en plus
Certes si tresfort me gueroye
Quant je ne say que faire doye
Si non du monde estre reclus.

Je voiz ca la puis sus et jus
De joye me tienne confus
Et pour ce fault que je larmoye
Helas

Pour vous je quicte la surplus
Madame ainsi suis je conclus
Par dieu quelque part que je soye
Jusquatant que je vous reuoye
Jaurray de dueil que joye plus
Helas.

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CCXXIII

Fol. 247, *v.* Puis que fortune est contre moy
Et suis en sa malveullance
Je pers maniere et contenance
Et ne say plus que faire doy.

Je natens jamais sur mafoy
De mul bien auoir esperance
Puis

Elle ma et ne say pourquoy
Estrangie de toute plaisance
Et mis en telle desplaisance
Que je croy quen mourray dannoy
Puis que.

CCXXIV

Fol. 247, *r.* Quant vous me ferez plus de bien
Que ne me faictes a ceste heure
Alors serez de moy tant secure
Quon ne sauvoit dire combien.

Mon cueur est vostre et non pas mien
Et lesera je vous asseure
Quant

Congnoistre pouez assez bien
Qua vous seruir tousiours labeure
Et pry a dieu que brief je meure
Se jamais je vous faulx en rien
Quant vous.

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CCXXV

Fortune que vous ay je fait *Fol.* 247, *r.*
Et quesse qui me deschemine
Et du bon train me determine
Sans nullement auoir meffait

Je vous pri deffendes de fait
A dangier, que plus ne me mine
Fortune

Aultrement congnois par effect
Que voulez quen douleur yfine
Et que pour toute medicine
De tous biens je soye deffait
Fortune

CCXXVI

Felon dangier je te deffie *Fol.* 248, *v.*
Et tapelle de villennie
Deuant amours pour chalengier
De congues je ne veulx eschanger
Pour prison ne pour maladie.

Il nest force qua chascun die
Quoy ne coment ne la folie
Pourquoy a bon droit sans targier
Felon

Mais jamais en jour de ma vie
Je nauray voulente ne enuie
Nespoir de mes maulx allegier
Et de toy ne me puis vengier
A guerre ne fauldras tu mie
Felon dangier.

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CCXXVII

Fol. 248, *r.* Le regard de vostre beaulte
A quoy sapoye mon desir
Est ce qui fait mon cueur offrir
De vous seruir en leaulte.

Et quant dangier me deboute
Tousiours si me fait resortir
Le regard

Car leslonguier mest tant gueste
Que mon cueur ne vous puet choisir
Et lors seront doulx souuenir
Pour ce quen mon cueur ay ente
Le regard.

CCXXVIII

Fol. 248, *r.* Se je demeure despourueue
Et de douleurs tant abatue
Cest ma dolente destinee
Qui ma a ceste lay menee
Qua jamais de tous biens mie

Puis que dieu a voulu deffaire
Deux cueurs de tous poins dung affaire
Plus je ne puis

Trouuer nully qui me sceust plaire
Ne aqui je sceusse complaire
Tant mal je suis

Car sur ma foy de dueil me tue
Quant je pense que fus tenue
La plus eureuse qui fust nee
Et je me voy si fortunee
Que ceste grace jay perdue
Se je demeure.

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CCXXIX

Pour bien amer et loyaument seruir *Fol.* 249, *v.*
Pour honnourer et moy de tout offrir
A madame pour estre son seruant
Ne pour prier, je ne puis faire tant
Que pour amy ne vueille retenir

Et si ne vueil pour mon dueil amaindrir
Fors seullement sa grace requerir
Dont je ne puis joyr ne tant ne quant
Pour bien.

Si vous suppli dieu damours quauertir
Len vueillies, et son cueur amolir
Vers moy, qui suis en tout a son recomant
Par vous estes de ce faire puissant
Ou ie se non tost me fauldra mourir
Pour bien amer.

CCXXX

Par trop vous amer je me tue *Fol.* 249, *v.*
Helas mon amy sur mon ame
Mais lamour dont tant je vous ayme
Ne mest pas de par vous rendue

Pourquoy je doy estre tenue
Sur toutes malheureuse femme
Par trop.

Car plus que nulle soubz la nue
Vostre sur ma foy je me clame
Se rigeur est plus de vous dame
Je tiens ma joye pour perdue
Par trop.

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CCXXXI

1, *r.* Prest de perir en la mer de fortune
Par mon maleur quainsi fort me fortune
Souffrant des maulx jusques alame rendre
Vizen langueur sans sauoir conseil prendre
Comme pouoir cheuir a ma fortune

Las et nest ce par trop grant infortune
A moy quonques ne mesdi de nesune
De ainsi me veoir sans nul secours actendre
Prest

Car sans auoir bien ne plaisance aucune
Croy que tous ceulx qui sont dessoubz la lune
Ne pouruoient tous mes griefz maulx cõprẽdre
De desespoir je sens mon las cueur fendre
Ainsi je suis par amer trop fort une
Prest de perir.

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CCXXXII

Fortune laisse moy lavie *Fol.* 253, *v.*
Tu me tourmentes incessement
Seuffie moy viure seullement
Et je ten prie
Pourquoy mes tu tant ennemie
Ne se peult il faire aultrement

Je me plains de ta durte
Du dangier ou tu mas boute
Ou jay este
Sans cause fors qua volente
Quen puis je faire

Tu donnes ou tu veulx a plente
Las pourquoy suis je de bonte
Jay loyaulte
Et loyaument me suis porte
Sans riens meffaire

A chescun tu es bonne amie
Si non amoy aucunement
Jay bien cause certainement
Que je le die
Et si nay daultruy bien enuie
Mais je suppli humblement
Fortune.

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CCXXXIII

253, *r.* Abregies la mort ou la vie
Du dolent qui ne vous oublie
Ne qui ne puet ailleurs penser
Pour dieu faictes son dueil cesser
Car il a trop de maladie

Las il ne scet plus quil doit faire
Tant vous ayme parfaictement
Et loyaulement

Se pitie est son aduersaire
Il mourra bien piteusement
Prochainement

Belle de tous biens acomplie
Il vous a si long temps seruie
De tout son cueur sans varier
Vous ferez bien dy aduiser
Vous estes son juge et partie
Abregies.

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CCXXXIV

Mamour mon seul desir ma joye *Fol.* 253, *r.*
Ou que je soye
Je nay nul autre pensement
Fors seulement
Que brief vostre gent corps reuoye

Souuent souspire pleure et plains
Et me complains
A vous ma tresbelle maistresse

Je ne fais tousiours que reclains
Et sous et mains
Apres vostre plaisant fermesse

Hellas me souffiez plus que jay
Telle monjoye
De desplaisir et de torment
Par vraiement
Je ne say mais que faire doye
Mamour.

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CCXXXV

Fol. 254, *r.* Fy de bonte, fy de fiance
Fy donneur, fy de beaulte
Fy de force, fy de sapience
Fy de cueur plain de charite
Fy aussi de debonnairete
Fy de tout cousin et de parent
Fy de tous ceulx que jay nomme
8 Fors que de ceulx qui ont argent

Digne de toute reuerence
Sont ceulx qui ont or aplante
Et boys et prez et fief et cense
Il ne men chault silz ont emble
Telz doyuent bien en verite
Estre appelle en jugement
Par on ne fait solempnite
16 Fors que de ceulx qui ont argent

Prince ne scay se saulue
Seront en la fin pouure gent
Ou se dieu naura ja pitie
20 Fors que de ceulx qui ont argent.

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CCXXXVI

Elle en est hors du cueur et de loreille *Fol.* 20, *v.*
Ceste pure qui tant damans resueille
Et resueille ma souuent rudemẽt
Bannye lay deux fois moy tellement
Que nay pensy apũr qui mesueille

Je chante et riz mesbaz et faiz mesueille
Dors quant me plaist et quant je veulx je veille
Pource aconge et du tout secrement
Elle en est hors.

Samours a luy dont aize non pareille
A mainz aultres mille ennuz appareille
Quant est amoy jen ay eu largement
Parquoy me suis perpetuellement
Se je suis franc nul ne sen esmerueille.

CCXXXVII

Alez regret voydes de ma presente *Fol.* 21, *v.*
Ales allieurs gutui vr̃e acointance
Assez aues tourmente mon las cueur
Ramply de dueil pour estre suiteur
Dune sans p̃ quay aymee desence

Fait luy aues longuement ceste offence
Qu est celluy qui point soit ne en france
Qui endurast ce mortel deshonneur.

Ny tournez pl̃ q̃ car par maron science
Si plus vous voy pr̃chain de ma plaisance
Deuant chascun v̄ feres tel honneur
Qui len dira que la main dun seigneur
Vos a bien miz a la male meschance
Alez regret.

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CCXXXVIII

Fol. 23, *v.* " Heyne "

La regretee en tous biens acomplie
De honneur de los et de grace remply
Je vous supplie tres humblement
Quil vous plaise madame
N'auoir des daing se celui qui vous ame
De cueur et dame
A vous loer sens et langue desplye.

Pour le bon bruyt qui en vous multiplie
Dont ie voy fiance honnouree et emplie
Raison me plie
A vous nommer se jamais le fut femme
La regretee

Se a vous amer je me emplie
Amour le veult ton vouloir luy supplie
Mais desamplie
Vous voye dung los qui tarnit vre fame
Cest que pitie vre cueur point nentame
Qui vous est blasme
Mais en mon cueur ce mal tais et replie
La regretee.

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CCXXXIX

Je nay dueil que je ne suis morte *Fol.* 24, *v.*
Ne doy ie bien vouloir morir
Dueil a voulu mon cueur saisir
Qui de tous biens me desconforte.

Ma douleur est plus q̄ trop forte
Car sans auoir aucun plaisir
Je nay dueil

Je nay plus riens qui me conforte
Dueil ne voy plus que desplaisir
Mort est le plus de mon desir
Car quelque chose q̄ on ma porte
Je nay dueil.

CCXL

" Bouuel " *Fol.* 29, *v.*

Aleure q̄ premier vous vis
Sauez vous quil me fut aduis
A voir vr̄e condicion
Que vous auiez complexion
De donner a plusieurs conuis

Dont tout a coup me fut auis
Vous dire par aucun deuis
Le plus de mon intention
Aleure

Mais quant je vous viz vis auis
Je fus plus hault que es cieulx rauis
Lors creust ma griefue passon
Par jeuz ymagination
Que vous mescouterez enuis
Aleure q̄ premier.

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CCXLI

Fol. 30, *v.* " Crespieres "

Sire se vous ne pouruoyez
A mon fait ou nul ne labeure
Vous en alez et je demeure
Avec les pechez obliez

Bonne aduenture menuoyez
Je nay amy qui me sequeur
Sire

Et suis tout tel que me voiez
Il ne reste que une bonne heure
Plaise vous que viue et meure
En quelque lieu que vous soyez
Sire.

CCXLII

Fol. 36, *v.* Mon loyal cueur a entrepris parti
De vous amer ma loyalle partie
Tant q̃ lamort en sera departi
Puis quamours la de vr̃e amour sorty

Je le vous ay egallement parti
A fin quil tiene du tout vr̃e partie
Mon loyal cueur.

Et se vous dy que puis q̃ je parti
Jay eu de joye si petite partie
Que sur ma foy je veulx mort en partie
Voir le pouez. Regardez y pert y
Mon loyal cueur.

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CCXLIII

Mes pensees ne me lessent une heure *Fol.* 35, *v.*
Et sans cesser mon poure cueur labeure
Au tregrief mal quil a par souuenir
En contemplãt sil porra paruenir
Au lieu ou se dame demeure

Dangier y est qui si fort me coust seure
Quil nest viuat qui de ce mesqueure
Celle mesme ny veult la main tenir
Mes pensees

Mes je say bien de ce je vous asseure
Que denion vueil je servye au dessure
Se ie y pouoye par nul tout paruenir
Mais se ensemble nos pouons conuenir
Force sera q̃ pourelle je meure
Mes pensees.

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CCXLIV

Fol. 83, *v.* Par ung amoureulx regard dueil
Qui de voz yeulx ma este fait
Je me treuue trestout refait
Cent mille fois plus que ne sueil.

Je congnus bien que a vre acueil
Que vous esties mon bien parfait
Par ung

Remercier je vous en vueil
Mon treshault bien et doulx attrait
De ce quil vous a plen de fait
Me donner ce tresdoulx recueil
Par ung.

CCXLV

Fol. 83, *r.* Jai si grant dueil et desplaisance
Quant de vous me conuient partir
Mon bien mamour et mon pleisir
Qua riens ne puis prendre plaisance.

Couroux et douleur a oultrance
Me feront dire sans mentir
Jay si grant

Plus ne verray la semblance
De vous mon joyeulx souenir
Dont me fauldra au departir
Dire ces motz par souuenance
Jay si grant.

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CCXLVI

Pecheur qui scez qui morir doiz *Fol.* 121, *v.*
Et que cy nest pas ton entente
Pense a ton bien manteffois
A la mort qui tant test presente
Aux mondains ne mets ton entente
Car nas a viure deux iours ne trois
De terre es toute puante
Retourner ty fault une fois.

Tous les jours a ton oeil tu vois
Nature sieuyr cette sente
Pape prelas princes et roix
De contraire nul ne sen vante
Et pour ce ton pechie guermente
Et diz en toy et recongnois
Que de terre es toute puante
Retourner ty fault une fois.

Paradis ayas se men crois
Ne cuide pas que je te mente
Preng garde a ton fait ancrois
Que lame de ton corps sesuente
Il fault premier quil se repente
Et puis que dye bien congnois
Que de terre es toute puante
Retourner ty fault une fois.

Princes qui pendiz en la crois
Et morir volz de morte cruante
Pour le pecheur ainsi le crois
Racheter de plays doulante
Vueilliez par ta digne puissance
Que dire puist de cueur courtois
Que de terre es toute puante
Retourner ty fault une fois.

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CCXLVII

Fol. 10. Non mudera ma constance et firmesse
Fol. 41. Car tout ainsi que les cieulx font leur adresse
Les deuz poles sans mutacion faire
Ferme je syus et seure a mon affaire
Contre fortune en plaisir ou liesse

Ne pour bon heur je ne me liesse ou dresse
Ne pour malheur mon hault vouloir nabesse
Ne pence nul ma firmesse deffaire
Non mudera

A nobles cueurs je veulx toute noblesse
A mes amys de mes biens a largesse
Sans varier ne jamais a refaire
De mon amour au vous je ne differe
Puis que une foys jen ay fait la promesse
Non mudera.

CCXLVIII

Fol. 29. A vous non aultre me suis habandonne
Ma seulle amour et me suis ordonne
Destre loyal vers vous en toute place
Quant dauec vous conuient que je desplace
Mon pouure cueur en est fort etonne

A vous aimer ie suys des or donne
Sans que jamais y soye desordonne
Et vueil complaire quelque chose que face
A vous non aultre

Puis quen planette je fus des or donne
Pour estre a vous. Bien vueil estre adonne
A si franc cueur qui mes ennuytz efface
Mais je concluds si ie nay vostre grace
Que le reprouche endoit estre donne
A vous non aultre.

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CCXLIX

Du tost ou tard ; conuient que lhome aduise *Fol.* 24, *v.*
Pourquoy ; dequoy ; ou en quelle guyse
Au monde il vint ; Et quil doibt deuenir
Pour le chemin de droitture tenir
Vers le cler mont de vertu sans reprise

Si hors la voye. Il se voit par sottise
Ou mal engin—lors par science acquise
Exemple ou sens. Il y peult reuenir
Du tost ou tard.

Mais folle amour qui premier nous attise
Ambition apres puis couuoictise
Taschent si fort de luy contreuenir
Qua bonne fin ne pourroit paruenir
Sil na raison qui ladresse et conduise
Du tost ou tard.

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CCL

9, *r.* Ballade

Dictum de la mort contre toutes delices et plaisirs mondains.

Tremblez pecheurs suyans mondain plaisir
Approchez vous. Contemplez ma figure
Notez vos maulx pendant quauez loisir
Contrictz plourez—Helas le temps peu dure
Voz corps viendront en cendre et pourriture
Y bien penser vous seroit prouffitable
Riens ne vous chault que de viure en ordure
Aux mal viuans—La fin est miserable.

Myeulx vous vauldroit en dueil et desplaisir
Incessament en aspre nourriture
Et cueur et corps matter dardant desir
Recongnoisant des damnez la torture
Ayez doncques desormais soing et cure
Considerez la mort espouentable
Elle vous suyt sans grant bruyt ne murmure
Aux mal viuans. La fin est miserable.

Que direz vous quant vous viendray saisir
Et de mon dart sentirez la poincture
Et que peche auez voulu choisir
Pour delaisser bonte, bien et droitture
Lors que verrez la cruelle infecture
Des ennemys puante et destestable
Vous mauldirez pere, mere et nature
Aux mal viuans—La fin est miserable.

Prince Jhesus enuers vous je procure
Qua tous pecheurs vous soyez pitoyable
Ou aultrement je puis dire et conclure
Aus mal viuans la fin est miserable.

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GLOSSARY

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Founded on:

" Dictionnaire / de / l'Ancienne Langue Française/et de tous ses dialectes/du IX^e^ au XV^e^ Siècle " / par / Frédéric Godefroy / 10 Tomes/avec Complément / Paris/1881-1902 /.

"Petit / Glossaire / de vieux Français" / précédé d'une introduction grammaticale / par L. Clédat / Paris / n.d.

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GLOSSARY

Abaisier : à baiser.
Abaron : justement.
Abon : à bon.
Ace ci : à ceci.
Acertener : déterminer.
Achauschun : à chacun.
Acil : à celui.
Acointez : s'accointer — apprendre.
Acompaingne : accompagné.
Acort : accord.
Acouert : à couvert.
Acrees : a crées.
Actains : chagrin.
Acucher : à coucher.
Adendre : attendre ?
Ades : bientôt.
Adesprendre : à déprendre.
Adire : exhorter.
A diu : adieu.
Admengne : admène—jouir des plaisirs d'amour.
Adommagie : endommager.
Adonne : a donné.
Aestre : à être.
Afaire : affaire.
Afalir : à faillir.
Afier : assurer.
Aflis : affliger—affliger.
Agotez : a goûté.
Agrãt : à grand.
Aguarant : à garant—à témoin.
Aiberger : héberger.
Aile : aille.
Ai mi : haimi—hélas.
Aint : aime.
Aioie : à joie.
Aize : aist—aider.
Alame : à l'âme.
Alamort : à la mort.
Alant : allant.
Ala semblee : à l'assemblée.
Alcuno : aucun ?
Ale : à le.
Alegir : alléger.
Ales : allez.
Alesposee : à l'épousée.
Alestoile : à l'étoile.
Alestreinee : à l'étreinte.
Aleuosen : à louer.
Aleure : allure.
Aleure : à l'heure.
Aleure : marche.
Alez : allés.
Ali : à lui.
Aligemant : allégement.
Allegier : alléger.
Alme : secours.
Aloer : à louer.
Alon : allons.
Alous : allons.
Alung : à l'un.
Amaindrir : amoindrir.
Amaintenir : à maintenir.
Amas : aimes.
Ambez : les deux.
Ame : aime.
Amee : aimée.
Amelencolie : à mélancolie.
Ameroie : amerai—aimerai.
Ameschant : à méchant.
Amespris : a m'épris.
Ameurie : aiguisé.
Amez : aimés.

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Amis : a mis.
Amiz : amis.
Amoier : employer.
Amon durer : à m'endurer.
Amon talant : à mon talant—à mon gré.
Anchois : ancois—auparavant.
Anchois : encore.
Anchoiz : figure ?
Anchun : aucun.
Anchunemant : aucunement.
Ancrois : encore.
Anelet : anneau.
Aniueuse : ennuyeuse.
Anniz : ennui.
Anseniz : Ancenis.
Anui : ennui.
Anuieus : envieux.
Anuir : enuier—ennuyer.
Anuiz : ennui.
Apaisie : apaisé.
Apele : appelle.
Aperchoit : aperçoit.
Aperisant : ouvertement.
Apert : à part.
Apertement : ouvertement.
Aplante : a planté.
Apris : habitude.
Aprouche : approche.
Apūr : a pour.
Aquerre : à quer—à quérir.
Archiles : Achille.
Arde : aide ?
As : aux.
Asa : à sa.
Asauoir : à savoir.
Ascertente : en certain.
Ase : à se.
Asempler : assembler.
Asentencion : à son intention.
Ases : assez.
Asi : a si.
Asire : à sire ?
Asise : verger.
Aslis : attrapé.
Assembler : comparer ?
Assenez : acenez—désignez.
Asugission : à sougission—sougire—être sujet.
Asuii : assuir—essuyer.
Ataint : atteint.
Atendre : délai.
Atent : attend.
Aton : à ton.
Atorner : à tourner.
A tourz : à tour.
Atresbein : à très bien.
Attise : excite.
Aucuneffois : aucune fois.
Auderaim : maintenant.
Auech : avec.
Aueoir : à voir.
Auerti : à vertu.
Aueuch : avec.
Auieigne : avienne.
Auiron : environ.
Auironez : environnez.
Auiz : imagination.
Aulant : olent—parfumé.
Aului : à lui.
Aun : à un.
Auostre : à vôtre.
Auouglez : aveugles.
Auquez : alques—en quelque chose.
Auriere : arrière.
Ausint : aussi.
Auuois : aux voix.
Ayas : ayez.
Az : aux.

Bailez : baillir—gouverner.
Banie : bannière.
Baston : commandement.
Baudour : joie.
Baut : hardi.

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Bee : désir avide.
Belez : belles.
Benecion : bénédiction.
Beste : bête.
Biaulx : beaux.
Biaute : beauté.
Bieneuree : bienheureuse.
Biez : bien.
Blanch ele : blanche le.
Blece : blesse.
Boer : bien.
Bon : bien.
Bon heir : bonheur.
Boutez : botez—placez.
Boys : bois.
Braire : crier.
Bril : splendeur.

Camus : camouse — chamoisier— écraser.
Castier : châtier.
Caurele : querelle.
Celee : à la celée—en secret.
Cense : propriété.
Certance : certitude.
Certem : certes.
Cescondit : s'éconduit.
Cese : ceci.
Chacher : chasser.
Chaloir : soin—effort.
Chancelle : sanctionne.
Chant : chaut.
Chant ans : chantons.
Chapeiron : chaperon.
Chapel : chapelet.
Charetez : charretier.
Chastel : château.
Chastier : punir.
Châteron : chanterons.
Chauce : culotte.
Chaules : choux.
Chaulez : rompez ?
Chauschuz : chacun.
Chauscun : chacun.
Che : ce.
Chens : chiens.
Chere lie : avec gaieté.
Cheremant : joyeusement.
Cherte : affection.
Chetis : chétifs.
Cheuir : chevir—achever.
Cheus : chaior—choir.
Chiere: chère.
Chiual : cheval.
Chiualer : chevaucher.
Chiuauches : chevauchez.
Cia : ici.
Cil : celui.
Claim : claimer—tenir.
Clam : claime—tient.
Clamer : crier.
Clarites : clairement.
Co : comme.
Cognoistre : connaître.
Cohardie : couardise.
Cohart : couard.
Colx : col.
Com : comme.
Comant : comment.
Commanden : commandez.
Compaignion : compagnon.
Compaignioz : compagnons.
Compaingme : compagnie.
Compaingnez : compagnie.
Compains : compagnons.
Comparacion : comparaison.
Complaing : complains—plains.
Complaingmant : plaignant.
Compli : accompli.
Complimant : compliment.
Con : comme.
Con bien : combien.
Concheuz : conçues.
Coneue : connue.
Conforten : confortez.
Conges : congé.

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Congnus : connus.
Congues : conques—conquérir.
Coniz : connus.
Coniz : fourbes.
Conoist : connaît.
Conques : conquérir.
Conquez : qu'onques.
Conquister : gagner.
Consaut : conseille.
Contrester : résister.
Conuent : convient.
Conuis : convoie—convoye.
Cop : coup.
Corage : cœur.
Corant : courant.
Cornilie : voleur ?
Coroi : danse.
Coronete : couronne.
Coronetez : couronnes.
Coroucher : courroucer—affliger.
Corsuz : corpulent.
Costelier : coutelier.
Costey : côté ?
Cote : vêtement.
Couant : covent—pacte.
Courous : tristesse.
Coust : coûte.
Couuoictise : convoitise.
Couuorer : couvrir.
Couveux : compagnons.
Couz : cœurs.
Crache : détruit.
Crage : détresse.
Crain : crains.
Creant : criant.
Creature : protégé.
Cremi : craindre.
Cren : crains.
Crendre : craindre.
Creue : crève—crever.
Creust : croît.
Crient : craint.
Croiz : croix.
Cuide : cuidier—vouloir.
Cun : qu'un.
Cur : cure.
Cusi : que si.
Cust : cuide—veut.
Custian : custode.

Da cort : d'accord.
Daime : dam—dommage.
Daler : d'aller.
Dali : de lui.
Damans : d'amants.
Dame : d'âme.
Damer : d'aimer.
Da mi : d'ami.
Da moreus : d'amoureux.
Damuiselen : demoiselles.
Dan : d'un.
Danceron : danserons.
Daneur : d'honneur.
Dangier : domination — jugement.
Dangiers : dangers.
Danuis : d'ennuis.
Dardant : d'ardent.
Darder : frapper.
Dardiment : de hardiment.
Darmes : d'armes.
Datour : de ton.
Dauchune : d'aucune.
Dauec : d'avec.
Daultruy : d'autrui.
Daumagiable : dommageable.
Deablez : diables.
Deboute : attaqué.
Dece : de ce.
Decheuance : déchéance.
Decheuoir : décevoir.
Dedi : dédie—célébrer.
De duiz : déduit.
De faut : défaut.
Deffait : défait.
Defroit : de froid.

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Dei : de.
Deistez : désistez.
Deli : de lui.
Delitable : agréable.
Deliueirtez : délivrance.
Deliure : délivré.
Delz : douleur.
De main : demain.
Demeine : manière.
Demener : faire.
Demenstrant : démontrant.
De mi : de moi.
Demon : de mon.
Demorance : délai.
Denion : de rien.
Deniz : déniez.
Dentour : d'entour.
De part : départ.
Departimant : départ.
De pors : déports.
Deport : plaisir.
Depris : de prix.
Derbez : d'herbes.
Dereain : de rien ?
Des : depuis.
Desa : de sa.
Desamplie : d'exemple.
Descent : descend.
Deschacer : déchasser.
Deschemine : s'égare.
Desconfis : déconforté.
Descouriray : découvrirai.
Des daing : dédain.
Desduire : déduire—jouir.
Desduit : joie.
Desence : de sens.
Deseperer : désespérer.
De seur : dessus.
Deseurer : être malheureux.
Desfie : répudie.
Desi : de si.
Deslache : délaisse.
Desmestiez : démettez.
Despit : mépris.
Desplye : déplie.
Despoir : d'espoir.
Despourueue : dépourvue.
Desprise : dépris.
Dessure : dessus.
Destour : empêchement.
Destraint : d'étreinte.
Destre : droit.
Destre : d'être.
Destreindre : contraindre.
Determine : empêché.
De uiz : dévis.
Deulx : d'eux.
Deurai : de vrai.
Deus : deux.
Deust : dut.
Deviser : imaginer.
Dibein : dis bien.
Die : dis.
Die : dédie.
Dier : dieu.
Diex : dieux.
Diner : sou ?
Dire : d'ire.
Direi : dirais ?
Discordable : discordant.
Disoie : disais.
Diuiser : deviser.
Doi : doigt.
Doing : donne.
Doint : doit.
Dolent : malheureux.
Doloir : douleur.
Doluz : doux.
Dolx : doux.
Domagier : causer du dommage à quelqu'un.
Don : dont.
Donastez : donnez.
Done : donné.
Donet : donné.
Doneur : d'honneur.

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Donouret : d'honneur et.
Donrai : donnerai.
Donray : donnerai.
Dons : doux.
Dormoie : dormais.
Doucetemant : doucement.
Doucour : douceur.
Doumage : tristesse.
Dousour : douceur.
Doy : doye—doi—dois.
Doyuent : doivent.
Dueil : d'œil.
Duel : deuil.
Dui : dois.
Duimez : d'huimez — de maintenant.
Duis : instruction.
Duiz : récompense.
Dulis : du lis.
Durer : endurer.
Dy : dis.
Dye : d'y.

E : ah.
E : et.
Eil : il.
Ele : elle.
Elest : elle est.
Ellez : ailes.
Emble : volé.
Embref : en bref.
Em nom : en mon.
Empirez : blâmez.
Emplie : emploie.
Emprenoie : entreprenais.
Engien : dévis.
Engins : ruse.
Eniueus : envieux.
En mi : au milieu de.
Ennuy : envie.
Ennuytz : ennuis.
Ennuz : ennui.
Enoie : ennui.
Enremez : enrhumé.
Ensegnier : enseigner.
Enseroit : enfermerait.
Enseuolie : ensoillier—souiller.
Ensi : ainsi.
Ensint : ensuit.
Ente : tristesse.
Enteche : entechier—munir.
Ententis : attentif.
Enterine : entier.
Entrele : entre elle.
Entremoie : entres-moi.
Enuais : envahis.
Enuis : en vis—difficilement.
Enuuiray : en vivrai.
Eprouse : éprouvé.
Ert : est.
Es : les.
Esaist : essaire—manger.
Esauchies : exaucer—élever.
Esbair : ébahir.
Esbaiz : ébahis.
Esbanoi : esbanoier—de divertir.
Esbarere : esbare—barre.
Esbatement : divertissement.
Esbatre : jouir.
Esbay : ébahis.
Escaper : échapper.
Eschuer : eschiver—éviter.
Escondire : excuser.
Escoudire : écouter.
Escoutem : écoutez.
Escuers : écuyers.
Esioie : esjouir—réjouir.
Eslire : choisir.
Eslongie : éloigné.
Esmai : émoi.
Esmerueille : merveille.
Esmez : esmai—émoi.
Espant : ouvert.
Esperguer : asperger.
Esploitiez : exploitez.
Esprendre : éprendre.

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Espris : épris.
Esprisi : épris.
Essaulire : essauler—vendre.
Esse : est.
Esse : est.
Estable : établi.
Estains : étient.
Ester : être.
Esterner : prosterner.
Estoit : était.
Estordiz : étourdis.
Estraite : étreinte.
Estreine : étrenne.
Estreiner : célébrer.
Esueilie : éveille.
Euanuir : évanouir.
Eureuse : heureuse.

Fa : fais.
Face : fasse.
Fache : face.
Fache : fasse.
Fachon : façon.
Failie : erreur.
Fairi : ferai.
Fali : faloir.
Falir : faillir.
Fame : femme.
Fan : fais.
Fanidra : fanir—faner.
Farai : ferai.
Fas : fais.
Fason : façon.
Fay : faites.
Fayrim : faire ?
Faz : fais.
Feisse : fasse.
Fele : pervers.
Feme : femme.
Fer : fée.
Fere : faire.
Ferme : fermé.
Fermeray : fixerai.
Fermesse : fidélité.
Feron : ferons.
Ferus : serus ? serai ?
Fesant : faisant.
Fesons : faisons.
Fest : fait.
Fet : fait.
Fetez : faites.
Fetiz : bien façonné.
Fi : fier ?
Fiance : confiance.
Fie : fois.
Fie : fis.
Fil : fils.
Filete : fillette.
Flairisant : fleurissant.
Flans : flancs.
Fleuri : fleurissant.
Foile : feuille.
Folour : folie.
Folx : faulx—faux.
Forsennie : déserté.
Forsinez : forcené.
Fortunant : par chance.
Fouruoyer : fourvoyer — dissimuler.
Frelle : frêle.
Fuirte : fuite.
Fumee : colère.

Gaber : railler.
Gagie : gage.
Gaire : guère.
Garir : guérir.
Gart : garde.
Geisir : gesir—être captif.
Geneure : genévrier.
Geneure : Genèvre.
Giamay : jamais ?
Giant : gentil.
Giardiner : jardinier.
Gientis : gentil.
Gites : gîter—demeurer.

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Glay : glaïeul.
Gnerpir : guerpir—quitter.
Gnervoye : gnervoier—ronger.
Gouteuz : goutteux.
Grache : grâce.
Graignor : grigmour—plus grand.
Grãt : grand.
Greuee : fâché.
Griefue : griève.
Grigneur : plus grand.
Guaaguer : gager.
Guarde : garde.
Guarentir : protéger.
Guarnie : garnis.
Guart : garde.
Gucoir : juchoir—rester.
Guermente : se lamenter.
Gueste : guette.
Guie : gouverne.
Gutui : goutoier—dégôuter.
Gy : j'y.
Gyroye : giroyer—tourner.

Hailas : hélas.
Haimi : triste.
Haimilas : hélas.
Haites : ardeur.
Hay laz : hélas.
Heir : hier.
Heleyne : Hélène.
Home : homme.
Hore : heure.
Hore : hors.
Hostant : ôtant.
Hostez : ôtez.
Huimez : huymez—maintenant.

Ia : déjà.
Ia : j'ai.
Iaim : j'aime.
Ialer : échapper.
Iame : j'aime.
Iames : jamais.
Iamoie : j'aimais.
Ian : déjà.
Ianete : cuir ?
Iantil : gentil.
Iaquete : jaquette.
Ibeoit : jouit.
Icer : ceci.
Ideuse : hideuse.
Idoi : y dois.
Ien : j'en.
Ientil : gentil.
Iest : y est.
Ieus : jeux.
Ieus : yeux.
Ifust : y fut.
Ileuques : alors.
Ill mont : ils m'ont.
Imes : huimez—maintenant.
In : je ?
Inuentius : inventus ?
Ioer : jouir.
Ioiaute : joyeuse.
Ioine : joins.
Ioine : jeune.
Iolute : joliveté.
Ioulie : jolie.
Iparra : y parra—y paraît.
Ipuiz : y puis.
Ison : ici.
Iugis : jugez.

Ja : déjà.
Ja : j'ai.
Japrouche : j'approche.
Jauoye : j'avais.
Jei : j'ai.
Jeus : jeux.
Jeuz : j'eus.
Jose pler : Josèphe.
Joye : j'aie.
Joyr : jouir.

La : hélas.
Laint : l'ait ?
Lama : là m'a.

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Lame : là me.
Lameroie : l'aimerai.
Lamin : l'Aymon.
Lane : l'âne.
Lapareit : lui apparaît.
Lapetoit : l'appétit.
Lardant : l'ardent.
Lariens : le rien.
Larme : l'âme.
Larmoiant : larmoyant.
Las : laisses.
Lasche : lâche.
Latent : l'attend.
Lautaine : la hautaine.
Laz : hélas.
Laz : tristesse.
Leesse : liece—joie.
Leiray : laisserai.
Leise : laisse.
Leisent : laissent.
Leistres : leises—laissez.
Lembrache : l'embrasse.
Len : l'on.
Lermez : larmes.
Lesera : le sera.
Lesfareai : le ferai.
Leslirai : l'élirai.
Leslonguier : l'éloigner.
Le spoir : l'espoir.
Lessay : l'essai.
Lestreiner : l'étrenner.
Leurai : l'aurai.
Leure : oiseau ?
Leure : l'heure.
Leurer : lévrier.
Leurer : rusé.
Leurez : loirer—instruire ?
Lhome : l'homme.
Li : le.
Liance : alliance.
Liaument : loyalement.
Liautes : loyauté.
Lie : alliance.
Lie : joyeux.
Liece : joie.
Liement : joyeusement.
Lies : liez—liés.
Liz : lis.
Lo : le.
Loer : louer.
Logis : logement.
Loi : loue.
Loi : l'ai.
Loier : louer.
Lonouroit : l'honorait.
Lore : l'heure.
Los : louange.
Loutroi : l'octroie.
Luis : lui.

Maace : mais à ce.
Mach : macht ?
Macort : m'accord.
Madesse : ma déesse.
Main : matin ?
Maint : reste.
Maint : maintenant.
Mainteffois : maintes fois.
Maintez : gentil.
Maintien : manière.
Mainz : mains.
Mais : mains.
Maist : met.
Mait : met.
Male : mal.
Maleurez : malheureux.
Maleurtez : malheur.
Maltalant : colère.
Malx : maux.
Mames : m'aimez.
Mamie : mon amie.
Mamis : m'a mis.
Mandie : maudie.
Maniez : manier—porter.
Manintez : maintes ?
Man ne soir : matin ni soir.

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Manoir : manière.
Manoir : demeure.
Mantiengne : maintienne.
Manveise : mauvaise.
Mapareille : m'appareille.
Maperchoif : m'aperçois.
Ma pert : mapert—m'appert.
Marme : mon âme.
Maron : erroné.
Mas : m'as.
Mastreint : m'astreint—retiendre.
Matinent : maintenu.
Matter : mettre.
Maudsanz : maudisants.
Mauez : mauvais.
Mauiendra : m'aviendra.
Mauinegne : m'avienne.
Maul : mal.
Maumise : mal mise.
Mauparler : médire.
Mauueis : mauvais.
May : m'ai.
Maz : m'as.
Meblece : me blesse.
Mefet : me fait.
Mei : moi.
Meinage : ménage.
Meindre : mien.
Meine : mène—jouer ?
Meisent : missent—mettre.
Meison : maison.
Memort : ma mort.
Men : m'en.
Men : mes.
Menee : menée.
Menfance : mon enfance.
Menuoye : m'envoie.
Mereulier : s'émerveiller.
Mes : mais.
Mesage : messager.
Mesbanoie : m'ebanoie—je me divertissais.
Mesbaz : m'ebaiez—ouvrez.
Mescheans : méchants.
Mescheus : mésaventure.
Meschonger : changer pour devenir pire.
Meseise : mésaise.
Mesenduree : me s'endurée.
Mesequeure : me secoure.
Mesfet : méfait.
Mesfis : méfis.
Mesle : mêle.
Mesperance : mon espérance.
Mes prendre : m'éprendre.
Mestier : métier.
Mest oit : m'estoit—m'était.
Mestre : mettre.
Mestre : maître.
Mestrece : maîtresse.
Mestuet : mestuer—mettre ?
Mestuet : m'estuet — estuier —renfermer.
Mesueille : m'éveille.
Meterai : mettrai.
Metes : mettez.
Meust : m'eut.
Mez di sans : médisants.
Mez ormais : désormais.
Mie : pas.
Mielx : mielz—mieux.
Miner : menacer.
Mise : asile.
Mo : moi.
Molchiez : moquiez—moquez.
Monjoye : ma joie.
Mont : m'ont.
Moquroit : moquerait.
Morrai : mourrai.
Mortris : mortel.
Moste : mort.
Mostre : montre.
Moublie : m'oublie.
Mudera : muera—muer—changer.
Muert : meurt.

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Mulz : mult—moult.
Myeulx : mieux.
Myre : guérir.

Nabesse : n'abaisse.
Nagree : n'agrée.
Nar : n'ai.
Natens : n'attends.
Nef : en nef—en doute.
Neit : rien ?
Nelle : ne le.
Neme : ne me.
Nemoublie : ne m'oublies.
Nentame : n'entame.
Nes : né.
Nesse : n'est.
Nesune : aucune.
Nes ungs biens : aucun bien.
Nete : net.
Neter : nettoyer.
Nex : n'en ?
Nez : né.
No : notre.
No : non.
Noi : n'ai.
Noire : triste.
Nome : nommé.
Non : nom ?
Non : ne.
Norie : nourri.
Notable : sentence—proverbe.
Nouble : noble.
Noue : nue.
Nouelez : nouvelles.
Nouiaus : nouveaux.
Nui : nuit.
Nuz : nous.
Nye : nié.

Obeisant : obéissant.
Obliez : oubliez.
Obstant : faisant obstacle.
Odorer : être odorant.
Oeuil : œil.
Oi : oui—ouïr.
Oiblier : oublier.
Oimi : haimi—hélas.
Oir : ouïr.
Oiraz : auras.
Oisel : oiseau.
On : ou.
Onquesmez : onques mais.
Ordenee : ordonnée.
Oreiletez : oreilles.
Orendroit : maintenant.
Os : ose—oser.
Osoye : oiseaux ?
Oste : ôté.
Otroier : octroyer.
Ourage : ouvrage.
Ourez : aurez.
Ousi : aussi.
Outoi : ou toi.
Oy : aie.
Oyzent : oyent—oir—ouïr.

P : pour.
Paage : peage—prix.
Paeur : peur.
Pains : peines.
Pais : pays.
Pais : paix.
Paistre : paître.
Par diu : par Dieu.
Pareilie : appareille.
Parel : pareil.
Parement : préparation.
Parez : ornez.
Parfaire : préférer.
Parfonde : profonde.
Par mi : parmi.
Parson : par son.
Pascour : nourriture.
Pases : passé.
Pastour : par tour.
Pastoure : pâture.
Paus : peu.

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Paz: pas.
Pechez: péchés.
Pechie: péché.
Pechours: pécheurs.
Peine: douleur.
Pence: pense.
Pene: peine.
Pensemant: pensée.
Penser: pensée.
Penserons: penserous—pensif.
Pensis: pensif.
Peoir: pouvoir.
Per: par.
Per: pour.
Percheus: tristesse.
Perchiual: Perceval.
Perdonãce: pardon.
Perdris: dupe?
Perfet: parfait.
Perfond: parfond—profond.
Pers: perds.
Perseuir: persuir—poursuivre.
Persint: persuit—poursuit.
Persuiray: poursuivrai.
Per sus: dessus.
Pertiegne: appartienne.
Peruise: désir.
Peuent: peuvent.
Peusans: peu sans.
Pis: poitrine.
Piece: il y a longtemps.
Plache: place.
Plain: plains.
Plain: plein.
Plate: défense.
Playe: douleur.
Pleinez: plaignez.
Plen: plein.
Plente: à plenté—en abondance.
Pleust: plaît.
Plour: pleur.
Pluisour: plusieurs.
Plure: pleurs.
Poes: pouez—pouvez.
Poil: butin.
Poins: pointes.
Point: poind.
Pointure: blessure.
Poise: pèse.
Polisene: Polyxène.
Pongniant: poignant.
Pooir: pouvoir.
Poras: pourras.
Porchaine: porceint—ceinture.
Poroie: pourrai.
Poront: pourront.
Porriz: pourris—corrompus.
Pouons: pouvons.
Pource: pour ce.
Pour cese: pour ceci.
Pourchache: pourchasse.
Pourchaz: instigation.
Pourez: pauvres.
Pourin: pour rien.
Pouroye: pourrai.
Pourte: porte.
Pourter: porter.
Pour traire: portraire.
Pour traiture: portrait.
Pous: pour.
Pquay: pourquoi.
Precia: précieuse.
Preine: prenne.
Prelas: prélats.
Premet: permet.
Premiez: premir — récompenser.
Preng: prends.
Prenra: prendra.
Prepouz: propos.
Presant: présent.
Presente: présence.
Pri: prie.
Primer: premier.
Primirement: premièrement.
Pris: prix.

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Priser : attraper.
Profecie : prophétie — prophétiser.
Profunde : triste.
Prouffitable : profitable.
Puans : puant.
Puet : peut.
Puioit : perchoit—perchait.
Puour : pouvoir.
Pūr : pour.
Pyis : puis.

Q : que.
Qcest : que c'est.
Quafiert : qu'assure.
Quaies : qu'ayez.
Quali : qu'à lui.
Qualui : qu'à lui.
Quamoie : que j'aimais.
Quamon : qu'à mon.
Quamourt : qu'à mort.
Qua percheus : qu'aperçus.
Quapeu : qu'à peu.
Quar : car.
Quardu : car du.
Quason : qu'a son.
Quatent : qu'attend.
Quauderean : maintenant.
Quauderean : qu'auderai—auder—oser.
Quauous : qu'à vous.
Quauril : qu'avril.
Quayent : qu'ayant.
Queday : cudai—cudier—vouloir.
Quela : que la.
Quele apris : qu'elle a pris.
Quelx : quels.
Quen : qu'en.
Quen : quand.
Quen malore : qu'en malheur.
Quenplaiez : qu'emplaiez — qu'employez ?
Quent : quant.
Quer : querre—quérir.
Ques : qu'es.
Que sperance : qu'espérance.
Que spoir : qu'espoir.
Quesse : qu'est.
Quest : quert—querre—quérir.
Quicte : quitte.
Quid : cuide—cuidier—vouloir.
Quie : que.
Quieteraz : quitteras.
Quo : que.
Quo : où.
Quod : que.
Quoiemant : tranquillement.
Quois : quoisir—se taire.
Quolir : cueillir.
Quou : qu'où.
Quoue : querre—quérir.

Rache : racher—enlever.
Rachine : racine.
Rains : rien.
Ramply : rempli.
Reauoir : ravoir.
Recepte : habitation.
Rechateray : racheterai.
Recheuoir : recevoir.
Reclaim : réclame.
Reclains : invocation.
Recomant : recommandation.
Refraint : retenu.
Regarder : regard.
Regretee : regret.
Reguardoi : regardais.
Reioir : réjouir.
Reiois : réjouis.
Relie : attaché.
Remaint : reste.
Remaint : remene—ramène.
Remeindrai : resterai.
Remir : admirer.
Renars : renard.
Renoue : renouvelle.

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Rent : rend.
Repouseray : reposerai.
Requer : requerre—requérir.
Requir : requérir.
Reregarde : arrière-garde.
Rescous : secours.
Resoit : resort.
Respit : sentence.
Respondu : répondu.
Resueille : réveille.
Rie : rit.
Rien : chose.
Riflart : Riflard.
Rinouelez : renouvelez.
Roes : roues.
Roge : roche—riche ?
Roidement : rudement.
Roioir : réjouir.
Rougne : ronge ?
Rousignoul : rossignol.
Roye : roue.

Safiert : s'afier—s'assurer.
Sai : sais.
Sain : sien.
Sains : saintes.
Sainte ame : Sainte Anne.
Salamon : Salomon.
Saloge : sa loge.
Saluacion : salutation.
Samie : son amie.
Samours : si amour.
San : saint.
San : sang.
Sanez : saner—guérir.
San ram : se rame.
Sant : sent.
Saper : sa per—son pair.
Sa perchoit : s'aperçoit.
Sapoye : s'appuie.
Sarme : son âme.
Satache : s'attache.
Sauis : son avis.
Sauoient : savaient.
Saupir : soupir.
Saurien : sauriez.
Sauroie : saurai.
Sautier : garde forestier.
Say : sais.
Saz : sais.
Sceuent : savent.
Scez : sais.
Scrache : rudesse.
Se : si.
Sech : sec.
Secores : secourez.
Secremant : sacrement.
Sededens : si dedans.
Segneur : seigneur.
Segouz : difficile.
Sein : sien.
Seior : séjour.
Semont : surmonte.
Sen bref : si en bref.
Senifiance : signifiance.
Senifie : segnifie—signifier.
Senisie : sensie—sent.
Sente : sentier.
Senteletes : petits sentiers.
Seoir : séjourner.
Seoit : seoir—être situé.
Separt : séparé.
Sequeure : secorre—secourir.
Sermance : serment.
Sero : serai ?
Sesiost : s'assied.
Seson : si son.
Sespoir : son espoir.
Sest : c'est.
Sestendra : s'étendra.
Sesuente : se suent—se suivre.
Seuentremete : entremet.
Seuffie : souffre.
Seuiour : séjour.
Seur : sœur.
Seur : sur.

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Seure : sûr.
Seuremant : sûrement.
Seurpris : surprise.
Se ye : si je.
Sieuyr : suivre.
Sint : suit.
Sinuent : suivent.
Siuir : suivre.
So : si.
Sodeur : son odeur.
Sofrir : s'offrir.
Solache : solace—soulagement.
Solo : seul.
Solo : solas — soulas — soulagement.
Soloie : soloir — être accoutumé.
Solour : soulas—soulagement.
Son : s'en.
Songioie : songeais.
Sons : sous.
Soroit : serait.
Soublie : s'oublie.
Soubz : sous.
Souent : souvent.
Souenteffois : souvent.
Soufraite : souffrance.
Souhaidier : souhaiter.
Souloye : soloir—être accoutumé.
Soureine : souveraine.
Soureince : souveraineté.
Soussy : souci.
Spoir : espoir.
Spre : brindille.
Suaider : persuader.
Subgietz : sujets.
Suef : odorant.
Suef : suave.
Suefre : souffre.
Sueil : soloir—être accoutumé.
Sugission : sugissais—sougire.
Sugiz : sougire—se soumettre.
Suhaut : souhait.
Suir : suivre.
Sumes : sommes.
Suplier : supplication.
Sus : sur.
Susie : souci.
Suyuir : suivre.

Taffie : t'assure.
Tai : j'ai ?
Talant : désir.
Tan : tant.
Tanqualamort : tant qu'à la mort.
Tanto : tant.
Targier : tarder.
Tart : tard.
Taschent : tâchant.
Tasist : das ist ?
Tennoye : tient—atteindre.
Tentecion : tentation—enterprise.
Tera : terrer—tenir.
Tesioira : te jouiras.
Ti : te.
Tiengne : tienne.
Tienrai : tiendrai.
Tiste : teste—témoin.
Tocher : toucher.
Tolu : toldre—enlever.
Tormant : tourment.
Toruper : trouver ?
Toublie : t'oublie.
Tourser : charger.
Trabucher : trébucher — renverser.
Tregref : très grièvement.
Tresfele : très pervers.
Treuue : trouve.
Tristan : Tristram.
Tristour : tristesse.
Tromphoye : trompais.
Troueron : trouverons.
Troup : trop.
Troupez : trouvez.

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Truis : trouve.
Trusque : jusque.
Tu : tué.
Tu es : tuez.

V : voyez.
V : voilà.
V : votre.
V : vous.
Uailiante : vaillante.
Ual : à val—à travers.
Ualour : courage.
Valoure : valeur.
Uant : vont.
Ueci : voici.
Uedres : voudrez.
Veiliant : veillant.
Ueiliant : voulant.
Ueir : voir.
Uenem : venez.
Veneson : chasse.
Vens : viens.
Venus : venu.
Ueoie : vois.
Ueoir : voir.
Uerdoier : verdoyer.
Uergemarie : Vierge Marie.
Ueritem : en vérité.
Uerli : vers lui.
Uerlich : wahrlich ?
Uermoi : vers moi.
Uermoilie : vermeille.
Vertuz : courage.
Uestir : vêtir.
Veuoir : voir.
Ueus : vue.
Ueuz : vis.
Ui : vis.
Viage : vie.
Viaire : visage.
Uices : vices.
Uiegne : vienne.
Uieulete : violette.
Uieus : vieux.
Violi : joli.
Uire : voir.
Vis : visage.
Vis auis : vis-à-vis.
Viz : vit.
Unert : unit.
Unquen : unques—onques.
Vo : vous.
Vo : votre.
Vocable : sentence.
Uodra : voudra.
Uodroie : voudrai.
Uoi : vois.
Uoilies : vouliez.
Uoin : vois.
Voire : noir.
Uois : voix.
Uoliem : veuillez.
Volz : veulent.
Vos : vous.
Uouist : veut.
Voulsisse : voulisse—voulais ?
Voustre : vôtre.
Uoustrent : voustrant—passant.
Usques : jusques.
Uuegne : vienne.
Uueil : veuil.
Uuent : vient.
Uuieillie : veuillez.
Uuil : Wille ?
Uuol : wohl ?

Yale : fleur ?
Yames : jamais.
Yaten : j'attends.
Yay : j'ai.
Ye : je.
Yolis : jolis.
Ypres : y pris.
Ypuiz : y puis.
Yuie : vive.
Yuire : vivre.

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METRICAL TABLE AND NOTES

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See: " Recherches/sur/Le Vers Français/au XV^e Siècle "/par Henri Châtelain/Paris/1908./

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NOTES

THE largest group of poems in this collection is that of verses entitled "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes" from Additional Manuscript 15224. These consist of ten-line stanzas, constructed on two rimes. Of the sixty-three given, forty-nine are octosyllabic, and fourteen decasyllabic. Although they are given these names, the poems do not conform to the type of "Rondel" or "Rondeau" used by Charles D'Orléans (see Champion's edition, page 291 et seq.). The courtly poet adopts the following rime system—abba/abab/abbaa/, whereas the verses in the manuscript run—abbaababba. Moreover, while in the poems of D'Orléans, the first and second lines are repeated as the seventh and eighth, and the thirteenth is a repetition of the first, in the manuscript there is no suggestion of a refrain.

The next group is that of eight-line stanzas, numbering twenty, and with one exception, octosyllabic. These are also called "Rondels" in the manuscript, but they are really "Huitains."

The group of twenty-two twelve-line poems headed "Virilay" or "Virilay chantes" are of interest. This type of verse-form is defined in the "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française" (Littré) as—"Ancienne poésie française—toute composée de vers courts, sur deux rimes—elle commence par quatre vers, dont les deux premiers se répètent dans le cours de la pièce." The poems in Manuscript Additional 15224, however, are not of this form, but consist of three quatrains joined into a single stanza.

The other title given to poems in this manuscript is that of "Bergerete" or "Bergerete chantee." These are verses of various length and mostly irregular in form.

There remains for consideration the group of poems at the end of Additional 15224. These are entitled "Balades" and number 20. Eleven of them consist of twenty-four lines and are built on three rimes; four have twenty-one lines constructed on three rimes, and none of the fifteen has an "Envoi." Three have twenty-four lines with an "Envoi" of five, and two, twenty-one lines with an "Envoi" of four. All these variations on the strict "Ballade" form may be found in the work of poets at this time (see Châtelain).

Among the poems gathered from other manuscripts, the most interesting group is that of sixteen twelve-line poems in "Rondeau"

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form. They are built on two rimes, with a refrain at the sixth and twelfth line. Another group of poems in "Rondeau" form numbers seventeen, but they are longer and similar in type to those composed by the Marots and other poets of the period.

The Metrical table which follows is arranged according to the number of lines in the poem, and its rime system.

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METRICAL TABLE AND NOTES

5 LINES

abaab

(LXXIV) These lines are headed in the manuscript "Rondel." They are octosyllabic.

abaab

(CLIII) (CLIV) These two groups are decasyllabic.

abccb

(CLVII) Of these lines the first lacks a syllable. They are octosyllabic.

7 LINES

abaaaba

(VII) These lines may be scanned as octosyllabic, although there is some variation in their length. A word is missing from line 2.

abcaabc

(LXXV) These lines are headed "Rondel" in the manuscript. They are octosyllabic.

8 LINES

(Huitains)

abaababa

(III) (IV) (VI) (XII) (XXIV) (XXXIII) (XXXVI) (XXXVIII) (XLI) (XLVI) (XLIX) (LIX) (LXIV) (LXXII) (LXXVIII) (LXXXI) (LXXXIV) (XCI) (CVIII) (CXXXII) These twenty stanzas are headed in the manuscript "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes." They may be taken as octosyllabic, although the lines sometimes vary in length. No. (XXIV), however, is decasyllabic.

abababab

(XLVIII) (LXIX) (CXI) (CLXIV) Of these four poems—No. (XLVIII) is called in the manuscript "Bergerete chantee" and is heptasyllabic. No. (LXIX) is similarly headed, but the lines are on the average nonasyllabic. No. (CXI) has lines of eight syllables, and No. (CLXIV) entitled "Rondel chantes" is decasyllabic.

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aaba—aab

(I) There is a lacuna in line 5. The missing words probably rimed with the third and last lines. It is headed in the manuscript "Rondel chantes." The syllabic scheme is irregular.

abacdebe

(XVI) There are evidently some textual errors—lines 4 and 6 should rime with lines 1 and 3; while line 8 should rime with line 4. It is headed "Rondel" in the manuscript. Octosyllabic.

abbababb

(XXII) Headed "Rondel" in manuscript. Octosyllabic.

abccbaba

(XXXI) Probably lines 3 and 4 should rime with line 1. Headed "Rondel chantes" and decasyllabic.

abaacaba

(LIII) The last word in line 5 should rime with that in line 2. Headed "Rondel" and octosyllabic.

abacbaba

(LXXXIX) The last word in line 4 should rime with that in line 1. Headed "Rondel" and octosyllabic.

9 LINES

abaabaaba

(LXV) Headed "Bergerete chantee" in manuscript. Lines of various syllabic length.

(CLXXIV) Headed "Rondel" and octosyllabic.

10 LINES

(Dizains)

abbaababba

(XIX) (XXVI) (XXVIII) (XXX) (XXXIV) (XXXV) (XXXVII) (XXXIX) (XL) (XLII) (XLIII) (XLIV) (XLV) (LI) (LVII) (LVIII) (LXII) (LXVI) (LXVII) (LXXVI) (LXXVII) (LXXXIII) (LXXXVII) (LXXXVIII) (XCII) (XCIV) (XCIX) (C) (CII) (CVII) (CIX) (CXIV) (CXV) (CXVIII) (CXXIV) (CXXV) (CXXVII) (CXXX) (CXXXI) (CXXXIV) (CXXXVII) (CXXXIX) (CXLII) (CXLIX) (CLXI) (CLXII) (CLXIII) (CLXVIII) (CLXIX) These forty-nine stanzas are on the

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average octosyllabic, although there is occasionally variation in the syllabic length of the line. They are all headed in the manuscript "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes." Four of them may be noted.

(XXVI) In line 9 of this there seems to be a repetition of the word "ie."

(CLXIII) A word seems to be missing from line 1.

abbaababba

(CLXVIII) (CLXIX) These companion poems are the subject of a note in the manuscript to the effect that they praise or blame love according to whether they are read downwards or upwards. Actually however the note does not apply.

abbaababba

(LXXI) (XCV) (CXIII) (CXVII) (CXX) (CXXII) (CXXVIII) (CXXIX) (CXXXIII) (CXLI) (CLXIII) (CLXVI) (CLXX) (CLXXI) These fourteen decasyllabic stanzas are headed in the manuscript either "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes."

ababababab

(XLVII) (LXXIX) (XCVI) (CXXIII) (CXL) (CXLV) These stanzas are headed "Rondel" or "Rondel chantes" in the manuscript.

(XLVII) This is octosyllabic.

(LXXIX) In this octosyllabic stanza, lines 2 and 9 are similar.

(XCVI) This extraordinary polyglot composition has alternate rimes of French and Latin; it is indeed a "Rondel estrangement fet."

(CXXIII) (CXL) (CXLV) These are all decasyllabic.

abcaacacca

(LII) The last word in line 2 should rime with that in line 3. Octosyllabic—headed "Rondel."

abbaabacba

(LXX) The termination of line 8 should be similar to that of line 6. Headed "Rondel chantes" and octosyllabic.

aaaaaaaaaa

(LXXI) Alternate lines of seven and eight syllables. Headed "Rondel chantes" in manuscript.

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abcddedccd

(XCVII) The rimes of this stanza are chaotic; they are probably meant to follow the usual scheme of abbaababba. It is headed "Rondel chantes" in the manuscript and is octosyllabic.

abcbcbcbcb

(CVI) The last word in line 3 should form a rime to that in line 1. Headed "Rondel chantes" and octosyllabic.

abb(c)aababb(c)a

(CX) The rime scheme of this is 788478888748. The two short lines are inserted in the manuscript after lines 3 and 9. The "Rondel" really consists of fourteen lines. It is headed in the manuscript "Rondel chantes."

abcadeeeba

(CLV) This stanza is composed of lines of twelve syllables.

abbcababba

(CLXIV) The fourth line should probably rime with the first. Headed "Rondel" and decasyllabic.

abacdcdaba

(LXXX) Headed "Virilay" in manuscript and octosyllabic.
(LXXXII) Headed "Virilai chantes" in manuscript and octosyllabic.

11 LINES

abbac/cbabba

(II) There is probably a line missing after No. 5 in this stanza. It must have rimed with No. 1. The stanza is headed "Virilay" and is octosyllabic.

12 LINES

abbacdcdabba

(VIII) (XV) (XVIII) (XXIII) (XXV) (XXIX) (XXXII) (LVI) (LXI) (XCIII) (CI) (CXIX) (CXXXV) (CLVI) These fourteen stanzas are generally octosyllabic, although there are variations in the syllabic length of some lines. The majority are headed in the manuscript "Virilay" or "Virilay chantes," but No. (XCIII) is entitled

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"Bergerete chantee," as is No. (CI). No. (CXIX) is called "Rondel," No. (CXXXV) "Bergerete chantee," and No. (CLVI) has no title.

(XVII) (CIV) (CXII) (CXLVII) (CLII) (CLVIII) (CLXV) (CLXVII) These eight stanzas are decasyllabic. They are headed in the manuscript either "Virilai" or "Virilai chantes," with the exception of Nos. (CLII) (CLVIII) which have no title.

abbacdcdabba(r)

(CXXXVIII) There is a refrain to this octosyllabic stanza which is placed in the manuscript at the end of line 12. It is of four syllables. The poem is called "Bergerete chantee."

abababababab

(XIII) Headed "Yirilay" and octosyllabic.

(CXXVI) Headed "Rondel" and octosyllabic.

abbaababababba

(V) Headed "Yirilay" and octosyllabic.

ababcdcdabab

(L) (CXLVI) (CLIX) (CLXXII) No. (L) which is headed "Virilay" is octosyllabic. The other three stanzas are decasyllabic. Nos. (CXLVI) (CLXXII) are headed "Virilay." No. (CLIX) has no title.

abbadeecdeec

(XIV) Syllabic scheme 855786678557. Headed "Bergerete chantee."

abcdefefdccd

(IX) This is headed in the manuscript "Yirilay." It may be taken as octosyllabic. There appears to be a word or words missing from line 1. This should rime with line 4. Lines 2 and 3 should rime.

abbacdedabba

(X) Headed in manuscript "Virilay." There is a change of rime in line 7 which should rime with line 5. The stanza is octosyllabic.

abbabcbcdbbd

(XI) Headed in manuscript "Virilay" and octosyllabic. The final words of lines 9 and 12 should rime with those of lines 1 and 4.

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abbacdceabba

(XXVII) Octosyllabic—headed in manuscript "Virilay." In line 8 the last word should probably rime with line 6.

abbcdedeabba

(CLX) No heading in manuscript. Decasyllabic. Line 4 should rime with line 1.

abba/ab/r/abba/r/

(CCIII) (CCIV) (CCV) (CCVIII) (CCXV) (CCXVII) (CCXXI) (CCXXIII) (CCXXIV) (CCXXV) (CCXXVII) (CCXXX) (CCXXXIX) (CCXLI) (CCXLIV) (CCXLV) These sixteen poems are really "Rondeaux" although Nos. (CCIII) (CCIV) (CCV) are headed "Chancon." The lines are octosyllabic, and the refrains vary from one to four syllables. No. (CCXLI) is headed "Crespieres," which is probably the name of the composer.

abba/ab/r/abba/r/

(CCXVI) (CCXLII) Decasyllabic, with refrain of four syllables.

13 LINES

abbaababababbar

(XXI) Headed "Virilay" in manuscript. Lines decasyllabic with refrain at end of four syllables.

abbacdcdabbar

(CXVI) Headed "Virilay" in manuscript. Lines decasyllabic with refrain (the first three words) of four syllables.

(CCII) No heading in manuscript. Octosyllabic.

(LXXXVI) Headed "Virilay" in manuscript. Lines octosyllabic. The refrain in the manuscript is given as part of line 12.

14 LINES

aabba/aab/r/aabba/

(CCXXXVI) This is really a "Rondeau," with the second refrain omitted. The lines are decasyllabic.

aabba/aab/aabba/r

(CCXXXVII) This is really a "Rondeau," with the first refrain omitted.

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abccbccbbccccc

(LXXIII) 13, 12, 12, 11, 11, 11, 12, 13, 12, 12, 12, 13, 14, 12, or 66756756755786 and abbabdefghjklm, with 765656666777666 ? This poem is given in the manuscript in parallel columns. It can be read downwards as two poems of fourteen lines each; or across as a stanza of fourteen long lines. It also may be read upwards. The rime system of the first column is most uncertain; that of the final words is given above. It is headed in the manuscript "Bergerete chantee."

abbaccdccdabba

(CXXXVI) Headed "Virilay chantes." Decasyllabic, with lines of four syllables at 7 and 10.

ababcdccdcabab

(CLXVIII) Headed "Virilay" in the manuscript. Decasyllabic.

abba/cd/cd/r/abba/r

(CCVII) A poem of four-syllable lines, including the refrain.

15 LINES

aabba/aab/r/aabba/r

(CCVI) (CCX) (CCXI) (CCXIII) (CCXIV) (CCXIX) (CCXX) (CCXXII) (CCXXVI) (CCXL) These ten poems are really "Rondeaux" though No. (CCVI) is headed "Chancon." They are of octosyllabic lines with refrains of two to four syllables. No. (CCXL) is headed "Bouuel," which is probably the name of the composer.

aabba/aab/r/aabba/r

(CCXII) (CCXXIX) (CCXXXI) (CCXLIII) (CCXLVII) (CCXLVIII) (CCXLIX) These seven "Rondeaux" are of decasyllabic lines with refrains of one to four syllables. In No. (CCXII) the seventh line is missing.

aabba/aab/r/aabba/r

(CCXVIII) The rime system of this is regular, but the syllabic scheme is not. It is as follows: 8848888843884884.

16 LINES

aabbaccdccdaabba

(LIV) (LXXXV) These two stanzas are headed "Virilay" in the manuscript. They are both decasyllabic.

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aabbaccdccdaabba

(XCVIII) This stanza is headed "Virilay" in the manuscript. It is decasyllabic, save for lines 8 and 11 which are of five syllables.

abc(c)a(a)cdd(d)edd(d)eaac(c)a(a)c

(CXXI) This poem is called in the manuscript "Yirilay chantes." The letters in brackets refer to the lines written in the manuscript; as continuation of lines 3, 4, 6, 10, 14, 15. The syllabic scheme is 7747476745864487645471O. It probably should be treated as a poem of twenty-two lines.

aabbaccdccdaabba

(CLXXIII) This is headed in the manuscript "Virilay." The syllabic scheme is 9, 11, 9, 10, 10, 8, 9, 12, 10, 11, 9, 10, 10, 10, 11, 10.

(LX) (CLI) These poems are headed "Virilay." They are both octosyllabic.

(LV) This stanza is headed "Virilay chantes" and is octosyllabic, save for lines 8 and 11 which have four syllables.

17 LINES

aabbaccdccdaabbar

(CV) This is headed "Virilay" in the manuscript. It is octosyllabic, save for the refrain of five syllables, which is made by a repetition of the three first words.

aabbba/aab/r/aabbba/r

(CCIX) This poem is of irregular syllabic system, which is as follows: 88688688428868882.

aabba/ccd/ccd/aabba/r

(CCXXVIII) (CCXXXIII) (CCXXXIV) These three poems are octosyllabic, save for a refrain of two, three and four lines.

20 LINES

abbacdcdabbacdcdabba

(LXVIII) (XC) These poems are headed "Bergerete chantee."

No. (LXVIII) has this syllabic system: 77776585898875758886. No. (XC) is octosyllabic.

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ababcdcdababcdcdabab

(CIII) Headed "Bergerete chantee" and octosyllabic.

ababbcbc/ababbcbc/bcbc/

(CCXXXV) An incomplete "Balade" in octosyllabics.

aabccca/aaac/r/aaaccca/r/

(CCXXXVIII) A poem with this syllabic system: 10108610410101041048104101041O4. (10—10). The name "Heyne" at the head is that of the composer.

21 LINES

ababbcc/ababbcc/ababbcc/

(CXC) (CXCII) (CXCIV) Three "Balades"—decasyllabic lines.
(CLXXXII) A "Balade" of octosyllabic lines.

raabrccbrddbreebrffbr

(XX) Headed "Bergerete chantee." Syllabic system: 48884777-4777466748874 (r—refrain).

23 LINES

abaab/ccdce/ccde/abbaab/r

(CCXXXII) A poem in octosyllabics with lines 4, 9, 11, 14, 16, and 20 of four syllables. Refrain of two syllables.

24 LINES

aaabbaabcccdcccdeaabbaab

(CL) Headed "Virilay" in manuscript. Syllabic system: 884774778485847588488486. Line 17 should rime with line 1.

ababbcbc/ababbcbc/ababbcbc/

(CLXXVIII) (CLXXIX) (CLXXX) (CLXXXI) (CXCV) These five "Balades" are all octosyllabic. In No. (CLXXX) the fifteenth line is missing.
(CLXXV) (CLXXVI) (CLXXVII) (CLXXXII) (CLXXXIV) (CLXXXV) (CLXXXVI) (CXCVI) (CXCVII) These nine "Balades" are all decasyllabic.

25 LINES

ababbcc/ababbcc/ababbcc/bbcc

(CLXXXIX) (CXCIII) These two "Balades" are decasyllabic. In No. (CLXXXIX) there is no break between stanzas 2 and 3.

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28 LINES

ababbcbc/ababbcbc/ababbcbc/bcbc

(CCL) This "Balade" is decasyllabic.

29 LINES

ababbaba/ababbaba/ababbaba/bbaba

(CXCIX) A "Balade" of octosyllabic lines.

ababbcbc/ababbcbc/ ababbcbc/bbcbc

(CLXXXVII) (CLXXXVIII) (CXCI) Three "Balades" with decasyllabic lines.

30 LINES

ababbccdcd/ababbccdcd/ababbccdcd

(CXCVIII) A "Balade" of octosyllabic lines.

32 LINES

ababbaba/ababbaba/ababbaba/ababbaba

(CCXLVI) A "Balade" of octosyllabic lines.

35 LINES

ababbccdcd/ababbccdcd/ababbccdcd/ccdcd

(CCI) A "Balade" with decasyllabic lines.

36 LINES

ababbccddede/ababbccddede/ababbccddede/

(CC) A "Balade" with decasyllabic lines. There is some doubt of the rime in line 17.

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PART II

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NOTE ON THE POEMS

No claim is made that the verses in this collection deserve the title of great poetry; although not a few have a sincerity of emotion and expression too often absent from the poetry of their period. The greater number are conventional love-laments or railings at Fortune. Some of the later "Ballades" and "Rondeaux," however, have other themes, and showing more originality, reveal also more poetry. There is also in some of the "Rondels" a hint of an interest in Nature, while others show a real charm in rhythm and music. But, on the whole, the writers are easily content with forced comparison and artificial imagery.

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TRANSLATIONS

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I

Indeed I now am caught again
By force of love, by beauty ta'en,
So none to me may comfort bear
From her who has my heart in chain.
It is great wrong . . .
With pity hear my earnest strain,
For I am lost, by sorrow slain,
Unless thy word my heart may cheer.

II

O Love if thus I now must die
So cruelly, it is my fate ;
But still my heart its hope shall state
That not for ever I must lie
In suffering for one I love ;

I honour her and true will prove.
Her beauty as the lily great
Shall hold me till in grave am I ;
Though heart be sad and woeful wait,
My joy and trust shall not abate,
Even if comfort she deny.

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III

What shall a heart so weary do
When it can find no easy way
To tell its suffering and rue ?
Lady the truth be known to you—
Alive I can no longer stay
Unless I speak the words so few
Which may my secret thought convey ;
This only can my life renew.

IV

Farewell my gentle love to thee—
How hard it is for me to go ;
Farewell our friendly loyalty—
Forgetful never shall I be,
As all my days of life shall show.
I pray in all humility
That through the service I bestow
One day thou wilt remember me.

V

My love, my joy, my pleasure true,
Of all my happiness the queen ;
Indeed my heart is lost I ween
If I no more have sight of you ;
My life indeed I will eschew,
For in such grief and sorrow keen
I live, that death I would pursue
Rather than suffer such cruel teen ;
For now alas no more in view
Is the sweet flower I long to glean,
Alas my heart so pained has been,
That heaven knows 'tis full of rue.

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VI

A robe of black I now must wear,
Not for my grief, but for the trust
Which I am ever pledged to bear ;
Certain it is I would revere
The memory, ere I am dust,
Of her who came to bring me cheer,
To take from me with speed most just
The grief which filled my heart with care.

VII

Of fortune now I must complain—
She has outraged me sore ;
Why should her hate my life enchain ?
'Tis certain wrong I now obtain ;
For truly I can well maintain
There has been naught in time before
To make her vent on me such pain.

VIII

Ladies of love, let each enjoy
Great happiness and jollity ;
For God has given unto ye
The flower of grace without alloy :
Indeed his equal ne'er was seen
In chivalry or noble fight :
His mighty frame, so fair I ween,
None could describe with words aright.
Not Lancelot could so employ
His strength and courage as does he ;
Nor Tristram in love's empery
Bear arms for truth and wrong destroy.

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IX

Indeed I would be fain . . .
That all who speak and do me wrong
Were badly served themselves among,
And left in fire of burning pain ;
For they have turned me from my way
And given me to torment sore.
I once had happiness, I say,
Contentment fair in days of yore ;
But now no peace I may attain ;
They rob the house where I belong.
Since they are all against me strong,
My time is lost in stress and strain.

X

I leave in spirit and in heart
My joy complete, my happiness ;
My sweet content is gone ; ah yes,
So grievously I bear my smart.
For one who is the flower most fair,
That I have loved in verity,
Now goes from me without a word ;
To her I owe my misery.
Again to seek I would not start,
But worship still her perfectness.
To love you wholly, I confess,
My soul is yours in every part.

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XI

O wolves why seek your prey in me ?
Why should my neck not still be whole ?
Surely my death is not your goal,
Though my sad heart be killed by ye ?
When I behold your pack, my dole
Is sorrow and dismay ; I fear
That I must play a coward's role,
Your chase is close and will not spare.
Dread is the only hope I hold ;
Will none advise me or console ?
How shall I guard my weary soul
From all your trickery so bold ?

XII

My heart is struck by arrow keen,
Death is the end of my desire.
When I have left my love I ween
My soul though free most sad is seen
Uncomforted in sorrow's fire.
Unless in truth I soon may glean
New hope which shall this year inspire,
To death have I delivered been.

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XIII

My dearest love and hope so rare,
I cry to thee from heart so true ;
That since as pledged to thee I bear
My life until my death is due :
I tell thee without any fear
To other I no service do.
I will obey thee far and near
And faithful serve the yearlong through.
And thou dost know I am sincere ;
Nor shall forgetfulness ensue.
With no delay I persevere,
This single end is in my view.

XIV

Now is the time to check my ride,
From horse I must descend,
A snare I see extend
Across the way that I would go.
But soon I shall remount my steed
And in my saddle set,
Ride fast my love to get.
My road is clear, the way I know,
But as in quest I do proceed
With joy and no regret ;
Love's castle soon is met,
Where he his flag to all doth show.

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XV

Imagining I once did lie
Awake and not in slumber drowned ;
An old man by my couch I found
Who asked my wish, and what would I.
And when I saw him I was glad,
And in these words made my request—
" O sire have pity on my sad
And woeful state, thine aid were best."
His garment black I could descry.
" Have joy," said he, " in hope abound,
Soon thou shalt have reward, renowned
In love and in felicity."

XVI

Oh, when shall I delivered be
From martyrdom with cruel sting ;
So long ago my entrance see
Into this grievous misery ;
Pursued to death, I humbly cling
To comfort from her sympathy ;
For she can cure my suffering,
Else truly life is naught to me.

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XVII

It seemed to me a lady fair
Last even as my couch I sought
Approached me silently, I thought
That she a robe of flame did wear.
She neared me and these words did say—
" Full well I know thou art in grief,
But doubt not soon will come the day
When suffering will find relief."
And then she left me—for 'twas clear
Another lover should be sought.
A glimpse of her bright robe I caught—
Symbol of service without fear.

XVIII

Since all my hope is gone from me
I can enjoy no happiness,
No pleasure take in my distress,
For pain alone is all my fee.
I would that I were fortunate
As all the rest of lovers are ;
I would that now I could abate
My grief, and cast my woe afar.
I pray love in humility,
I sigh for pity and redress,
Will he not give me hope, and bless
My sorrow with felicity ?

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XIX

Although I have no present skill
To challenge Fortune's cruel way,
Despair shall never hold its sway,
But hope my heart shall ever fill.
For none can find repose of will
Beneath his stern and angry play ;
And yet I care not for him still,
But with a song of note so gay
Await with hope the happy day
Which all my wishes may fulfil.

XX

With happy cheer,
O faithful squire and gentle maid
Who sport with pleasure unafraid,
Come to the dance of love and joy.
With happy cheer
We revel gaily all the day,
We sing with happiness our lay ;
The aims of jealous men destroy
With happy cheer.
Each one his love shall willing kiss,
There is no evil thought in this,
But each shall every praise employ
With happy cheer.
Alas such joy is not for me,
I know not such felicity,
For me sad envy will alloy
With happy cheer.
But still I pray the fairest dame
That she her love will let me claim ;
I shall be free from all annoy
With happy cheer.

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XXI

Alas Fortune, how long thou torturest me,
Of all my good thou hast made evil case,
Hast forced me to a prison's dwelling place,
May heaven's curse most swiftly light on thee.
To seek my joy elsewhere is need I see,
To pray to God, and to my lady's grace.
Oh, why should Fortune now so cruel be
And ever thus with trouble sore me chase,
To wait on me with hate perpetually,
For such is not the road that others pace.
To foil thee now would be no weak disgrace,
But high achievement, breaking cruelty.
Alas Fortune. . . .

XXII

My pleasure and my joy are lost,
No comfort now remains to me,
While I shall live no hope I see,
No fault of mine that I am crost
With heartfelt grief and misery.
By silent longing I am forced
To wish my life may ended be,
Each day I live more wearily.

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XXIII

Now let my weary heart complain
More sadly than another's may ;
No one need jest at my display
Of sadness and of cruel pain.
So while I live, through all my days
I labour with both soul and mind
To gain her good and gentle praise,
Honour and virtue round her wind.
If I should cease, how great the strain
Upon my heart—'tis true to say
I could not bear to cast away
My hours of service all in vain.

XXIV

Such wonder does thy beauty wake in me
That in none other can I find my rest.
If thou shouldst fail to cure my malady,
Of sorrow I shall die most verily ;
No help from thee shall cheer my weary breast.
O lady bright, I seek my help from thee :
Have pity on my suffering confessed,
And I shall sing with joyous ecstasy.

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XXV

Love in past days would comfort me,
I had in him all hope and trust,
Pleasure and joy, as was most just,
But now I have great misery.
For he has left me in my pain
And robbed me of my fair belief ;
Remembering his care I plain
The loss of pleasure and relief.
In truth I would most willingly
Be free of him ; he brings to dust
My happiness : most surely must
I still enjoy my liberty.

XXVI

Of Fortune good shall be my lay,
For in my purpose I succeed.
No real farewell my heart shall need,
For I can greet her any day.
Now shall I keep my thoughts alway
For her, so fair and full of meed,
Whose love so long has held its sway
That I can never more secede.
Therefore with hopeful cheer I plead
Let pity help me on my way.

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XXVII

How shall aught cause my heart to plain,
For never can I leave my dear ;
For nothing can I seek elsewhere
More lovely than in thee I gain.
It is thy love from blemish free
Which I have longed for all my days.
O lady I petition thee
That thou wilt hear my song of praise ;
And when thou seest me sustain
A praise of happiness and cheer,
All that is good I gladly bear
And loving, wake a joyous strain.

XXVIII

I never shall a recreant be,
But love you to my dying day :
On you my happiness I lay
And ever serve you faithfully.
How slowly once the time did flee
When I was suffering dismay ;
But now I pray no check to me
To make my happiness more gay.
I am thy slave in every way ;
Now end my torment finally.

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XXIX

In sorrow now I must depart
From your companionship so sweet.
Long life I now shall never greet,
Living in such a grievous smart.
Farewell, farewell, my peace so true,
I know not when we meet again ;
Farewell, farewell of all 'tis you
For whom I suffer all my pain.
A saddened time for me must start,
Since all my sorrow is complete ;
Surely in friendship it is meet
To wait return of faithful heart.

XXX

My gracious dame 'tis seen of right
That I am caught by love so keen ;
So that my heart is yours I ween,
Though now I suffer evil plight.
My heart shall pray with ceaseless might
That name of friend I soon may glean ;
I know that comfort soon will light
Upon me, since you are my queen.
Let gentle pity now be seen,
No words could make my faith more bright.

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XXXI

Thy gentle glance, O lady known to fame,
Has placed my heart in suffering so great
That I must cry alas ; each day the same
I comfort seek in vain, to thee the blame.
Thou hast forgotten all our former state.
For heaven's sake let sorrow pity claim ;
Indeed my martyrdom is crushing weight,
Unless thou hearest me, most gracious dame.

XXXII

Since now my heart is at your call,
Command me to your pleasure's hest,
For without lie, I swear to rest
In faith and do your wish in all.
But if away you should me send
You throw a weary weight on me,
If you do not affection lend,
My faith, O love, will captive be.
Therefore because my heart is thrall
I beg you grant me what is best ;
For if I do not gain my quest
Deep sorrow will my soul appal.

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XXXIII

Now joy this gentle flower has brought
So charmingly, that I delight
In simple beauty freshly wrought,
My eyes in joyous glance are caught,
Her form so fair will cheer the night,
And I will gently speak my thought—
When will the day break fair and bright,
And I shall hold what I have sought?

XXXIV

My heart can never leave the place
Where given freely it has been.
It dwells in beauty's flower I ween
Whose equal none shall ever trace.
Enough it is the truth to face,
Her sovereignty is clearly seen,
For praising her I shall find grace.
Since first I knew what love could mean
I never thought that I should glean
Lady so worthy to embrace.

XXXV

Tears I shed when she did go,
Alas sad heart filled with complaint,
With tears and sufferings grown faint,
No hope of joy again to know.
Yet since I play a part to show
That I have joy without restraint,
My heart I disengage from woe,
With joy and cheer my mind acquaint.
Yet all the while, beyond constraint,
The pain of sorrow still does grow.

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XXXVI

I have not any joy so keen
As that when slumber drops my eyes ;
At night my lady fair is seen,
And full of love she is I ween,
I have my wishes ere she flies.
But waking all these joys have been,
And now have vanished with sunrise :
Grief is the only thing I glean.

XXXVII

Lady, my heart shall you obey,
Although my body quit your side ;
With heavy grief and sorrow tried,
With tears and torment as its stay,
The frame will hold a wretched sway :
Nor joyous can it ere abide
Unless it shall return one day
To join you lady, gracious-eyed,
You hold with love and joy allied
The heart which in your care I lay.

XXXVIII

With all my heart I love her well,
For ever my most sovereign love,
In service meek she shall compel
My thought, which I were fain should dwell
Near her who does so gracious prove.
My loyal faith to her I tell,
To joy this message shall her move
While greater love in heart shall swell.

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XXXIX

Heartless she seems this gentle dame ;
I cannot bring her to my side ;
Heaven knows in joy I should abide
Were she my faithful love to claim.
My sad adventure I will name,
She well can see how I am tried.
Your face my love can still enflame
The heart to you so closely tied.
You surely wish I should confide
In you, while life is in my frame.

XL

Farewell, my sovereign joy, to thee,
Farewell, my sovereign pleasure,
Farewell, my sovereign treasure,
Farewell, the flower of flowers that be,
Farewell, to God my soul shall flee,
Farewell, my sad displeasure,
Farewell, my heart's felicity,
Farewell, my happy leisure,
Farewell, the joy I measure,
Farewell, till love again I see.

XLI

The devil, let him come for me—
My lady, if in any thought
Thou dost the false and evil see.
My death indeed is due to thee.
But since no wrong I ever wrought,
My supplication this shall be,
My iris-flower, so dearly bought,
Trust none who speak in jealousy.

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XLII

By heaven, lady, thou art wrong
To bring no comfort unto me.
Wouldst thou I die in misery?
I am not loath to end my song.
For Death I care not though his thong
May strike—if mine thy soul shall be;
'Tis no small gift for love so strong.
And when deliverance I see,
At least thy heart shall show mercy,
Though earthly suffering were long.

XLIII

O grievous Death, to thee I pray,
Although my prayer may be in vain,
That I deliverance obtain,
For I am now on sorrow's way.
Come soon, my longing to allay,
For my true heart is free of stain;
Since that the gracious flower of May,
Who once was wont to cheer my pain,
Now will not hear my earnest strain,
My life is sorrowful each day.

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XLIV

Alas, my dame, I pity crave,
Since I have never failed to thee.
I pray in all humility,
Upon your heart my name engrave.
Certain such life I cannot brave,
Unless you show me sympathy.
For I shall seek and find a grave,
If thus the time shall cruel be.
Alas, show pity unto me,
For succour now my heart may save.

XLV

Madame, to thee my thanks I pay
A thousand time and more thy due,
For thou hast brought me comfort new,
Since thou hast pity in this way.
So happy is my heart to-day
That greater joy is known to few ;
And now with humble mien I pray,
Flower of all flowers in beauty true,
That what I wish thou mayest do.
And so farewell, to thee I say.

XLVI

I give thee all my heart so gay,
My sovereign lady without peer.
To thee indeed as friend will stay
While hope so sweet shall cheer my way
And make me happy, free from fear.
Therefore I seek, through every day,
That faith to thee I truly bear
And know thy tenderness alway.

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XLVII

'Tis certain now I nothing see
Beyond the flower without a peer,
Who holds my heart in ecstasy
Through glance of eye so bright and clear.
All joy it seems has come to me
Since her fair looks my heart did cheer ;
Therefore I seek most willingly
To serve her with a soul sincere,
With no deceipt, but loyalty ;
Of failure is no doubt nor fear.

XLVIII

'Tis of maidens the rarest—
And yet I may not love her ;
She seems to me the fairest,
In dance the Graces move her.
Her song it is the clearest
That any can discover ;
Her blushes will the dearest
Of all the others prove her.

XLIX

Now I rejoice in love so deep,
Since happiness is granted me ;
My suffering and my pain may sleep ;
Pleasure in everything I reap ;
In nothing now can sadness be.
Farewell desire—no more I weep,
For now my mistress verily
Within my arms I soon shall keep.

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L

Now would I sing with happy cheer
And voice my pleasure and delight,
Since flower of beauty without peer
Has rescued me from sorrow's night.
I have my heart so full of joy
And of love's new felicity,
That no one born could so employ
His praise to lady fair and free.
Indeed I should her heart revere
And serve her loyally day and night;
I love her with a soul sincere
And shall do till I quit the light.

LI

By heaven, you ashamed should be—
Ill-speaking ones, with envy fraught;
Because I have by loving bought
Each joy my mistress grants to me.
Great wrong was yours in verity,
May heaven's curse on you be sought.
But now I swear most truthfully
The hope of gain for you is nought;
I serve my love with every thought
To bring her joy most perfectly.

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LII

When to my mind I do recall
The lady I have left of late,
In thought of agonising weight
I languish and in grief I fall.
If suffering my heart appal,
So that our secret talk abate,
And if I hear no word nor call,
And none her happiness relate ;
In vain for joyous news I wait,
My sorrow is most great of all.

LIII

Madame, to you I fain would pray,
That love like ours so deep and true
Be never hindered on its way ;
Let joy be all your gift to-day.
So let our hearts, in friendship, do
Whatever love may wish or say.
We may have joy both I and you,
If nothing shall our hearts dismay.

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LIV

Since Fortune now will not deliver me,
But keep me ever in this misery ;
I shall endure great suffering and pain ;
I wait most willingly till Death attain
His power upon me, and my life shall flee.
No more can song or happiness be mine,
Since he my swift departure may design.
Gone therefore is the joy which I have had.
Alas how grievously I must repine,
And wait the hour when hope again shall shine.
I know the flower with every beauty clad
Will wish that I no longer saddened be ;
In trust I wait the time to come when she
Will grant me joy, and solace I shall gain.
But if indeed no pity I obtain—
Tears are the only guerdon which I see.

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LV

Certain it is my thought would be
Pledged, O my lady fair, to thee ;
For long a martyrdom I bear,
So sadly all my sorrow wear,
That I would now in love be free.
I hold no happy moments nigh,
No pleasure can I now descry
Nor joy renew.
I languish and I soon shall die,
If still no further quest I try,
O lady true.
O nobly born, my prayer shall be,
That soon our love complete I see,
For truly little joy is here.
Yet still I trust with love sincere
That thou wilt give me ecstasy.

LVI

If neither hope nor pity sweet,
Nor courtesy with pleasant cheer
Are in you, friend I hold so dear,
At least remembrance would be meet.
Dost thou recall O lady mine
The day when unto thee I gave
My promise, and accepted thine ?
A ring of troth thou then didst have ;
But now make happiness complete,
Remember me again, and bear
My love as chiefest treasure here.
Thus let our bond all time defeat.

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LVII

O heaven, when will come the hour
That I again shall see the land,
The beautiful and happy strand,
Where lies my heart in prison tower ?
Then shall I know of Truth the flower
And my desire accomplished stand.
For if such joy shall be my dower,
Then more than any I demand
The right to sing each day ; since planned
Is my return and in my power.

LVIII

To love her now I must forget ;
Alas my heart with grief is sad ;
Death I await with feelings glad,
Thought, which was once deceived, regret.
For she was wont to speak, while yet
My heart in happiness was clad.
With comfort I no more am met,
But still the torment which I had.
Since nothing can be aught but bad
I would away, and freedom get.

LIX

May heaven spare thee, flower so rare,
A year of joy and length of days ;
Let thought of envy not appear,
For thou art meet such love to bear,
So perfect, free from evil ways.
If I were rid of danger's snare
Which oft to suffering betrays,
I'd give thee love all free from care.

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LX

Away, O grievous, heartfelt sigh,
Away to her I love, now fly
And tell her, in humility,
That I her servant sure would be.
Bid her sweet pity make reply ;
Give her to know the truth entire,
How I have been through sorrow's fire
With no redress from anyone.
To gain her dear heart I aspire,
Indeed true faith is my desire,
For ever till my life be done.
That I may all my grief deny,
Grant that again I may descry
Her face, if only that I see
She still is loyal unto me,
Without mistrust and without lie.

LXI

I pray thee sovereign of love,
Who knows so well my faithfulness,
That now thou grantest me redress,
'Twill not a danger to thee prove.
But for the sake of love, 'tis right
My honour thou shouldst still sustain
Against those who would me indict
As enemy, and show disdain.
I know that pity is my trove,
For it is just, I must confess,
That thou shouldst help me to address
My suit to fairest flower in grove.

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LXII

Alas this time how shall she do,
The flower supreme that I love well ?
To whom in sorrow I can tell
My grief ; and pity claim as due.
'Tis certain I can ne'er eschew
The thought of her, her faith repel ;
But when I see her eyes so true,
Which mine to gazing can compel,
I sing with joy, which none shall quell,
" My lady rare—long life to you !"

LXIII

Alas, alas sad heart whose thought is pain ;
Alas sad heart in sorrow and torment ;
Fearful I am lest evil mine intent,
For 'tis so long since love-glance was my gain :
My misery is greater I maintain
Than any other lovers may be sent.
For true it is I cannot glimpse obtain,
Nor see my love in any way relent—
So that for ever must my days be spent
In crying for the time long sought in vain.

LXIV

If service with you I obtain,
In faithfulness I shall not lack,
But do my utmost to attain
Whate'er you wish. The truth is plain,
That if on me you make attack,
On one whom longing does sustain,
To throw you your affection back
And seek another, I am fain.

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LXV

My breast-plate pleases me full well,
I have no friend I value more ;
'Tis wrought with art I tell,
Its fineness doth excel
All which have been before.
In battles' rude pell-mell
Its metal will with strength repel
The knife of hate—defence is sure,
Since 'tis engraven with love's spell.

LXVI

'Tis now a year or even more
Since I beheld the flower so rare.
And if no comfort I declare,
'Tis not a marvel when so sore.
'Tis long I have been seeking for
The grace of love-glance, which should cheer ;
But since your love you now withdraw
In cry of sorrow speaks my care.
Alas how cruel danger's snare
Which traps my pleasure as of yore.

LXVII

The devil take thee flower so rare,
No longer have I thought for thee.
Alas no word shall spoken be ;
I will forget such bloom to wear ;
Another pledge seek far and near,
Since thou hast so mistreated me ;
Henceforth my plaint thou mayest hear ;
Alas, alas sad misery,
For I have lost felicity—
Grief in my song shall now appear.

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LXVIII

To thee my friend of form so fair,
Who fain would sing of love the praise ;
'Tis need I cry with doleful lays,
For now deception I must bear.
I gave my faith so free
To one whom I adored ;
But now myself mistaken see,
Her triumph now is scored.
But still for love's sake 'tis my prayer
That I may guard her all my days :
For 'tis the truth my tongue displays
When saying that this faith I bear ;
I pray in gentleness do this,
Lady who loves me so ;
His company from thee dismiss,
And give him leave to go—
Or else indeed I madness fear.
The god of love my heart dismays,
He will chastise me till he slays,
My fault he will not spare.

LXIX

Now answer me, my maiden fair,
Have I done any wrong to thee ?
Thou art in grace and charm most rare,
Say but a little word to me.
For I have heard a rumour, dear,
That makes my heart beat fearfully,
Thy life with mine thou wilt not share ;
Alas 'tis known to all, I see.

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LXX

For heaven's sake, I pardon crave,
Lady who has my heart in fee ;
If I have angry been to thee
As penitent I will behave.
I find thee in alliance brave
With all the evil done to me.
But if I certain could engrave
Thy love upon my heart, I see
That I should soon live happily
And peaceful joy should never waive.

LXXI

O heaven, if I could but see
My pleasure in the flower so fair ;
Make her of all my grief aware,
Of all my sorrow's misery :
My whole desire should only be
To tell her of the love I bear.
As sign of hoped prosperity
I will a robe of whiteness wear,
This is her wish and will bring cheer,
Though black and white mean naught to me.

LXXII

In courtesy I love and hold
A lady gentle, honoured, fair,
With beauty fresh and grace untold,
Sweet, simple, unalloyed gold,
Wise, chivalrous, with beauty rare,
Of lovely face, of queenly mould.
Though late unkind, I now declare
No single blemish does she hold.

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LXXIII

w let us go, my friends,
seek the fair betrothed,
e lovely fay we find,
e flower unsurpassed,
on the spray we see.
e has no evil thought,
e loved one who is queen,
e has a happy heart,
r glances are so sweet,
ere is none else so fair,
e shall enjoy our time,
ith songs of newest kind
ch one shall chant his lay,
this gay company
Let us go with pleasure,
To seek the queen of love,
Whose fair gift we may see
Wherever we may be.
Supreme 'twill ever prove.
She carries panoply,
Of every victory.
Her graces are our trove,
Whenever we may rove.
Let us dance merrily,
Sing of love's ecstasy,
Tell of her mastery,
Speak of her potency
With true felicity.

LXXIV

Away, to see the fairest flower
Whose beauty will rejoice the heart ;
'Tis right I love her every hour,
For never shall I find in bower
A rose such fragrance to impart.

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LXXV

Who now would see the flower most fair
Which I desire with longing keen,
The flower which yet I may not own.
O teach me, for I fain would hear
How I can gather it, and where ;
For true is my desire I ween.
Oh, that its dwelling place were known.

LXXVI

Thy pity, lady, gently show,
Pity for God's sake ere I die ;
Let all the fair ones aid my cry,
Pray for me, fairest, ere I go.
How shall I any comfort know,
As I am now to death so nigh ?
What shall deliver me from woe
Which undeserved my heart must buy ?
Indeed so sorrowful am I,
That all my grief in words shall flow.

LXXVII

Since now I have what pleases well
In lady fair and full of grace ;
I must proclaim in every place,
None other can my love excel.
For true it is, she can impel
My heart her wishes to embrace ;
And since in Fortune's good I dwell
I may of right my message trace.
I would not otherwise my case,
For no one else her love I sell.

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LXXVIII

For heaven's sake, indeed 'tis true
That her refusal thus I gain ;
While living, love shall not pursue
One who has caused me so much rue,
And whose sharp tongue has given pain.
Hence all my joy I must eschew,
So that in future none shall reign
In heart, as she was wont to do.

LXXIX

Alas my death is nigh to me
Through lady fair with heart so gay ;
If from her no response I see,
Whose heart is loved in honest way,
Heaven aid me to prosperity.
Take pity now without delay,
If not, great wrong is done by thee ;
I will complain to all, and say
Death now the conqueror shall be,
Through lady fair with heart so gay.

LXXX

No one could be more lost than I,
Whose lady fair has pity none,
She had made conquest verily,
My loving heart most swiftly won.
I shall be faithful I aver,
I honour her till life be done.
Nor shall my love withdraw from her ;
But all the joys which ever lie
In heaven, I would willing shun,
If pity I may not descry.

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LXXXI

Away, no comfort I receive,
No more in joy I hope to be,
Since lady fair I now must leave
I never cease to plain and grieve
In sorrow and perplexity.
No more with heart so gay I weave
A song, unless again I see
My love, and all my hope retrieve.

LXXXII

To never fail her is my part,
To bring no sorrow to her mind,
To love her with a perfect heart,
Whate'er may come in future day.
Indeed my death I would pursue
If it would please her any way.
No evil I could wish to do,
But only with a humble art
Beg for my peace from one unkind ;
So when I die less keen the smart.

LXXXIII

With willing heart my death I wait,
If thus my soul must pay its debt ;
Or else in joy my mind is set,
That not in vain I seek my mate.
Alas I lose my hopeful state,
I care not whether death is met,
So sad my heart, my woe so great ;
Well may I plain with sad regret,
With black despair, and not forget
There is no hope of happy fate.

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LXXXIV

Again in love I seem to be
With fairy beautiful and kind,
Of face so fresh and bright to see,
With glance so gracious thrown on me.
I am in thoughts of love entwined,
So that there is in verity
Anger in heart, if I should find
I have not gained felicity.

LXXXV

Well-loved and ever to be cherished friend
To whom my heart is chained, whom I attend ;
I pray thee by the faith of love sincere
That ne'er again I have such grief to bear,
As on this day to me thou dost extend.
For now I suffer martyrdom so great
That death alone could all my woe abate ;
So overcome with sorrow is my heart.
'Tis true none can be seen in so sad state
As is my spirit when it learns its fate ;
Which stuns it with a blow of cruel smart.
But none the less my heart shall still expend
Itself in hope that thou wilt pity lend.
There is no cause for envy nor despair,
For I can still be happy when I hear
That not in vain my days of grief I spend.

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LXXXVI

I pray thee, dame of happy heart,
Though nothing come of my request,
That thou my love rememberest,
Since it is deep and free from art.
In thee is all my solace true,
My joy and comfort in thee dwell,
In thee, O lady fair to view,
My memory can find its spell.
But hasten now to do thy part,
For if I cannot speak of rest,
I shall lament me sore distrest.
So now bid all my grief depart,
I pray thee. . . . .

LXXXVII

To do all for her pleasure, now
The joyous time I patient wait ;
How sorrowful is all my state,
Waiting fulfilment of her vow.
Certain it is most grievous, how
I suffer and lament my fate.
But for the memory, I trow,
Of all the joy I had of late,
E'en yet my hope remaineth great
That pleasure shall my life endow.

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LXXXVIII

'Tis certain I have sorrow sore
When thinking on past hours of bliss,
As now I see that I must miss
Them all, and slowly deathward draw.
I had in her such joy before,
That no one could have more than this ;
But now thy pity on me pour,
For when I seek to serve, I wis
I find myself without a kiss,
Despairing, peace is now no more.

LXXXIX

Thy gentle glance now given me,
'Fore heaven, death to me has brought.
So wounded by my love for thee,
That truly hope I cannot see,
Nor find my peace in any thought ;
Except the flower of beauty, be
Revealed to me, which I have sought,
And which may hold my heart in fee.

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XC

I will not evil speak of thee,
Although to me thou art unkind ;
For well 'tis known, I do not mind
What thou dost feel or think of me.
Thou art of evil-speakers, one.
They are to goodness enemies.
Thy praise and favour I would shun,
I have obtained a fairer prize.
For, by my faith, now should there be
No cause why I should be maligned ;
For well I know that I may find
With thee no unanimity.
I tell thee true that thou hast won
No praise nor honour in men's eyes,
Thy fate will cause them no surprise ;
Since this false slander has begun.
But I shall see thy misery,
In trouble thou shalt be entwined
While I rejoice—I have designed
To sing of love with ecstasy.

XCI

Oh, naught of interest I can see
Enough that I should make a song ;
For one who plains the hours that flee
Certain most foolish must he be.
Still it does not to me belong
To listen to his words or plea,
And if he join the silent throng—
Ah well, his fate is naught to me.

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XCII

Fairest of flowers, wilt call to mind
The secret which I told to thee ?
Now let thy friends malignant be
Because I thee in memory find.
But since in love thou wouldst me bind
For sake of true felicity,
And since our hearts are close entwined,
For little gift I make my plea ;
Which from thy gentle glance I see
Most willingly is now consigned.

XCIII

I clearly see I am deceived,
But by Saint John, if I be so,
You will not be the cause I know,
For heaven my sorrow has reprieved.
You are a lady of deceit,
Pretending ever to be friend.
But I am safe, I do repeat,
You cannot now my pain extend.
Yet have a care, you will be grieved,
That heaven aids me I will show—
Fruitless shall night and darkness go
Until my vengeance is received.

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XCIV

Now well I see that pity sleeps,
And hope has vanished verily.
Remembrance often comforts me
But pain my heart most restless keeps ;
Anger my mind in trouble steeps,
So that my thoughts of reason flee ;
And when I think that once in deeps
Of love, I knew what she could be,
Indeed I seek death willingly.
No comfort now my spirit reaps.

XCV

Too much, my love, the facile pen
Has held me, yet no aid it gains,
It cannot break the prison chains
And let me rule the time again.
Yet soul will ne'er be quiet when
The hope of conquest still remains.
New cheer shall find my spirit then.
The god of grace afresh sustains
The thought which now my heart maintains ;
My joy in spite of her I ken.

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XCVI

Alas, I wish this sorrow could not be,
This fear that I am now by her forgot :
Indeed 'tis hard to lack all sympathy,
To be the victim of a cruel lot.
In truth this treatment is not fair to me,
That one I love against me thus should plot.
Ah would that ne'er again I might her see,
For she in me a fruitless hope begot.
She might have been such welcome company
With form so fair, with heart in lovers-knot.

XCVII

To love let honour ever be
When I am so within his power ;
For truth to tell, my every hour
Is his, my fancy cannot flee ;
For his sake grant some aid to me,
Or trouble soon shall be my dower.
Now, O my worthy master, see
How all my life has lost its flower.
Behold, I feel misfortune lower.

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XCVIII

I could not have a joy so great as this,
Nor pleasure rare, nor such a happy bliss,
Unless the lady whom my heart adores
Had told me oft that freely, without pause,
Her heart was knit with mine, and naught amiss.
And truly such a great delight is mine ;
I now can live in peace which seems divine
And for me alone.
For thinking how in grief I used to pine,
She says to me " My friend, I now design
This way to atone."
To praise the god of love I could not miss,
And every day to thank him, good it is,
For he to my lone life this gift restores—
This wonder-flower which lovely scent outpours,
And gives me all the joy of longed-for kiss.

XCIX

Indeed he is not wisdom's friend
Who puts no hope nor trust in love ;
Foolish is he who thus would prove
A grief, or sorrow would defend,
For once indeed my knight did wend
Away from me, and faithless rove.
But he has freely made amend,
In him my faith shall never move,
Indeed so fortunate my trove,
He seeks me out until his end.

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C

So wide its course, the world may never heed
My love-fired frame, or mercy to me show ;
Nor even light a flame to cheer my woe,
While yet there is the time, and I have need.
For time it is that naught my love can feed,
Except the lady who no peer may know.
Therefore with all humility I plead
That pity from her heart to me may flow,
And that my sad refrain may stir her, so
That all my sorrow may be cured indeed.

CI

The other day when I had dined,
I sought the joyous company
Of fairest lady I could see
In grove where apple-blossom shined.
She jested with the god of love,
Who takes delight in merry glance,
And I as well with joy did move,
For love was present in her dance.
'Tis well she should rejoice I find,
For none more dear to me could be.
In her bright look each one did see
His heart in happiness entwined.

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CII

New cheer let each one freely take,
O ladies and your lovers new ;
Await the fruit now fresh with dew
That heaven gives your thirst to slake.
Its like no human skill can make,
Its beauty can be claimed by few.
Love willingly will challenge wake
And summon up his guard anew ;
His arms protect the tree, 'tis true ;
Not for his fame, but knighthood's sake.

CIII

Now am I come to join the ball
With ladies of this fair abode,
To hear their voices fill the hall
With virelay or chanted ode ;
But yet the fairest I have seen
Were at a dance in days gone by,
Indeed more lovely they I ween
Than any I espy.
But still to pass the hours which crawl
Throughout this time with weary load,
I will a song attempt, and all
Their foolishness shall be my goad.
The one who thinks herself the queen
As most ill-favoured, I descry,
And I would wish she had not been
Thus present now before the eye ;
Complexioned so, she does appal ;
On her no charm has been bestowed ;
In fact, if likeness I recall
As monkey is she showed.

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CIV

The day when Spring begins to grace the year
I was enraptured by a scent so sweet :
And all my friends told me that it did greet
The god of love, above all else the peer.
Indeed the fairest lady who is known
Upon the earth, without the least delay,
He calls the flower of courtesy alone ;
And in all virtues she does bear the sway.
When I do praise her, I am filled with fear,
But all my heart has happiness complete ;
Then humbly I petition her to meet
My prayer for pity, and my plaint to hear.

CV

Alas I cannot now defend
Myself, from one who would contend,
And strive with him against my will ;
For by my faith, he haunts me still,
And pleasure takes to seek my end.
And I can never refuge find
From him, in arm or wall designed
To shelter me—he still pursues.
Nor is there dungeon which can bind
His force ; nor can he be confined
In fortress—if to shoot he choose.
I still must succour seek, and wend
In search of one who can expend
More strength than his ; a god shall fill
My heart with power his plans to kill—
Yet if I fail—to gain a friend,
Alas I cannot.

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CVI

Since turtle dove with plumage white,
The gift of sunshine and of joy,
Has brought me from the shades of night
To peace no sorrow can destroy,
Indeed I wish that peace and right
Each hour as friends I may employ.
I seek to leave all grief and spite,
And render thanks without alloy
To her, in whom my hope is bright,
That happiness I may enjoy.

CVII

Indeed I now the truth will tell ;
I never saw such likeness be
Between her and the junip tree ;
Such simile will suit her well,
For in her all the virtues dwell
And every good that man can see.
Wisdom her beauty does excel
In honour and felicity.
So free from evil thought is she,
A brighter name I could not spell.

CVIII

The hope I have of joy
Makes all my heart so gay,
That nothing can destroy
My faith in her, or cloy
The service that I pay.
A gift without alloy
Is given me each day,
So happy her employ.

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CIX

My friends so dear and meet for praise,
God give you now prosperity ;
Your hearts are in security,
For I will guard them in all ways.
I cannot have in future days
A joy like your kind company ;
For ever memory with me stays
Of all your friendship's courtesy ;
And if you fain as yet would see
Your comrade—thus his part he plays.

CX

Let all approach who now would see
Delight and joy without a bound ;
And every pleasure gathered round. With no despair.
Since love has brought felicity,
Come to his house with liberty.
Here is the home of love profound,
Here night and day is jollity,
Here song of love-god may resound ;
And truly is the place renowned. By heaven I swear
So fair none other yet may be.

CXI

Lady, possessing every good,
With whom my joy for ay remains,
May Heaven grant thee what I would—
True happiness in every mood.
And now my heart its end attains,
This day when Spring is in the wood ;
For who, in service, thus sustains
His part, can never be withstood.

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CXII

The heart of man can never comprehend
The grievous pain which I must now endure ;
Two years have passed, and still I see no cure
Of all my loving. Tears are but the end.
'Tis strange that heaven should preserve me now,
For by my faith, none is so sad as I ;
I have felt anger, sorrow must avow,
Have had my frame and heart oppressed by sigh.
But through the grace of her who is my friend,
I trust to find my peaceful bliss once more.
I pray thee, lady, whom I so adore,
Remembrance to your servitor extend.

CXIII

Meadow so rich in every flower of field,
Sown with all blossoms and with verdure rare ;
Whose greenness all the paths in beauty share ;
Each moment fresher colour thou dost yield.
My heart is filled with longing unconcealed
To pluck one flower of all which flourish there ;
By choicest scented shall my pain be healed,
The sovereign of them all I gather here.
Its colour white, its centre red revealed,
Upon my breast its beauty I shall bear.

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CXIV

Love now will give me comfort true,
But poverty afflicts me sore ;
Despair has conquered as of yore,
No longer joy shall come from you.
Now memory shall in vain pursue
The heart which is in sadness raw.
So near is Death before my view,
That to tell all my pain before
I am forgotten—will be more
Than my sad soul can hope to do.

CXV

Now welcome to the springtime fair
Which everyone has wish to see ;
Come let us gather joyously
Fresh flowers to please our friends so dear ;
Let each one choose as he may care
The blossom which most sweet may be.
But I shall give the prize I swear
To flowers of gentle memory ;
'Tis they shall bring felicity,
To weary heart give happy cheer.

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CXVI

Ah, jealous fools, the hour which I could give
Of sovereign joy to you ; I speak no lie,
When you could love and cherish her, as I ;
Suffer with me, and in love learn to live.
But you prefer to have no thought for me,
You show no knowledge and no gentleness,
Look on me now without such enmity ;
For I can warn you of a new distress.
Alas if pity fail, I shall not strive,
For now I feel my frame with weakness die.
You could make all my time of sadness fly,
If dread did not my heart of song deprive.
Ah, jealous fools.

CXVII

Alas I die without the hope of aid,
Alas to such great sorrow was I born ;
I dare not speak, my happiness is gone,
Yet in fair hope my comfort still is stayed,
Though I lament my grief, and am dismayed.
I cry each hour " Alas through Fortune's scorn
I shall not see her." So I am afraid.
My heart with ceaseless suffering is torn ;
For if from me her glance should be withdrawn,
By death I lose my power and am betrayed.

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CXVIII

Indeed 'tis meet I love thee Love.
For now so deeply am I plight,
To lady fair beyond delight,
That love against the world I prove.
And I would thank thee, and improve
My praise, when I behold so bright
The honour which in thee doth move,
The heart so firmly fixed in right.
Then joy and pleasure claim my sight,
Nor danger can my love remove.

CXIX

Well would it be if heart in woe
Oppressed and full of misery,
Could now forget its pain, and be
Rejoicing in this Springtime glow ;
Seeing the woods and branches play,
Hearing love's song on every bough ;
But sad despair will never say
I joy—but sorrow's note avow.
This is his constant theme I trow ;
But if God only grant to me
The love to whom I fly—I see
That in her service faith shall grow.

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CXX

With fervour love's sweet lesson I will learn
In this gay Springtime of the month of May ;
For his renown I voice my happy lay ;
Let him who loves me come—I will not spurn.
To him my heart in faithfulness I turn,
And all myself at his will I do lay.
Above all else I choose him ; and discern
That 'tis by right my love to him I pay.
Indeed so fixed am I upon my way,
That no one living can me overturn.

CXXI

Beloved nightingale,
Whose song shall ere prevail,
I pray thee now. Recall my earnest vow ;
In grief I fail. So sad my weary tale,
No grace may I have now.
This May I am inspired,
With love-joy fired ; of prison tired,
Where I have been and still remain.
No hostage is required ;
My heart attired in pain acquired
By grief ; how shall I freedom gain ?
I cannot live if heart should fail
Through all this woe and bale ;
So hard art thou—no comfort to endow.
Thus will prevail more sorrow when " All hail "
Thou singest to me gaily from the bough.

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CXXII

This Maytime with its happy, lovely day
When you have won my loving heart from me ;
I now to woodland glade will swiftly flee
To gather flower of sweetly scented May ;
And as I pluck, a Rondel is my lay,
Melodious, joyous, from all sadness free.
A garland will I gather from the spray,
As symbol of my heart's fidelity ;
For never I forget her charity.
She is the flower I seek without delay.

CXXIII

Who, while he lives this life, would seek to find
Contentment—let him guard himself right well
From melancholy thoughts which grip the mind
With little profit, but with subtle spell,
Causing forgetfulness of all behind ;
Such thoughts will hours of failure soon compel,
A faltering heart, a body sadly pined.
So, poor is he who cannot love impel.
And by my faith, it is a fate unkind
That I may not my love for her forthtell

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CXXIV

Love, whom I now have served so long ;
I would not make complaint of thee ;
But all my days most faithful be,
Do homage with devotion strong ;
For unto thee I do belong.
But I would pray thee earnestly
That unto me should be no wrong,
That thou shouldst work no pain for me.
For 'tis my wish most certainly
That friendship should be all my song.

CXXV

Fair greeting on this happy day
God give you, sovereign lady fair ;
To you of every gift a share,
For grace and honour you array.
Indeed so charming is your way,
That as you wish, myself I bear
More wisely. So I live and say
There is no gift which time may bear
By night nor day, from far or near,
Which pleases as your love's sweet sway.

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CXXVI

I am well served when I propose
Return of all your favours shown.
Your hand which easily bestows
A gift—I do not care to own.
Yet still I suffer sadness sore,
And live my life in mournful moan,
But if I sought him as before,
A fool supreme I should be known.
And this my fate most clearly shown,
The man round whom my love was thrown,
In whom my fond belief arose,
Now leaves me grieving and alone.

CXXVII

I now complain of saddest grief,
And feel alas I have great woe ;
For Death has struck a sudden blow,
Which heaven knows is past belief.
Tears, sighs, and sorrows, are my fief ;
No comfort now to me can flow.
He holds me as his hostage chief,
So sad alas my lot, I know
My days shall end in suffering, so
No pleasure now shall bring relief.

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CXXVIII

When I shall find a violet fresh as thee,
Of loving memory 'twill be the sign ;
Of how true faith my heart may yet entwine,
When gathering this flower of rarity.
And I will make a fitting melody,
As symbol of the sorrow which was mine.
For, by my faith, such joy has come to me,
No future day can with such radiance shine ;
Save when her beauty shall my soul confine,
Her dear glance fill with loving ecstasy.

CXXIX

The violet that I have gathered, now
For other flower I never shall displace ;
Nor for distress, nor evil that may chase
My heart to death—in faith I make a vow.
The passing days shall prove to all men, how
No time shall be when she has not her place
Of honour ; and her blossom shall endow
Each hour I live with memory of her face.
To keep all which is hers, my aim I trow,
Until in faith and loyalty is my grace.

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CXXX

O gentle heart where hast thou flown ?
Indeed my seeming friend is lost—
No further thought of me has crossed
His mind—I am left quite alone.
Of joy I hear no more the tone,
Since thou hast failed me ; I am tossed
By doubt, and all my life is moan.
The hope which once to me was boast
Thou hast forgotten ; now almost
My way of life will be unknown.

CXXXI

The chaplet of flowers so sweet,
With marguerites of scent so rare,
Has filled my heart with newborn cheer,
For red and white within them meet.
So I shall wear them, and will greet
Her heart with service everywhere ;
With worship every day complete,
With love unchanging, free from fear.
But now I humbly make my prayer—
Let danger not my cause defeat.

CXXXII

Flower of all flowers and mistress rare,
How full of joy the man must be
Who waits upon thy pleasure here ;
Of all the rest thou art most fair,
Thine equal is not known to me.
None other such a charm may bear,
For unto thee my life is fee
Until the world shall disappear.

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CXXXIII

This time so fresh and fair in month of May,
When nightingale sings sweetly on the bough,
When chants of love the woodland groves endow,
My heart in joy should turn from grief away ;
For lady fair has looked on me this day
And said " My friend, be happy, for 'tis now
To loyalty of heart my debt I pay."
Therefore to her this merry month, I trow,
A chaplet of all virtues I will vow,
Which Time shall never fade nor disarray.

CXXXIV

Since I believe thou lovest me ;
For thus thou makest it appear ;
Certain it is, as friend I bear
My life as plighted sure to thee.
I give thee thanks perpetually,
I serve thee willing everywhere.
But if as friend in loyalty
Thou wishest I should thee revere,
Do thy behest without a fear ;
Nor doubt my heart's fidelity.

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CXXXV

Herald of Love—O Nightingale—
So wont to sing of ecstasy,
No longer let me hear you cry,
For now my heart is full of bale.
When I recall the happy news
Which once your voice to me did bring,
My grief still more my heart pursues,
Waking my soul with sorrow's sting.
Oh hasten to the leafy dale
Where my love is nigh ;
And then no more, until I die
Through song so sweet my life shall fail.

CXXXVI

All men should love the good which is supreme ;
'Tis patience, hope, and virtue, all in one.
The tree from which the fairest fruit is won ;
Who tastes it, happier than all I deem.
On such a fruit of hope, I nourish me
When sad with sorrow and with melancholy
In time of stress.
Yet fear I not dismay nor jealousy
When with good men I have my company,
Nor feel distress ;
For unto them a follower I seem ;
They speak to me and my despair is done,
They tell me that while night and day shall run
I should leave all to follow duty's gleam.

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CXXXVII

Great happiness for countryside
When waiting till the fairest flower
With scent so fresh from passing shower,
Shall flourish with the lily's pride.
How fresh a beauty shall abide
In woodland free from evil power ;
For thus is loveliness descried
In her whose honour is her dower ;
Indeed there is not any bower
Can show her equal, far or wide.

CXXXVIII

Beneath a tree in my green bower,
The nightingale has made his plaint ;
His gentle song will all acquaint
How I am held in sorrow's power.
For all my solace and my joy
I now have lost for evermore ;
And in this green bower I employ
My thoughts on her whom I adore.
Absent from her 'tis death each hour ;
Lo, she has left me, and I faint,
For her in blossoms I did paint
With happiness my spring-green bower: Beneath a tree.

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CXXXIX

Why to deceive me you should try,
Indeed I cannot truly know ;
But tell me quickly ere you go,
If so it be in verity.
For deeply pledged to you am I,
Though prisoner you may me show.
But clearly now I can descry
That since at first I felt the blow,
I sought not to withstand you ; though
You railed at my distress so nigh.

CXL

To do her wish my heart is wholly set,
And loyally to love her verily.
A fairer one than she I have not met,
And in my heart most cherished shall she be.
Her charm once seen I never can forget,
Her spirit gay and full of ecstasy.
Therefore I sorrow and I plain, as yet
To hold her close is not allowed to me.
Nor am I able, to my sad regret,
To bear this fortune hard more patiently.

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CXLI

O freshest May, 'tis with new joy I see
Thy woodlands decked with beauty everywhere ;
For 'mid them I behold love's flower most fair ;
Indeed 'tis good to see such ecstasy.
Now let each one sing song most merrily,
The nightingale's response is in the air ;
His song the gift to give will tell to me.
I shall present to one of virtue rare
A chaplet of fresh eglantine, and bear
The love which nightingale has taught to me.

CXLII

Love now has given me such grief—
My gracious one this is so true,
That happiness I must eschew,
And joy become each day more brief.
Night and day, without relief
I used to serve and wait on you ;
Of pleasant times these were the chief ;
I had no sorrow to subdue.
But now no more can lover do
Than think of days now past belief.

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CXLIII

Now weary heart, forget the pain,
The cruel grief which exiles thee,
Spoil not this April fair to see
Who calls thee to his dance again.
I pray thee, offer heart and brain
To be the slave of love so free.
Leave then the night of stress and strain ;
Beneath his care thy sleep shall be.
Wake, and enjoy his ecstasy,
Treating all sorrow with disdain.

CXLIV

On this fair day so full of happiness,
When thou, O master who the world did make,
New birth from virgin dame did freely take,
Thou art of joy the sovereign I confess.
And Lady who each virtue does possess,
In whom all honour and all beauties wake,
Whose kindliness is free all men to bless,
Whose fame is known, whose care will never break ;
We supplicate thee, do not now forsake
Thy servants, tree whose flower is nobleness.

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CXLV

If Pity sleep, and Danger do defy—
O lady, in whom grace has no alloy,
I soon shall lose my life, and hopeless die,
For nothing can my misery destroy.
My sorrow will my happiness deny.
Since thus thy wish is only to annoy,
Alas what care is mine, how sad am I ?
I find no hope nor succour, but employ
My heart in thought of Death, whose presence nigh
Makes me to plain for pity and for joy.

CXLVI

In favourite glade I found myself one day,
'Twas springtime and a lovely rose I sought,
Whose scent should pass all others on the spray ;
My eager arm to reach it was too short,
It was so far above me ; flower most fair,
Surrounded by its thorns, so sharp and keen
That none could grasp it, though it seemed so near.
My suffering heart was set on it I ween,
And I did sorrow with a new dismay,
For while I live I now must clothe my thought
In black, yet for the hope I have, alway
I will that on my coat some green be wrought.

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CXLVII

A ray of light I once saw in a dream;
From distant stars so clearly did it shine,
No human heart its brightness could define,
Nor realise its peace and joy supreme.
And often I have seen love's radiance nigh,
Shining from star upon my waking way ;
More bright than buds which on the hawthorn lie,
Flourishing fairer than the roses' spray.
But chiefly I recall it, for I deem
That in it I renew a love divine,
Devoted to the beauty which is thine ;
To share it with none other I would seem.

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CXLVIII

Inspired by Love and filled with joyous hope
For pleasure which I gain from your dear grace ;
Filled with all happiness of love to cope
With all the pain which late I did embrace ;
So now naught can prevent me seeking joy ;
For, without lie, no other end I know.
To speak as lover is my sole employ
In words which tell of grace without alloy.
Now see how gentle April comes and lo,
His happy song shall all my grief destroy.
O lady fair, of fame beyond my scope,
Reward my service—memory shall chase
The sad despair in which I used to grope,
Seeking in death to end my life's hard case.

CXLIX

Friend whom I love more than my soul,
Comfort thyself in happiness ;
Now faith in thee I do profess,
For of my heart thou hast the whole.
Friend, now I feel thy love's control
'Twill not allow forgetfulness ;
Friend, certain 'tis I shall enrol
Myself yet further, and confess,
O friend so dear, in sweet impress
I write thy name on lover's scroll.

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CL

He who now wears a foolish air
Shows little wisdom, it is clear,
This I aver.
And he who would within his place
An honest piece of labour face,
We should revere ;
Enough is his each year,
Good food his work shall grace.
But ever shall my garden bear
A gardener,
To root up weeds with thorough care,
To check decay ;
But all the sweet shoots to prepare
With skill most rare.
I well could face disaster drear,
Loss and dismay.
If, far from me, a villain seek
To steal upon your crops with crafty snare
And starve you there ;
So little will I fear his pace
That I defy him in his chase
To make you fear.
For Devil's power I do not care
Throughout my coming days.

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CLI

Now is my heart without comfort,
Now is my heart without disport,
Now is my heart without solace,
Now is it with no memory's grace,
And without hope of gaining port.
Fortune is 'gainst me every day,
Attacking me in every way,
Uprooting all my pleasant aims,
My happiness, the love I pay,
There is no time when I can say
I have the joy my service claims.
For Fortune seeks my death in sport,
I fain would strive against his fort,
Yet if 'tis thus I would him chase,
I know I have no hope to face—
Deep sleep my advocate has caught.

CLII

'Tis right indeed and thus is my desire,
To hold this happy day a loyal heart ;
No greater pleasure could the hour impart
Than your bright glance to set my soul on fire.
Indeed, my fair one, 'tis my great delight,
I seek none other, yours will well suffice.
Your look will banish danger and affright,
Checking their evil practice and device.
To love you is a joy which can inspire
Forgetfulness of all my pain and smart;
With you my former sorrows will depart,
And by my faith, no more 'gainst me conspire.

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CLIII

If for sweet Pity's sake you take no heed,
I shall wait on, O lady, watching thee.
For 'tis too hard to always live in need,
And feel that by one glance I could be freed.
To thee I look for ever longingly.

CLIV

'Tis no delight to have a lovely dame,
If I am far from her most dear embrace ;
Above two hearts the banner is the same ;
With one accord they beat ; each other claim ;
For this, by heaven, is true lovers' grace.

CLV

He who would praises sing of love each day,
Let him now come with dames and maidens all,
Despite the jealous, let us hear his call
And in this little garden, joy display.
Await him here, O ladies fair and gay—
And all ye maidens, flower of beauty don—
The loving Janete, young Ixabelon,
The gracious Catete, joyous Margaron,
The gentle Cremoine too—let each install
The love which loves for ever and for ay.

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CLVI

Lady, whose look so gracious lent
Has made my heart rejoice this day,
I promise thee my love alway
Completely, never to relent.
Receive it now, O sister dear ;
For to you I am wholly plight,
In body and in soul sincere ;
To serve thee ever is delight.
Although by dart my life be shent,
Its perfume sweet no thing can slay,
Its home within my heart, its sway
Checked, when thine eyes on me are bent.

CLVII

Thy duty on this earth must ever be
To do the right, this thou shalt not regret ;
To speak the fitting word in verity ;
For 'tis too hard to flatter equally,
And thus to please each person who is met.

CLVIII

I wait the joy which should be mine by right,
For I am ready, and shall hope for bliss ;
In expectation I have lived for this,
But so far, little have I found delight ;
Yet now to prove what should befall me here
'Tis meet I often state my loyalty ;
So that none now may mock me, while I bear
My separation from her company.
This fills me with deep sorrow, and my plight
Is ever waiting. Hope will faint I wis ;
Through evil happenings my peace I miss,
And soon shall wait no longer, day or night.

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CLIX

'Tis right that I the praise of love should sing,
And love you ; for your servant I will be.
To no one else my heart shall ever cling,
But all my joy within your heart I see.
My soul, my frame, my good, and all I own
Of lovely things, have in you their resort,
And all my happiness in you alone.
To dwell on other would be foolish thought ;
But now I dare a humble prayer to bring,
And supplicate you. If you care for me,
O do not spurn the service that may spring
From loving you, and faithful memory.

CLX

Weep, my sad heart, without a bitter tear;
Languish, my frame, in sorrow deep and keen ;
My feelings now are wearied with the teen,
Which late the sparks of heaven's fire did bear.
In sad unrest my thought will ever be,
For I do love thee more than my own heart ;
And if this love should suffer, woe is me.
Now from my sister sweet I would not part,
But seek her in disaster and in fear.
A joyous greeting my reward has been,
And for my comfort, I may feel, I ween,
The wings of love spread o'er me everywhere.

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CLXI

Well I perceive a cruel chance—
Dismay and envy, evil speech ;
You wish your false words to impeach
My faith each day, my grief advance.
This is the sign of love askance
Which ever makes a greater breach.
I little care, for you enhance
My prayer that heaven may you teach,
How I can still my freedom reach
By placing heart beyond your lance.

CLXII

Speak now who will, and let him say ;
I all my devoir still will do;
With wishes loving, service true,
I make my offer every day.
And those who envy me, may pay,
To their great sorrow and their rue.
In jealousy they find dismay.
Yet honestly I will pursue
My course, and morn and even too
Sing song of joy upon my way.

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CLXIII

Lady, if jealous tell
Of my new-saddened thought and pain,
Well you must know the martyr strain
Which now within my heart does dwell.
So no more shall my laughter spell
The phrase of love sincere and plain.
I dread the slander which will swell,
If I do not my faith maintain.
To tremble now I would be fain
Unless, through pity, all is well.

CLXIV

This day 'tis meet I say how much I need
To have my joy in all that I desire ;
For, by my faith, I cannot but concede
My love the service which her graces need.
Above all others I must her admire
Since virtue ever does from her proceed.
And 'tis my right to praise her and aspire ;
Fairer than all the rest she is indeed.

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CLXV

Of all the flowers that I have ever seen,
'Tis my belief this is by far most fair ;
For it is pied and dowered with colours rare,
More lovely than the rest have lately been.
'Tis white and crimson, slightly flecked with shade,
Shrouded in green, in all things rightly shaped ;
'Tis pleasant to possess it, 'tis arrayed
In sovereign beauty—and with honour draped:
Of virtue and of truth it has the sheen.
Their symbol it may be, I see it clear.
My heart desires to have it ever near.
My love for it becomes each hour more keen.

CLXVI

I know not why Love brings me to this fate,
In loving lady with a heart so true ;
So that my sorrow has no hope in view,
Save Death, which calls me to his silent state.
To leave this life is strange to contemplate,
When grace and pity are worth nothing new ;
Better 'twould be for me to seek the gate
Of hermitage, and heaven thus pursue ;
Saying farewell to all the pain and rue
That you have brought upon me soon and late.

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CLXVII

By right you claim the flower of perfectness,
O lady, of most perfect excellence ;
When you show love, it is a joy intense,
Of every other it shall be mistress.
You are the hawthorn brightening the glade,
The scented flower which springs upon the bough;
Who seeks it, will be happy, unafraid ;
And when he finds it, he is well enow.
O lovely May, it is thy happiness
When hawthorn bears a blossom, whose incense
Can end all suffering and joy dispense.
I hail the flower which cures all my distress.

CLXVIII

To celebrate the happy day,
Lady, no better gift I bring ;
Let heaven now with rapture fling
Upon thee every honour gay.
Of courtesy thou art the spray,
Indeed 'tis truly one can sing.
All charms which knowledge may display,
To thee by force of nature cling.
Oh, let not memory take wing
From one who serves in lover's way.

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CLXIX

I do not wish your company ;
I now retire from lover's snare,
I learn from days of joy that were
How martyrdom most cruel can be ;
Dismayed, no happiness I see,
Service no more shall be my care,
Nor night nor day is love for me,
I may not hope again, 'tis clear.
So true it is, my heart can swear
That love has made this misery.

CLXX

Saint Gabriel who now fair message brings,
Wishes that I should find in her my joy,
In her who has my love without alloy,
In whom my heart disports itself, and sings,
This happy day when bright new-year upsprings.
Indeed no prayer to other I employ,
But unto her who glance of comfort flings.
For this I often craved when in annoy.
Her mercy tender shall my grief destroy,
And Hope protect me with his guardian wings.

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CLXXI

O Love, I love thee as the right of love,
And to love more I could not if I tried ;
For thou hast made this Maytime swiftly glide
In happiness, and given love as trove.
The sighs and sorrows which thou dost remove
I cry no more in sadness far and wide ;
But, by my faith, enduring I shall prove ;
For 'tis my hope that heart so cruelly tied
And suffering so deeply at thy side
May change its aim, and to new refuge move.

CLXXII

My heart is proud to wage this enterprise,
For I am seized with love so true and deep
That still astonishment is in my eyes,
And at this moment all my sorrows sleep.
To me you show a love so delicate
That I will beg for its continuance ;
And I have solace none while I await,
But all my soul is filled with sad mischance.
Yet, by my faith, I doubt if I am wise
To tell you of the tears that I weep ;
'Twere better you should think I find my prize
Elsewhere, and silence on the subject keep.

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CLXXIII

How now indeed shall I have what I had ?
A faithful friend to service ever glad,
As thou wert always in thy loyalty ;
I know not what to do for love of thee,
With sighs alas I tell thee I am sad.
Lady unequalled and with virtue dowered,
Knowledge and gentleness on thee are showered
To deck thy pleasant charm with beauty rare.
To give or 'suage my pain thou art empowered,
For in thee is all tenderness embowered,
Thou art my hope of good and choice most fair
And now I beg of thee, in honour clad,
Of thee, who holdst my life for good or bad,
That no refusal thou dost grant to me.
For I fear nothing but duplicity ;
Show pity ere my grief shall drive me mad.

CLXXIV

Now more and more I clearly see,
Each day a further knowledge gain,
So that since childhood I maintain
My faith more strong in verity.
And if I would speak bold and free,
To each one suffering doubt and pain,
I would avow that faith can gain
More hope than sad despair and be,
Though oft deceived, more ecstasy.

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CLXXV

Balade

My weary heart, when wilt thou find repose ?
Canst tell the hour when all thy loyalty
Shall be rewarded, and thy griefs and woes
Ended, and freed from Fate's malignity ?
Perchance to suffer thus, my destiny,
While every day with weariness is rife
Until my pain seems well a part of me ;
Would I could see a speedy end to life.

In everything I find no comfort glows,
Despairing all my pleasures swiftly flee,
Severed from joy which every lover knows,
I owe my hurt to Fortune's enmity.
Art not ashamed O Fate ; canst thou not see
That now enough has been my ceaseless strife ?
In name of heaven, I would cry to thee :
Would I could see a speedy end to life.

Yet step by step for me a fresh hope grows,
That thou my love will bear me company ;
To guard thee well I steadfastly propose
To be most patient in humility ;
And doubt not thou shalt now protected be
And free from fear of Misfortune's knife ;
But if thou shouldst forget my loyalty,
Would I could see a speedy end to life.

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CLXXVI

Balade

To him who has his thought fresh-filled with hope,
And would direct his life towards the right,
Let him enjoy his faith in fullest scope,
Fearing no jealous and no evil wight ;
But let him think upon the true delight
Of future happiness ; while here excel
In honour and in courtesy, so bright ;
For praise of loyal servitor is well.

A fair reward is his who thus should cope
With daily task—who free from envy's spite
Should shun the evil, and for truth should grope,
Finding a faith at all times clear to sight.
In such a trust my heart has found aright.
If hope had not sustained me, one could tell
My death : but God has saved me from this plight ;
For praise of loyal servitor is well.

So patiently I bear afflictions' rope ;
Yet in my soul shall blossom ever white
The spray of trust, no pestilence can dope,
In all its beauty and its freshness dight.
For ne'er shall I forget the weary night
When woe was mine ; but every day shall spell
The message of deliverance to light ;
For praise of loyal servitor is well.

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CLXXVII

Balade

Now comes one who my death would gladly see,
With pride and arrogance is all his mien ;
'Tis evil great that I'm no longer free,
For he can vent his power on me I ween.
Yet on the help of noble knights I lean,
If they can succour me without delay
I am protected and of heart serene,
From him I am defended every way.

He is so strong, that all which rests for me
Is doubt and fear—which from his look I glean ;
And there is none who lives in jollity,
With pleasant cheer, and free from shaft of spleen,
Who can resist his dart so swift and keen.
In vain their hope—he has the final sway.
Yet still I trust, that by my plight so mean,
From him I am defended every way.

And so have mercy on my misery,
I render thanks for all that I have seen,
Praying protection, which shall ever be
Reward of faithfulness in time of teen.
For this my gift both day and night has been ;
And in the justice which he shall display
I have a trust, that through my life so clean,
From him I am defended every way.

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CLXXVIII

Balade

Alas who now can truly say
That miracles this time appear ;
Though one desire them every day
And see their need with vision clear.
For all the malice he does bear,
For all the cruelty I discern
In him—I make my earnest prayer—
May cart and driver overturn.

I would be joyous on my way,
If he should break his axle here,
And none should aid him in dismay,
Nor come to help him in despair ;
Let heaven now its powers declare,
And do the thing for which I yearn ;
His horses all their traces tear—
And cart and driver overturn.

My faith and right I now array
In glory of the sunrise near ;
And make my port with heart so gay ;
A serpent, as a charm I bear,
And thus to conquer him I dare,
His power of evil thought to spurn,
To vanquish him shall be my care—
May cart and driver overturn.

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CLXXIX

Balade

The inspiration so divine,
Which counsels and protects our way,
Enlists us 'neath its bannered sign,
Where painter Meekness does display.
And he who will his greed allay,
His lust for flesh and blood deny,
Shall free his life from evil's sway ;
Envy and pride let us defy.

'Tis right the foolish should resign
Their lives—as we can read this day
In Solomon the sage—the line
Tells how the fool will pass away,
And live but little time to play.
To this a full assent give I,
And now a word of challenge say—
Envy and pride let us defy.

And now to a conclusion fine
My balade shall be brought I pray ;
I had not slain these foes of mine
Without the help of heaven's array ;
Through its swift help, gone is dismay,
And all the grief which heart did try.
Therefore my voice shall cry alway—
Envy and pride let us defy.

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CLXXX

Balade

I hunt you with a silent horn,
Beast, that I never chased before ;
And now you have escaped, I warn
You that I shall pursue the more ;
For I have met your kind of yore,
And none too soon this end is wrought ;
For when my horn sounds out its blore—
An ancient reynard will be caught.

I have a hound of swiftness born,
With which I shall pursue your spoor,
And none there is I will be sworn
To do the deed more keen and sore,
So strong is he from chase of boar,
By all my pack your end is sought.
.....
An ancient reynard will be caught.

Now well it is upon this morn,
I think which arrow from my store
May end my suffering forlorn
And catch my fox for evermore,
So in this hope I will restore
My life, and be of happy thought ;
For ere the Spring has passed my door—
An ancient reynard will be caught.

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CLXXXI

Balade

I do not care what may befall,
So long as I no change-heart be ;
My mind to right and reason thrall
Will wait its turn most willingly.
No thing can check my toil I see ;
But still the hope of coming things
Shall give my heart felicity,
Awaiting what the future brings.

Now am I evil served withal
And things grow worse each day for me,
In me my master's faith is small,
He cares not in his jollity
For all the time of misery
Of which I have endured the stings ;
I still must suffer hopefully,
Awaiting what the future brings.

It is a right we may install,
That one who lives in honesty
Should from his master payment call
According to his worth and fee ;
And though for me is slavery,
And lack of skill around me clings,
Yet hope can cure anxiety,
Awaiting what the future brings.

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CLXXXII

Balade

O Heaven, when I see thee fair
And decked with every loveliness,
Honour and virtue everywhere,
Of rarest beauty—I confess
Thine equal ne'er was born—I guess.
Yet think—there soon will come the day
When thy fresh bloom will pass away. 7

I will not grieve that I am here
To watch thy fading comeliness,
Nor shall alone the sorrow bear,
For many grieve with thy distress ;
And all alike feel the duress
Of sorrow, as they sadly say
How thy fresh bloom will pass away. 14

O peace of Lombardy most rare ;
O dame to whom is my address,
I will not fail to be sincere,
Though past the fame of thy caress ;
Which many thought could heal and bless.
Though thou art sad in disarray,
As thy fresh bloom will pass away. 21

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CLXXXIII

Balade

Ah, day to which I long have pledged my heart,
This joyful day, I bid thee now receive
In happiness, my poor affection's art
Which without thee can never grace achieve.
Thou mayest give me freely, I believe,
What I have so long sought in faith from thee ;
For though thou art unkind, I will not grieve,
Good wishes never have been lacking me.

'Tis little time that wealth has played its part,
For there is nothing now thou couldst bereave
From me except to strike dishonour's dart
Into my soul, and thus fresh woe to weave ;
For this possession I would fain retrieve,
Though it may mean farewell eternally.
'Tis right that now thou clearly shouldst perceive
Good wishes never have been lacking me.

Therefore I pray thee ere this day depart,
These hours which joy and hope as treasure leave,
That thou dost not forget my ceaseless smart,
'Tis thee alone whose love may not deceive.
And well I know 'tis right to seek reprieve,
For thou hast known my true fidelity ;
Remember, though thou dost not me relieve,
Good wishes never have been lacking me.

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CLXXXIV

Balade

To me this seems to be a happy sight,
Which, as I look on it, more happy grows ;
'Tis as a vision for my heart's delight,
'Tis well to watch it in its fair repose ;
An orchard hung with fruit of joy, with rows
Of buds and blossoms in their varied hue ;
'Tis fragrant, and around it water flows,
Rejoicing every flower and leaf anew.

Forget not now, my love, thine appetite,
And choose the ripest apple where it shows ;
Behold a bird with plumage soft and white
Sings on the branch the message that he knows ;
An equal to his song none could oppose,
And of them all he is most fair to view ;
Each time his theme he will the same compose,
Rejoicing every flower and leaf anew.

This lovely bird on whom such praises light
And who so sweet a song of love outthrows;
It is the gentle turtle-dove so bright ;
To hear him is to feel the end of woes ;
For in his song a happy pleasure grows,
Whilst thou mayest hear him in the branches too,
And read the meaning that his notes enclose,
Rejoicing every flower and leaf anew.

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CLXXXV

Balade

God, who created everything for good,
And stablished all, in nobleness and right ;
Creatures of diverse nature, understood,
Ranging them in their order, by His might ;
With trees and blossoms for His world's delight ;
One, as a greater marvel He begot ;
One, which we hold a treasure passing bright,
The lovely flower we call forget-me-not.

To mention all its charm 'tis meet I should,
For everyone will seek to find its site,
Most famous is it of the lovely wood ;
And all who fain would pluck its bud so light,
Must need compare it, in its beauty dight,
To the true cross (here likeness may be sought)
Which each one seeks to find by day or night ;
The lovely flower we call forget-me-not.

With consolation it is all imbued,
In it each wish can reach its utmost height,
With greatest glory it has been endued,
Its wonder is beyond the world's despite,
Its value none in figures can indite ;
I pray that God and Mary may allot
(For they are rulers of our mortal plight)
To me, the flower we call forget-me-not.

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CLXXXVI

Balade

He who would now describe or would portray,
With surest touch, a lady's beauty rare,
Should first enquire and study day by day
All there may be to honour and revere ;
If this be doubtful, or should not appear,
However praised be lady or be maid,
Their beauty never will be free from snare,
Unless they be in honesty arrayed.

Iseult and Guinevere, and Helen gay,
Polyxene, Cleopatra ; loved ones fair ;
Whose beauty made the poet hymn his lay ;
And Dido in the flame of her despair,
Whom Love gave strength to funeral prepare ;
I say that though much courage these displayed,
They none would have a call to fame so clear,
Unless they were in honesty arrayed.

So nothing good or fair can be I say,
If tree which flourishes no balm should bear,
Or have no fruit, our hunger to allay ;
Such as the palm when withered 'tis and sere,
Yet ripened, many for its dates will care.
So is it with the lovers here portrayed ;
To praise them thus indeed I should not dare,
Unless they were in honesty arrayed.

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CLXXXVII

Balade

'Tis with great peril that in ease I gain
The pleasure, which is known for foolishness ;
But 'tis a plague which strikes with thought insane
A man whom reasoning would else impress.
To seek the devil would be crime far less
Than to such bargain put oneself in fee ;
'Twill be a sorrow, not a happiness,
For through it man may soon confounded be.

To follow love is noble some maintain,
But listen—hear my master—and confess
That man in love, is by a madness ta'en,
For if he know how short is love's caress,
He finds that it is wholly profitless ;
Therefore if thou wouldst this temptation flee,
Recall his warning—leave thy fond address,
For through it man may soon confounded be.

Women will slander men, and will disdain
Their purpose, bringing them to great distress.
His reason gone, her beauty is his bane,
Worse than a beast is he 'neath her duress.
Therefore have care, for 'tis the truth I guess ;
It pleases her thine overthrow to see ;
The danger of thy trust, I on thee press,
For through it man may soon confounded be.

Friend, with a pardon now my balade bless,
Although it may offend thy gentleness ;
For I would not seem ever hard to thee ;
But love I find to be an ill mistress,
For through it man may soon confounded be.

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CLXXXVIII

Balade

Afresh two sovereigns have a compact made ;
Well worthy they of mention seem to be ;
By both a true devotion is displayed
To one fair dame, whose peer we may not see.
I would not overpraise her, but decree
She is in honour perfect and divine ;
Both kings will worship her in unity,
For each to right and virtue will incline.

One will serve Love—the other's debt is paid
To Courtesy—both meet in bravery ;
Each enterprise they enter unafraid,
And proud success will crown their victory ;
Their prize, no words can tell how fair is she,
Nor yet whose heart with hers she will entwine,
As still the battle needs their courage free,
For each to right and virtue will incline.

The lover Florimont is one, 'tis said ;
The other is described in verity
As courteous Souldain—and the dame arrayed
In honour, by both worshipped, is Melquie.
'Tis pleasure, and has chanced most happily
That these two kings and the fair queen should shine
In close agreement and in harmony,
For each to right and virtue will incline.

In gratitude for vision shown to me
Of happiness, in which they all agree,
I clothe myself in robe of white ermine ;
And finally I praise their equity,
For each to right and virtue will incline.

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CLXXXIX

Balade

Without a leaf there is no fruit nor flower,
From leaf springs Love and Hope with freshest green,
All virtue in this fair time is in bower
With colour, ever lovely to be seen.
But there is naught in all this joy I ween,
Since by no creepers are my trees entwined,
Where little birds were cover wont to find.

This time of joy there is delight each hour,
From dawn to eve. Here April and May-Queen
For love's fair rose will strive with equal power,
And both will nourish Hope, with scents so keen
That all the lovers will forget their teen ;
And I my lack of leafage will not mind,
Where little birds were cover wont to find.
Come then, O gentle verdure, as a dower
Of happy freshness—Let me joyous glean
Your glory ere it passes as a shower ;
The branches quickly lose their vivid sheen,
And leave the garden, where Love dwelt serene,
A barren place—instead of shelter kind
Where little birds were cover wont to find.

I pray to Love, who all my help has been,
Reward thy servant, though his work be mean ;
Give him a verdant arbour, well designed,
Where little birds may cover always find.

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CXC

Balade

'Tis very right that you should love but me,
For you I chose the first of all the rest,
The kindness you have shown perpetually,
Your lovely eyes my heart with joy invest.
As often as my spirit has been blest,
'Tis your fair glance my passion did inspire,
Therefore 'tis right you have my love entire.

And, by my faith, 'tis well that this should be,
For you have all my heart, and of its best ;
We are two spirits close in unity,
No disagreement is in either breast,
Your heart is mine, and mine is as your guest,
And shall be while together we aspire ;
Therefore 'tis right you have my love entire.

'Tis certain Love can high achievement see
In two such friends, by single aim possest.
How can love reach more true felicity
Than in two hearts which on each other rest ?
And now I say Farewell—though 'tis confessed
There is in neither sorrow, but desire ;
Therefore 'tis right thou hast my love entire.

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CXCI

Balade

Reason commands and claims as thing most right,
That we should aid her justice everywhere ;
And hold the middle way with all our might,
Nor let injustice trap us unaware ;
For oft is seen, affection will appear
Between two persons in a different state,
But still this good advice let us revere—
For lover aged, maid should never wait.

And this is why there is no prospect bright,
For well 'tis known, and truly I declare,
That old man is so often full of blight,
Gouty, becolded, and of body spare,
To stroke a cow would be as fit, I swear,
As to make such for youth a lifelong mate ;
Therefore, I speak, and this opinion share—
For lover aged, maid should never wait.

Old man is often weak and cold at night,
He has no strength to lift an axe, or bear
A staff—he often dies from illness slight,
He keeps his bed in sickness or despair ;
Yet such to love a maid of tender year,
May heaven help me, 'tis a wicked fate
That he such youth and beauty should ensnare ;
For lover aged, maid should never wait.

'Tis wiser far to join in love sincere
Two of an age ; so love its crown may wear ;
Then they are well accorded soon or late ;
Each one the other can console and cheer :
For lover aged, maid should never wait.

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CXCII

Balade

If savage beast with courage one may take,—
And so says Joseph, in his words so true ;
Himself a man whose prowess none could shake,
A chaser, in his keenness, ever new,—
Of all the rest who beauty would pursue
And seek their game, when heaven shows it near,
There is no hunter like the lover fair.

Hector and Amyn, Ansenis, who wake
Their fame with Biaumont and Riflart too,
Achilles, Percival who will not break
His vow—to all these hunters praise is due.
But still, by sainted Anne, I hold my view,
I am most sure—this judgment I declare—
There is no hunter like the lover fair.

'Tis natural that partition they should make
Of all their spoil so rich, and this may do
Their ceaseless longing for fresh prey to slake ;
Such guerdon wont and courtesy endue ;
Though all their quarry has been brought to mew
In a field of chase, I honestly can swear
There is no hunter like the lover fair.

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CXCIII

Balade

All hail —Our Lady of the skies—
Full of all grace and sweetness rare ;
Through thee our greatest joys arise ;
And we are happy in thy care ;
For sinners thou art refuge near ;
The fount of health is in thy ken—
Pray for us ; Mother sweet—amen.

Hail flower fresh-chosen, in whose bosom lies
The fruit which all our nourishment may bear ;
To thee our invocations and our sighs,
In hope a greater strength we soon shall share ;
O Lady gracious—hear my ceaseless prayer
Which I, with voice of weeping, speak ; and then
Pray for us ; Mother sweet—amen.

Leave not forlorn this feeble one, who cries
And sees no sign of comfort anywhere,
Bewildered and with error-blinded eyes ;
O Lady meek, my constant plaining, hear.
Entreat Thy Son, that He may soon declare
Mercy on me and on poor Christian men.
Pray for us ; Mother sweet—amen.

O Christ, our great Creator, true and wise,
Have mercy on my fond stupidities ;
For love of her, who loves Thee and all men.
Pray for us ; Mother sweet—amen.

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CXCIV

Balade

In faith 'tis true, and I will speak my thought ;
Reason should still be master every way ;
And he who would be cured, let him be brought
To this opinion, and more sense display.
Indeed, I do affirm that on each day
This effort, my dear comrades, should be made—
Be evermore attentive to your trade. 7

A pick-purse will not let himself be caught
By showing too much joy about his prey ;
Accomplice stupid by no thief is sought,
Or else 'tis true his business will not pay ;
No one should cross or spoil his wily play ;
And if you judge me right—be not afraid
But evermore attentive to your trade. 14

I hold all well which common sense has wrought ;
And all that lies beneath true reason's sway ;
For when each one his proper task is taught
None will attempt another's pelf to flay ;
This is no sign of courage I must say.
And so by shrewdness let the game be swayed,
Be evermore attentive to your trade. 21

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CXCV

Ballade

Now joy I'll heartily enfold,
And of all grieving set me free,
In that perchance I may behold
The eyes of one so dear to me ;
But if they look unlovingly,
Ah, then I know that I must die ;
And Death would naught but guerdon be,
For sorrow then away would fly.

I cannot fail if I but hold
This faith and trust with certainty,
The god of lovers is enrolled
To aid my fair, and comfort me ;
This I accept unquestingly,
Although I cannot yet descry
My fate, I'll rest on his decree,
For sorrow then away would fly.

Yea it were better, so I hold
As one long time in custody,
Of grief to die, and thus be bold ;
But if God wills my agony
And comfort her instead of me,
I shall at last find solace nigh,
And in her comfort, comfort see,
For sorrow then away would fly.

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CXCVI

Ballade

Indeed my love, if you choose me alone,
Great honour to yourself the choice will bear ;
For I am one whose speech and deeds are known
To wait upon your wishes far and near.
Therefore I pray you, with a humble fear,
Remember to consider what I do ;
For well I know, and see with vision clear—
Your beauty can life ruin or renew.

But let not anger by my love be shown
If I complain a little to her ear ;
If you would have my joy not overthrown,
My hope of fresh advancement ever near,
Remember that of death I have no fear ;
But lest my plaints should ever you pursue,
Do what you can for me with gift so rare ;
Your beauty can life ruin or renew.

In other ways, if you should me disown,
I care not ; with contentment I will bear.
For after death one could not love dethrone,
And I should die professing love sincere ;
But this indeed will not my progress cheer,
For well I know I have done all my due.
Think of me therefore quickly, and be near ;
Your beauty can life ruin or renew.

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CXCVII

Ballade

To you I now complain my lady rare,
To you I now complain my sweet mistress,
To you I now complain my deep despair,
To you I now complain my sad duress,
To you I now complain as to princess,
Requiring comfort of your clemency,
Praying relief from my most sore distress ;
For well I know that Death draws nigh to me.

Have pity now, my love in honour fair,
Have pity on the anguish I confess,
Have pity in the gentleness you bear,
Have pity, as a goddess you shall bless,
Have pity, and my sorrow shall be less,
My friends will often act deceitfully,
Ah, if their prayers would bring me some success;
For well I know that Death draws nigh to me.

Lovely and kind, I tell my love sincere,
Lovely and kind, I tell my life of stress,
Lovely and kind, I tell my hope and fear,
Lovely and kind, I tell my loneliness,
Lovely and kind, I now the truth declare ;
But if you still should hurt me cruelly,
My tears will show my heart's unhappiness ;
For well I know that Death draws nigh to me.

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CXCVIII

Ballade

No other man mine eyes do see
Who has such suffering as I ;
Yet truly none should pity me,
As on myself the pain should lie ;
For when in youth my hope was high
I sought to make you ever mine ;
But now of pardon make the sign ;
Forgive my fault, I will maintain
Before you and the saints divine—
That it shall not occur again.

None is so sad in verity
As I shall be with grievous sigh ;
Lady your heart must gracious be,
Let not your anger now be nigh ;
Better it were I should deny
My hour of birth and ancient line ;
How can I boast of them, resign
Myself to chastisement and pain ?
But if you unto me incline
Then it shall not occur again.

Think you I e'er can joyous be
When you will make me no reply,
In friendly speech and amity,
As you were wont in days gone by ?
Your bonds I could not then untie,
To Death I did myself resign ;
But now with hope, I see the sign
Of your relenting ; now 'tis plain
You can forgive that fault of mine
If it should not occur again.

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CXCIX

Ballade

Dames and maidens I have seen
Dance and sing in days gone by ;
Damsels with a gracious mien,
Pleasing to a lover's eye.
If my judgment does not lie,
Mine is with the rest I ween,
And I call her rightfully—
Of them all, fair Beauty's queen.

No disfavour I would mean
To the rest who hear my cry,
'Tis no harm for them I ween
With a fairer one to vie ;
Yet I place their beauty high,
Though my love must still be seen
Named again most rightfully—
Of them all, fair Beauty's queen.

When he sees them all I ween
Praise no lover will deny ;
They are gracious, fair of mien,
Modest when a man is nigh ;
Yet I swear and 'tis no lie,
Mine is youngest, brightest, seen ;
Asked, I name her rightfully—
Of them all, fair Beauty's queen.

Envoy

Prince, you gather far and nigh,
Count the fair ones passing by ;
Know the truth ; for well 'tis seen.
Mine all others will outvie,
Of them all be Beauty's queen.

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CC

Ballade

When holy Church united is no more,
When all the Powers combine to make her bleed,
When God as guide, no longer men adore,
When each one struggles, seeking to succeed,
When Loyalty in vain for right must plead,
When voice of Justice seldom may be heard,
When Prelates find their text in layman's word,
When lovely Chastity must hide her face,
When simony is every priest's disgrace,
When high and low seem to be void of thought,
When all this in our mortal life we trace,
What worth the world? Alas it is worth naught.

When grasping rulers heap their evil store,
When starving widow's cry they will not heed,
When guilty men escape the arm of law,
When faithful men must quit their home and mead,
When subjects join, rebellion fresh to breed,
When counsel is a practice much deferred,
When highest praise on villain is conferred,
When Lords would lose their lands to gain the chase,
When gentle Courtliness is out of grace,
When minds are full of guile, with treason fraught,
When honour dead, must find a burial place,
What worth the world? Alas it is worth naught.

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When Nobles ply their trade from door to door,
When none will strive to do a martial deed,
When farm-hands bear the scutcheon famed of yore,
When all alike are proud in jealous greed,
When lies from trusted merchants do proceed,
When bitter plaints o'er land and sea are spurred,
When each one seeks o'er friend to be preferred,
When favour sways the judgment of a case,
When heralds seek to flatter masters base,
When everywhere hypocrisy is taught,
When lawyers fain would govern all the race,
What worth the world ? Alas it is worth naught.

CCI

Ballade

Since now thy mistress thou wouldst have me be,
And yet would worship God with heart sincere,
Serve prince and princess with true loyalty,
To poor men show a wise and gentle care,
Be valiant in the fight when right is clear,
Of others no thing evil ever speak,
No company with men of envy seek,
Be generous—I plead this once again,
There is no joy in striking down the weak,
So shalt thou serve both God and fellowmen.

Be present at the Mass most faithfully,
Be courteous to each person far or near,
Be joyous in each hour's prosperity,
In battle be of bravery the peer,
When called to war, completest armour wear,
In field, the post of danger ever seek,
Do nobly—and of thee Renown shall speak ;
Dance, joust and do the utmost in thy ken,
Yet keep thyself not only strong but meek,
So shalt thou serve both God and fellowmen.

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Above all else be ever true to me
Whom you have loved with loyalty so rare;
If you prove false I die of misery,
No love with yours my heart could happy share;
And yet be silent of our friendship, dear,
Of all our happy love-times do not speak,
Boast not, for we our joy in memory seek.
But we shall one day be each other's, when
Thou hast been strong where many men are weak,
So shalt thou serve both God and fellowmen.

O princes powerful, rule with equity,
To every noble heart let honour be,
False envy banish and destroy, for when
Your subjects happy are, you will be free,
So you can serve both God and fellowmen.

CCII

" Rondeau "

O Love, since thou refusest now
All happiness to servant true,
Whose heart thy lightest wish would do,
And hold himself in faithful vow,—

Behold I see him wait so long
In suffering his heart is worn.

Such firm devotion must belong
To few who on this earth are born.

But since thou jestest with him now—
Which has no honour in my view;
Perchance 'twere better he should rue
His faith—and thee should disavow,
O Love.

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CCIII

" Rondeau "

These crimson lips so bright and red
That seek for each a lover's kiss,
Their message oft to me is this—
With thrill of joy thou shalt be fed.

A fool indeed, it will be said,
Who does not choose to take for bliss
These crimson lips.

When in the eve I seek my bed,
In tears and grief my rest I miss ;
My prayer to Heaven is but this—
In pureness may I touch and wed
These crimson lips.

CCIV

" Rondeau "

Judgment has now mistakenly
Joined me with the envious throng,
And said that I to them belong ;
'Tis death not life he hopes for me.

But through his folly I do see ;
Although his guests may give me wrong
Judgment.

I have been true in verity,
Now Good-Advice, with gracious song,
Knowing my suffering so long,
Has said " Wait, friend," I promise thee,
Judgment.

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CCV

" Rondeau "

Since thou art fain to be but mine,
And service true will to me lend,
Not as a slave, but as a friend,
Within this bond I thee confine.

And hence, as debtor, I am thine,
And to thy care my heart commend,
Since thou art fain.

Above all show behaviour fine,
Prithee mine honour now defend,
For if dishonour me attend
Alas all meed thou must resign,
Since thou art fain.

CCVI

" Rondeau "

No one shall hold my heart in gage,
I know too well the valiant rage
Of lovers in this present day,
Who vary still and have no stay
In speech or action on this stage.

They make much stir and battle wage,
But who would gain such advantage ?
Indeed reply must often say
No one.

I know of none, however sage,
Who would not dread such strife to wage,
And flee all hastily away
Like rain before the wind's rough play ;
In faith with them, who would engage ?
No one.

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CCVII

Ha loyalty,
Of thee I pray
I may not stray
Too distantly ;

And lose the grace
Of her I love.

To other place
I would not rove,
Ha loyalty.

But 'neath her sway
And sovereignty
Most willingly
My life I'd lay,
Ha loyalty.

CCVIII

My one delight and dearest heart,
Of all my hopes the mistress fair ;
Oh, fain would I to thee repair,
Of speech I have not any art.

No bliss is mine from thee apart,
Nor any good thou dost not share,
My one delight.

And if that sorrow be my part,
Rob it of all the poison there ;
That I may now fresh comfort bear
And hope may lead to me thy heart,
My one delight.

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CCIX

My lady young of lovely face,
How blest is he whose happy case
Has wooed thee for his own !
No joy could ere be known
More great than now by him is shown,
His heart thy dwelling-place.

I should abounding be in grace,
If I such joy could trace
In thee alone,
My lady young.

Would I might in my arms embrace
The one I serve apace,
In trust well grown ;
Serve her, and willing loyalty own,
So she shall be my love alone,
'Tis thus I would achieve my race,
My lady young.

CCX

Sweetheart, I pray God may thee lead
To grant me that for which I plead,
In which Love bears so great a part ;
'Tis distant seen but near my heart ;
Full of regret, new joy I need.

Exiled from bliss, which is my meed,
I go in grief, 'tis so decreed ;
Come, lest remorse shall cause thee smart,
Sweetheart.

Say that fresh hope shall now me speed,
And that ere long my gaze shall feed
On thee—my longings all depart ;
Hands joined in prayer are all my art ;
Oh, let me feel that I succeed,
Sweetheart.

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CCXI

A thousand crowns is all I crave,
And Paradise, when in my grave ;
I know of naught to wish for more,
Unless to hazard as before
Whenever I a chance may have.

No thing I lack but means to save,
And gaily deck my fairest slave ;
Would I could only have as score
A thousand crowns.

Then cheerfully would I behave,
And passing onward I would wave
My hand to all my troubles sore ;
Which then could ne'er distress me, for
I hold a sum of gold so brave—
A thousand crowns.

CCXII

Follow ye me, as leader in Love's way,
Though early steps are little like to stray,
Even if holding suffering and pain ;
For at the last a mistress fair they gain,
Unless Deception shall their path betray.

In following Love, I find a joy so gay ;
. . . . . .
Though one day comfort feeling, one day pain,
Follow ye me.

For one delight a hundred sighs will pay ;
For one escape a hundred dangers stay ;
For one fair word a hundred of disdain ;
For those who let this fickle Goddess reign,
The more they trust, the greater their dismay ;
Follow ye me.

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CCXIII

If now 'tis true I say farewell
To her with whom my heart would dwell,
'Tis fate unkind I must endure
Which will my early death procure
And end my sorrow's evil spell.

She for another would repel
My heart, ere vengeance I compel.
No jot of life will I abjure
If now 'tis true.

But when these musings o'er me swell
I still am fain to love her well ;
For she is one who can allure,
In guile so fickle and so sure ;
Her guilt indeed, I cannot tell
If now 'tis true.

CCXIV

When first within my hands I took
My task, grief soon had I to brook ;
For there were blows I had to bear ;
But now I hasten to declare
That night and day more joyous look.

At first my dread my courage shook,
But soon the end did overlook
The thing that did so hard appear
At first.

My silence late I soon forsook,
For all your sweetness me o'ertook,
And made me bold both far and near ;
'Twas well that joy should thus outwear
The pain which in me found its nook
At first.

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CCXV

The perfect trust I give to thee,
My love, with whom none else can vie,
Makes me forget to grieve or sigh,
And all the woes that trouble me.

Now of one mind we two must be,
Then naught can make me ere deny
The perfect trust.

And spite of any other plea
By those who would the truth belie,
On God alone we must rely
Who can restore perpetually
The perfect trust.

CCXVI

I needs must think no greater joy to be,
Than to be loved, and love to give again ;
Within these links will every wealth remain ;
Who has no love nor friend, how poor is he.

But I am loved, and with my love agree.
That reason should a love so true sustain,
I needs must think.

A gentle heart has vowed itself to me,
And under heaven, none so fair I deign ;
Source of all good, she must for ever reign ;
For she and I are one in verity,
I needs must think.

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CCXVII

Must I live still in this sad way ?
With naught of comfort from my fair ;
Nor from her touch fresh-kindled cheer,
Which would my spirit render gay.

In heaviness both night and day,
In sorrow and in deep despair
Must I live still ?

Long time indeed has passed away
Since that I saw my love so rare ;
And thinking thus, afresh I bear
My heavy grief—'Neath such a sway
Must I live still ?

CCXVIII

No greater joy can any find,
Than maid to hold, with happy mind
And free from care ;
Within his arms his lady dear,
Himself to all her will inclined.

On her good faith to wait, be blind
To passing troubles oft unkind ;
To whisper hear ;
No greater joy.

If still for further bliss designed,
Her favour let him seek, resigned
Alas to fear ;
For she alone can solace bear,
And if to him she be but kind,
No greater joy.

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CCXIX

Alack I know not when 'twill be,
That thou wilt grace extend to me,
To me who gives thee service rare ;
My so dear love, my mistress fair,
I wait for some kind word from thee.

When wilt thou in felicity
And with more show of courtesy
Be mine—How long shall I despair ?
Alack.

Yet still I hope some good to see,
Nor lose my gain unwittingly,
To serve thee shall be all my care ;
To live in hope and not in fear,
When will thy mercy set me free ?
Alack, I know not.

CCXX

My own most dear and perfect friend,
My humble thanks to thee I send,
And ever in my heart repeat
That all my life lies at thy feet,
And at thy service till the end.

To thee alone my life I bend,
Nor ever let my memory blend
With thee the grief of pain or fret,
My own.

So bear with me and pardon send
If I have failed true aid to lend,
Or have not served thee as is meet ;
And if my gift is incomplete
Accept the homage I extend,
My own most dear.

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CCXXI

I do not see thine equal here,
My fair and ever-gracious dame ;
Thy beauty let my heart proclaim,
With thee none other can compare.

In thee I hold a marvel rare,
Thy peer save in Our Lady's fame
I do not see.

Thy gentleness will ever cheer
My spirit, and thine eye entame
My heart. To serve thee without blame
A man so willing, I declare,
I do not see.

CCXXII

Alas for me small hopes remain,
Since Fortune cruel will ne'er refrain
From chastening me day by day ;
Nor can I think of any way
But death, to end my weary pain.

In sight of her I joy obtain,
In absence grief I entertain,
And for this fate, I oft must say
Alas.

Madame, my fealty will not wane,
Thy beauty o'er my spirit reign ;
I swear that whereso'er I stray
Grief ever will my joy outweigh
Until thy love my heart attain.
Alas.

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CCXXIII

Since Fortune frowns and turns away,
And in displeasure holds me now,
I lose my courage, know not how
To act or speak in any way.

I' faith, no hope on any day
Will come to me, alas I know,
Since Fortune frowns.

I know not why he should display
Dislike, or joys should disallow ;
I am most wretched, I avow,
In pain my heart will waste away,
Since Fortune frowns.

CCXXIV

When thou shalt give me better cheer
Than at this present I procure,
Then thou shalt be of me more sure
Than any words can yet declare.

My heart no longer mine I bear,
This gift to thee I do assure
When thou shalt give.

Thou knowest well enough, 'tis clear
That longtime service I endure ;
I welcome Death, a speedy cure ;
If ever I refuse thee, dear,
When thou shalt give.

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CCXXV

Fortune, what have I done to thee ?
That I should thus be led astray ;
And from the straight path turned away,
Without there being fault in me.

Prithee forbid that this should be ;
No longer threaten me, I pray,
Fortune.

If otherwise, I clearly see
It is thy wish my pain should stay,
And that, in lieu of all allay,
Thou wilt remove my love from me,
Fortune.

CCXXVI

O tyrant Fate, I thee defy—
And thee accuse of villainy ;
Using my love to challenge me ;
To triumph thus no gain should be
O'er one who must in prison lie.

What matters it to such as I
The foolish jest of passers by ?
So for the right I challenge thee,
O tyrant.

But never shall I cease to try
My woe and weariness to fly ;
Or hope from sorrow to be free.
Thou shalt not vengeance take on me,
The victor thou shalt never be,
O tyrant Fate.

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CCXXVII

Remembrance of your beauty fair,
For which I ever truly long,
Quickens anew and renders strong
My wish to do you service rare.

When danger spreads for me her snare,
What saves me from all hurt and wrong?
Remembrance.

So long to wait is my despair,
Until my heart to you belong;
But then it will be filled with song,
And in the place of all my fear
Remembrance.

CCXXVIII

If I live on in dark despair,
With sorrow beaten down and care,
It is my sad and sorry fate
Which led me to so sad a state,
When I am robbed of all my store.

Since God has willed thus to bestow
Pain on two hearts with single blow
I can no more.

I nothing find, I nothing know
That here can any pleasure show
Or joy restore.

For by my faith, what grief I bear
When I my doleful lot compare
With all my former glad estate;
I held myself most fortunate;
Yet now all this I must forswear
If I live on.

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CCXXIX

To love so well and with such loyal soul,
To honour her and offer her my whole ;
To her who holds my homage and my will,
I ask no more ; but if she waver still,
As friend alone I must myself enrol.

Then if she pities not my grievous dole,
Except to claim my service as her toll,
No joy is mine ; it brings me only ill
To love.

Oh, if the God of Love I could cajole
To aid me, and to soften and control
Her heart toward me, I would then fulfil
All service ; for he surely holds the skill ;
But if he aid me not, 'tis sorrow's goal
To love so well.

CCXXX

Loving too much, myself I slay,
Alas thou soul within my soul ;
In loving thee I spend my whole ;
But wait in vain till thou repay.

Therefore I wander in dismay,
Starving for thy most tardy dole
Too much.

Wherever 'neath the sky I stray,
Myself as thine I do enrol ;
But if thy harshness be my goal,
Slain is my life in cruel way,
Loving too much.

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CCXXXI

Ready to die upon Fate's stormy sea—
Of fortune reft, and in great misery—
Tortured with woe till Death my life displace—
Languishing still with none to show me grace
Or tell me what my future path should be ;—

Is it not strange, that life so bitterly
Should punish one, who ne'er spoke evilly ?
And so they find me in this grievous case
Ready.

No solace have I in this hard decree,
None 'neath the sky who can my sorrow see,
None gauge my grief or my most piteous place ;
Despairing, faint I in the weary race ;
Until my bitter griefs discover me
Ready to die.

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CCXXXII

Leave me my life, O fickle Fate ;
Why dost thou ever chasten me,
And suffer still such woe to be ?
I supplicate.
Why cause me sorrow soon and late ?
Canst thou not deal more pityingly ?

'Tis of thy harshness I complain,
Of danger thrust on me, and pain
Which now I bear.
Without just cause thou dost restrain
What I would do.

Thou givest kindness where thou'rt fain;
Alas why dost thou me disdain ?
For I declare
That loyalty I do maintain ;
Naught shalt thou rue.

To others thou dost allocate
Kindness, but none alas I see.
I have good cause to question thee ;
My plight I state.
Upon thy will I humbly wait,
But plead in all humility,
Leave me my life.

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CCXXXIII

Or life or death, now make them brief
For one whose memory is his grief,
Who knows not how to change his thought.
For God's sake let a cure be wrought ;
He suffers far beyond belief.

He may not tell the way to go,
Though loving thee so perfectly
And loyally.

If Pity now become his foe,
He then will die most piteously,
Most suddenly.

O Lady, gifted past belief,
Long has he served without relief,
And all his heart to thee has brought ;
Unless thou heal him, he is naught ;
Thou art his judge, his mistress chief
In life or death.

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CCXXXIV

My love, my sole delight to me,
Where'er I be ;
No other thought have I of bliss,
But only this—
Thy gentle form again to see.

But here I grieve and do complain
In tears and pain,
For thee my mistress and my fair.

Nor night nor day can I refrain,
Nor sighs restrain,
For all thy grace and pleasant cheer.

Alas no longer let there be,
As meed for me,
Distress and strain ; but both dismiss.
My aim is this,
To serve and act in verity
My love.

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CCXXXV

Leave the kind, leave lovers true,
Leave the faithful, leave the fair,
Leave the strong, leave wisdom too,
Leave those hearts which kindness bear,
Leave the gay and debonair,
Leave your kith and leave your kin,
Leave them all—but have a care—
Leave not those who money win.

Give them homage as their due,
Who hold a well-invested share,
Meadows, woods and castles new,
How obtained we are aware.
Now to speak the truth I dare,
They should suffer for their sin,
Yet 'tis wise them to revere—
Leave not those who money win.

Prince, I know not how to bear
This poor state which I am in ;
Yet I bid thee now beware—
Leave not those who money win.

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CCXXXVI

Banished is she from hearing and from heart,
She who has in so many left her dart ;
And also wrongly sharpened it on me ;
But I have exiled her, and now am free ;
No thought of her have I in any part.

Low to myself I sing, or laugh apart,
Sleep when I will, and wake without a smart,
For this is true, though spoken secretly,
Banished is she.

That love of hers which pierced with subtle art
Leaves me in peace to find her counterpart ;
Much have I suffered, now at last I see
Myself at rest, and own it thankfully :
No wonder 'tis my hopes anew should start.

CCXXXVII

Away Regret, quit thou for ay my sight,
Go seek elsewhere for friendship and delight,
My tired heart has suffered too much pain
In loving thee so well with naught to gain ;
For love of thee has caused my sorry plight.

So long, my love, my day has been a night,
In all the land, none other would sustain
So great a wrong, or know so cruel a strain.

Come no more near me, do me no more slight,
Or will I make thee in thy own despite
Do homage to me ; and 'tis not in vain
That all the world shall see my great disdain ;
Shall see thy master rule thee with his might—
Away Regret.

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CCXXXVIII

Lost love, with every noble gift supplied,
To whom no praise nor grace may be denied,
I pray thee with humility
That it may please thee
To have distrust of one who loves, if he
With heart's entirety
Forget with speech to praise thee far and wide.

For all the virtues that within thee hide,
With faith and honour closely are allied,
Reason would be
That thou of all the rest should named be
Lost love.

If I am set to love thee, I confide
In a return of loving from thy side ;
But if denied,
Thy deed will tarnish good report of thee :
If in thy heart no pity I can see,
Remorse shall chide ;
But in my heart the sorrow hidden be,
Lost love.

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CCXXXIX

I would not grieve if I were dead,
To long for Death 'tis surely well ;
Sorrow has come with me to dwell,
And all my good away has fled.

And though my grief has grown and spread,
Nor any joys my woes dispel,
I would not grieve.

I will live on uncomforted,
For wrath and pain no difference spell ;
To Death I will my thought impel ;
Whate'er it hold of woe or dread
I would not grieve.

CCXL

That hour when first I looked on thee,
And knew thou wert the mate for me,
I noticed all thy charm and grace,
For thou wert one of fairest face,
With lovers many, I could see.

But suddenly I came to be
Afire with new felicity ;
I sought to find a trysting place
That hour.

But when I saw thee vis-à-vis
I felt supremest ecstasy ;
Then all my passion I did trace,
Imagination ran her race,
For I knew well thou heardest me
That hour.

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CCXLI

Sire, if in nothing you can aid,
Or strive in aught to spare me pain,
You will depart and I remain ;
Let every wrong aside be laid.

On far adventure I have strayed,
No friend to help I shall retain,
Sire.

And if for sorrow I have paid,
I yet one happy hour retain,
Grant that I do not plead in vain
To live and die upon thee stayed,
Sire.

CCXLII

My loyal heart has taken up its role,
To love you ever, with my mind and soul.
Thus unto death they shall no more be whole,
For your dear presence is their only goal.

I willing yield myself to your control,
And in your service lastingly enrol
My loyal heart.

And if you say that distance brings you dole,
And that of joy I ne'er may touch the pole,
Then, by my faith, be death my badge and scroll,
Behold me, come and take and keep the whole—
My loyal heart.

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CCXLIII

My constant thought ne'er gives me any ease,
Nor can I from my endless musing cease,
For dread lest any evil should draw near
To that loved presence which I hold so dear ;
And so my fears still constantly increase.

Fears that from me drive any inward peace,
For who is there but fain would not release
The hand which I so tenderly revere—
My constant thought.

But with this truth, another truth I seize,
That nothing can my bitter grief appease,
Until I chance my dearest one to cheer ;
And so at last we both may still appear
Friends, or else Death may grant a swift surcease
From constant thought.

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CCXLIV

Through a love-glance from your eye
Now I hold my life anew,
Now a hundred times more true
Than in lonely days gone by.

Life's opinion I defy,
You are perfect in my view
Through a love-glance.

I would thank you and reply
To my dear one ; I shall do
All you wish me to pursue,
Since refreshment is so nigh
Through a love-glance.

CCXLV

I have great sorrow and sadness
When I propose to go from thee,
Where love and pleasure ever be ;
In other I have no gladness.

Despair and grief with their madness
Will say to me how verily
I have great sorrow.

No more like thee I shall possess,
Thou art a joyous memory ;
Which when my sad departure be
I shall recall—though I confess
I have great sorrow.

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CCXLVI

Sinner who knowest thou must die,
Unwillingly the truth must own ;
Think for thy good while life is nigh,
Of Death yet present on his throne ;
In worldly things no hope is sown,
A day or two will soon pass by ;
For from the earth thy frame has grown
And in the earth again must lie.

Each day thy vision can descry
The course of nature clearly shown.
Pope, prelates, princes, kings, defy
In vain the law to mortals known ;
For grievous sins thou must atone.
Speak and acknowledge with a sigh,
That from the earth thy frame has grown
And in the earth again must lie.

To Paradise thy soul may fly,
I seek to speak the truth alone ;
If thou art careful to deny
The mortal for the heavenly zone,
Repent—this only will condone
Thy sins, and break the worldly tie ;
For from the earth thy frame has grown
And in the earth again must lie.

Princes, who crucified on high,
Faced your death without a moan,
For the sinner I descry
Pardon, which shall sin atone,
Grant your mercy may be shown
When we pray with earnest cry ;
For from the earth our frame has grown
And in the earth again must lie.

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CCXLVII

It shall not change my trust and faithfulness,
For it is as the heaven's steadfastness ;
As the twin poles which ever fixed stay
I shall be sure and safe upon my way,
Though Fortune send or pleasure or distress.

I shall not change in hour of happiness,
Nor shall disaster lofty aim depress,
Nor any thought my plighted word o'ersway ;
It shall not change.

To noble hearts I wish all nobleness,
And to my friends of wealth a free largesse ;
But I shall never vary night or day ;
Good fortune shall not make my love the less,
Stronger than Time shall be my faithfulness ;
It shall not change.

CCXLVIII

To thee alone I give myself in fee,
My only love—and thus I order me
Faithful and true wherever I may go ;
If any power my trust should overthrow
My anxious heart would sore astonished be.

I love thee ever with fidelity,
And never should betray thy cruelty,
Save sometimes to complain my grief and woe
To thee alone.

Fixed as a star my heart thou still shouldst see,
For it is thine. Well would I wish for thee
A soul so free its fears should never show,
But if perchance such faith thou canst not know,
Guilt and reproach will be in verity
To thee alone.

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CCXLIX

Or soon or late the question will arise,
Why, wherefore, whence and how, and in what guise,
Man comes into the world, and what to do
To hold upon his path the right and true,
To see the heights of virtue with clear eyes.

If from his way he go in foolish wise,
Or evil do, yet Knowledge will advise
And by example his advance renew
Or soon or late.

But if vain love which first to us allies
Ambition, and then hope of gain, supplies
A lure too strong for him to e'er eschew,
No happy end to him there shall ensue,
Unless the way of wisdom he shall prize
Or soon or late.

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CCL

Ballade

Death's declaration against all wordly pleasures and delights.

Tremble, O sinners following worldly pleasure ;
Draw near, draw near, and look upon my face ;
Think on your sins while yet ye find the leisure
And weep for them ; alas Time flies apace ;
Dust and decay will shortly find their place ;
To dwell on this is good indeed for ye—
Naught can befall ye but a foul disgrace—
The end of sinners must most wretched be.

'Twere better worth in sorrow and displeasure
To feed on this, its meaning to embrace ;
In heart and mind to hold it as a treasure,
Remembering all the torture of that place ;
Consider now the sadness of your case—
Remember Death is drawing nigh to ye,
He follows without noise his silent chase—
The end of sinners must most wretched be.

What will ye say when ye shall feel my pressure,
And when my dart in you I shall implace,
And for the sins which you did so entreasure
Ye shall lose all your happiness and grace ?
Then looking on my dread and leprous face,
Which ever must both foul and tainted be,
Your curse shall fall on parent and on place—
The end of sinners must most wretched be.

Prince Jesus, toward Thee my steps I trace,
Who looks on sinners ever graciously ;
Alas if Thou shouldst fail me of Thy grace—
The end of sinners must most wretched be.

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